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PROFESSOR HENRY TONKS

*A Self Portrait*

# THE SLADE SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS

By CHARLES AITKEN

**T**HE Slade School, or Department of Fine Arts, in the University of London, is one of those institutions which, owing to their growth and activity, tend to eclipse somewhat the fame of their founder.

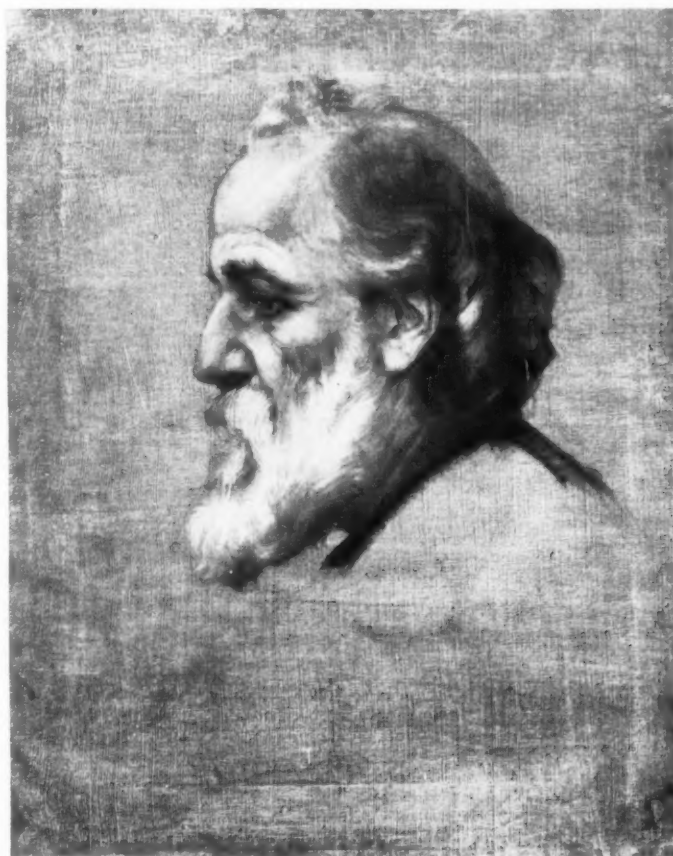
The school grew up in an accidental way, characteristically English. Felix Slade, a Proctor in Doctors' Commons of genial, sturdy aspect, was an amateur of art who, possessed of a comfortable private income, gathered together a choice collection of art objects, particularly glass and prints, at his house in Walcot Place, Lambeth, and these he bequeathed, at his death in 1868, to the British Museum, having been a close friend of Sir Augustus Franks, the head of the glass department there.

Besides his collections, Slade bequeathed £35,000 to endow professorships of the Fine Arts at Oxford, Cambridge, and University College, London, and a further sum not exceeding £10,000 for scholarships "for proficiency in drawing, painting, and sculpture for students under nineteen years of age" at University College, which appointed a committee to consider the instruction to be given to such students.

Under the advice of Mr. Edwin Field, the college voted £5,000 to build the Slade School, and Mr. Slade's bequest was accepted to found a "Felix Slade Faculty of Fine Arts."

From the first, the scheme was fortunate in the personnel of its professors; Ruskin accepted the chair at Oxford and Sir Edward Poynter was chosen as Slade Professor in London. At his inaugural lecture on October 2, 1871, Poynter gave reasons for the presumption that there was room for another school of Fine Arts in England, in addition to the Royal Academy Schools, but disclaimed any intention of competition between the schools. He recommended certain reforms in art teaching, chief amongst these being the shorter duration of the period of work in the

antique room, preliminary to admission to the life class, and less attention to stippling drawings from the cast. Poynter, however, though he shared with Franks and Field in the initiation of Slade's scheme, did not long retain his connection with the school, resigning the professorship in 1875 to become Director General of the Fine Art Department of the Board of Education at South Kensington.



2.—PROFESSOR ALPHONSE LEGROS

*By Sir Charles Holroyd*

## *Apollo: A Journal of the Arts*

Since 1875, for a period of half a century, there have only been three changes in the Slade Professorship, Alphonse Legros holding it from 1875 to 1892, when he was succeeded by Professor Frederick Brown until 1917; Professor Henry Tonks, the present holder of the post, being appointed in 1918, after assisting Professor Brown for many years. The school has thus been fortunate in escaping frequent and violent changes of policy and direction, for the three succeeding professors have been in close sympathy in their aims and ideas, so that there has been a happy continuity of tradition in its administration, while the good fortune of the school has been still more conspicuous, inasmuch as its directors have all been men of outstanding individuality, as well as distinguished practising artists.

Professor Legros, who was born at Dijon in 1837 and studied at the *École des Beaux-Arts* and under Lecoq de Boisbaudran with Fantin Latour, Cazin, and Bonvin, settled in England in 1866 and became master of engraving at South Kensington.

Trained in the continental school and an expert in various arts, he brought the training at the Slade into touch with the main European tradition and, through his scholarly knowledge of the drawings of the Old Masters and admiration for the work of moderns, such as Ingres and Alfred Stevens, he initiated an easy familiarity with the great Masters that had a most fortunate effect on the work of his pupils, and played no small part in the remarkable revival of English draughtsmanship which has taken place since Victorian days.

Amongst the earliest students at the Slade School were Walter Sickert and George Moore, and amongst Legros' most distinguished pupils

may be mentioned Charles Furse, William Rothenstein, Harrington Mann, and, closest to the master, William Strang and Charles Holroyd, who, after acting as his assistant, passed on to the Directorship of the Tate and National Galleries.

In January 1893, Professor Frederick Brown succeeded Legros, and for twenty-five years he unobtrusively impressed his strong individuality on the teaching and policy of the school. Born at Chelmsford in 1851, Brown

had studied at the Royal College of Art for eight years and in Paris, 1883-4, for a few months under Bougereau and Tony Fleury. In 1876 he had been appointed Principal of the Westminster School of Art, and from the smallest beginnings had made it the most important school in England, exclusively for figure drawing and painting.

Brown was particularly a pioneer in giving women full facilities for figure drawing and working from the nude, at a time when they had at other schools to retire from the life class with Victorian primness, while the master wrote comments on their drawings. He continued to extend his

welcome to women students at the Slade and was rewarded by the emergence of a remarkable group of women artists, amongst whom may be mentioned Miss Ethel Walker, Mrs. McEvoy (Miss Edwards), Miss Gwen John, Miss Beatrice Bland, Miss Anna Airy, Miss Pickard, and Mrs. Edna Clarke Hall (Miss Waugh).

A small boy, recently, on being rebuked for allowing a "mere girl" to beat him at his co-educational school, sadly remarked that he had not found the girls at his school "so mere," and this has been pre-eminently the case at the Slade. Some have even displayed a truly



3.—PROFESSOR FREDERICK BROWN  
*By Himself*

## *The Slade School of Fine Arts*



4—MOSES AND THE BRAZEN SERPENT

*By Augustus E. John, A.R.A.*

*Prize Design, Summer Competition, 1898*

“he-man” virility in their work that exceeds the compass of mere men.

Now that the Slade School is in such urgent need of funds it would be a graceful recognition of the good-fellowship its professors extended to women, if some share of the funds that seem to be so liberally forthcoming for women's movements, particularly in the sphere of politics, could be spared for their æsthetic needs.

Professor Brown was equally successful in training men students, and many of the stalwarts of the New English Art Club, of which Brown was a foundation member in 1886, such as Tonks, MacColl, Russell, John, McEvoy, Orpen, Gerard Chowne, Schwabe, Wheatley, J. D. Innes, Derwent Lees, J. S. Currie, M. G. Lightfoot, Wyndham Lewis, Nevinson, Gertler, and Colin Gill studied under him, as

well as Spencer Gore and Gilman, who joined Walter Sickert in forming the nucleus of the Camden Town Group, and it was during his régime that the series of Summer Competitions were inaugurated in 1893.

The painting of a figure composition based on a given subject is the final test of accomplishment in most art schools. In such a work a student can display all that he has learnt in the school of drawing and painting from the life, of the setting of figures in space, of the design and construction of a picture, and he is afforded also scope for original, imaginative creation.

The success of the Slade competitions amply justified Brown's enterprise. Those of Maxwell Balfour, Augustus John (No. 4), and Edna Clarke Hall, 1897-1898, inspired by the traditions of Rubens and Tintoretto, followed by



5.—"HAMLET"

By Sir William Orpen, R.A.

Prize Design, Summer Competition, 1899

the more cynical and realistic "Hamlet" (No. 5) and "Les Confessions de Claude" of William Orpen and Albert Rutherston, were only the first of a remarkable series which has been continued to the present day. The prize designs of J. D. Innes (1908), M. G. Lightfoot (1909), Stanley Spencer (1912) (No. 6), James Wilkie (1919), and Robin Guthrie (1920) (No. 7), show a variety and ability on very different planes, which is a tribute to the training of the school in that it proves that the talents of the students are not forced into a rigid mould of uniformity, but truly educated—"drawn forth" on the lines of their unconscious temperaments.

Even at the unchanging Slade "Amurath succeeds Amurath" at long last, and in 1918

Henry Tonks, who had abandoned a brilliant medical career from sheer love of art and acted as assistant Professor since 1896, was appointed Brown's successor, though for a time, as a war emergency measure, Brown continued to act as his ex-assistant's assistant, so happily close were the relations between these Amuraths.

Under Professor Tonks the school has fully maintained its fine traditions and has reached an almost embarrassing popularity in attracting an average of nearly 300 students.

Every few years the school seems to produce a fresh and different crop of promising artists, who, as one of them proclaimed, thank the Lord they are not as the last generation. Some generations, those of Wyndham Lewis,

## *The Slade School of Fine Arts*



6.—"THE NATIVITY"

*By Stanley Spencer*

*Prize Design, Summer Competition, 1912*

Nevinson, Bomberg and Roberts, felt the impact of Cubism, and another, that of the Spencers, evolved a kind of neo-Pre-Raphaelitism under stress of Post-Impressionism, but the next generation of Miss Knights and Monnington was back again under the dominating spirit of Piero della Francesca and Signorelli, while a dainty, almost oriental, calligraphic influence appeared in the generation of Robin Guthrie and Rodney Burn, and already new influences, such as those of Brueghel, are apparent in the mural paintings of Rex Whistler.

Such a continuous and varied outcrop of talent is the best testimonial to the training given at the school. No one can teach the art of drawing, and it depends on the subconscious temperament of the student whether he will do an interesting or a dull drawing, but the science of drawing can be taught. The aim in this has changed greatly during the last twenty

or thirty years, since the time when Mulready's elaborate academic drawings were accepted as the standard, and the Slade School has been in the van of a movement which is now widely spread and influencing the practice of drawing in most schools.

Drawing, as now taught at the Slade, is the attempt to express solid form upon a flat surface, and to do this a proper understanding of the laws of perspective is required. The earlier draughtsmen, particularly those of the Italian Renaissance, understood these laws, and for this reason their drawings were smaller than nineteenth-century drawings, but served perfectly for practical use to paint from, as the forms were clearly made out, and students are now taught the importance of drawing in such a manner that they can read their own drawings and interpret the shapes of objects from them.



7.—THE ESCAPED BIRD

By Robin Guthrie

Prize Design, Summer Competition, 1920

As illustrations of the success of the methods employed at the Slade a few drawings by students are reproduced; "Standing Figure of a Girl" (No. 8), by the late Miss Frances Jennings, in her own way one of the most remarkable draughtsmen of modern times; "A Man's Figure," by R. B. Morrison (No. 9); "Study of a Child," by T. W. Monnington (No. 11); "Study of a Girl," by Robin Guthrie (No. 10); "Study of a Child," by Rodney Burn (No. 13); and an "Oil Study of a Woman," by Miss Grace English (No. 12).

Professor Tonks has always kept in view the desirability of providing wall spaces, on which his students could practise mural painting, both as a means of giving breadth to their style and also as a possible opening for work, now that restricted house-room and income are tending to curtail the buying of

easel pictures. He has himself carried out a decorative painting in the dome of University College, illustrating the founding of the college, with figures of Jeremy Bentham discussing the plans with Crabbe, the poet, and Lord Brougham. He also painted one of the large panels for the Imperial War Museum, with a "Field Dressing Station, France" as the subject. His first enterprise in this direction was the decoration of the hall of a Girls' Club at Fulham, where he executed two panels himself and supervised a band of his pupils amongst whom were Colin Gill, Miss MacNaught, Miss Carrington, W. Roberts, and H. Garrett. This proved very successful and led to commissions for Garrett in other schools, and in the entrance hall at the Whitechapel Art Gallery. Slade pupils, Ian Strang and Donald MacLaren, also carried out mural

## *The Slade School of Fine Arts*

paintings for Sir Hugh Lane at Dublin, but Garrett and MacLaren were killed in the war and the Whitechapel decorations were carried out from Garrett's designs by Miss MacNaught.

Undeterred by the cold reception given by the London County Council to the promising scheme for mural decorations in the County Hall, undertaken by the Slade and other art schools at considerable expenditure of time and materials, Professor Tonks arranged for his pupils to decorate a war memorial hall at the Highways Club in Shadwell, Sir Joseph Duveen and others providing



8.—STANDING FIGURE OF A GIRL  
*By the late Miss Frances Jennings*



9.—FIGURE OF A MAN  
*By R. B. Morrison*

the funds; Rex Whistler, one of whose panels (No 14) is reproduced, and Miss Adshead have just completed this scheme under his supervision with a competence and rapidity remarkable in such youthful artists.

It is to be hoped that more opportunities for mural paintings in public halls and schools may be forthcoming in the near future, as the artists are there, ready trained—"all dressed up and nowhere to go." The full utility of such schemes as the Prix de Rome scholarships is wasted, if the artists trained through them are never employed. The recent tendencies of British art away from realism and impressionism towards a more decorative style are admirably suited for such mural paintings.

The Slade has produced several successful competitors in the Prix de Rome competitions; Mr. Colin Gill, whose prize composition is reproduced (No. 15), Miss Winifred Knights, Mr. Jacot, Mr. Monnington, Mr. Benson, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Nixon, and Miss Whitehead.

Instruction in sculpture was originally contemplated in Slade's bequest, and under Legros modelling was taught by Mr. Derwent Wood and under Brown by Sir George



10.—STUDY OF A GIRL  
By Robin Guthrie

Frampton, while Legros himself excelled as a medallist and modeller, but owing to limited resources and the exigency of other calls, this side of the work was abandoned for a time, but in 1911 the late Havard Thomas was appointed Teacher of Sculpture, becoming the first Professor of Sculpture at the Slade School in 1914 and continuing to hold this post until his death in 1921; his son, George Thomas, succeeded him as Assistant for Sculpture, and A. H. Gerrard also now assists in this branch.

Havard Thomas, who had worked in Italy, near Naples, for seventeen years, had an exhaustive knowledge of the technical processes of his art, and he exercised an admirable influence on his students, while his own delicate reliefs and exquisitely modelled bronzes, such as the "Lycidas" (Tate Gallery) and "Thyrsis" (Johannesburg), set before them

fine examples of refined taste and skilled craftsmanship.

The Slade School has, indeed, been fortunate in its staff. P. Wilson Steer, who may now be regarded as the "doyen" of serious English landscape artists, has acted as Assistant Professor of Painting for many years and, though the figure and subject compositions of students, while at a school, are naturally more in evidence than their landscape work, the gifts for landscape painting of such painters as W. W. Russell, who has also acted as an Assistant Professor of Painting at the Slade for many years, J. D. Innes, Alfred Hayward, Ambrose McEvoy, one of whose landscapes is reproduced (see plate facing page 16), and Miss Pickard, are gratifying results of the training. The school has utilized many of its best students as assistants, and in addition to Russell and McEvoy, the staff has profited by the talents of such gifted students as Derwent Lees, John Wheatley, James Wilkie, G. J. Charlton, Franklin White, and George Thomas.



11.—STUDY OF A CHILD  
By T. W. Monnington

## *The Slade School of Fine Arts*

It is impossible to deal fully with all the manifold sides of the Slade training, but it may be mentioned that besides Legros himself, Joseph Pennell at one time acted as "Assistant in Illustration," and the wood-engraving is now in the capable hands of W. T. Smith and showing specially noticeable advances, while the important branch of perspective is in the equally expert hands of A. T. Porter, and Professor G. Elliot Smith lectures on anatomy. Decorative design, a branch of art which is of exceptional importance at the present time, in view of the effort being made to raise the artistic quality of British manufactures, is being given special attention under the direction of Sydney Mawson. Courses of lectures on art also have been given by such eminent critics as D. S. MacColl and Roger Fry, and in 1922 a Professorship of the History of Art was instituted, Dr. Tancred Borenius, one of the few contemporary examples of that "rara avis" in England, the expert "Kunstforscher," who flourishes more frequently in Germany, being appointed.

But besides providing for its own needs and training or assisting in the training of such artists as Sickert, Furse, Tuke, Strang, Eves, Rothenstein, John, Orpen, McEvoy, Innes, and many other distinguished living painters, the staff and students of the Slade have provided the nation with many important officials. Poynter went from the Slade to become Director of Fine Arts at South Kensington, Director of the National Gallery, and President of the Royal Academy; Sir Charles Holroyd went from it to the Tate



12.—RECLINING FIGURE OF A WOMAN  
*Oil Study by Miss Grace English*



13.—STUDY OF A CHILD, 1921  
*By Rodney Burn*

Gallery and National Gallery; D. S. MacColl became Keeper of the Tate and Wallace Collections; Professor Rothenstein is now Director of the Royal College of Art at South Kensington, and, quite recently, Mr. Wheatley has gone out to be Professor of Fine Arts at the Capetown University, while, as by-products, the Slade, in its generosity, has made largesse of George Moore and G. K. Chesterton to literature. An institution that can spare such substantial crumbs from its table, besides carrying through its own job efficiently is, surely, doing "its bit" in the national effort.

Anyone who has had occasion to visit the precincts of the Slade School cannot have failed to be struck by the note of high seriousness about the students. There is no more acceptable sight than that of gifted youth at work in earnest in pursuit of some aim that it has chosen voluntarily, and no one studies at the Slade unless he really wants to; idling is

dealt with drastically, and the inducements on the flesh-pot side are small—there is no Frith there longing to be an auctioneer and forced by a cruel parent to devote himself to art. Yet the overcrowded state of the school, with nearly three hundred students in accommodation adequate for two hundred, proves that the school is fulfilling an urgent need. One is struck, moreover, by an almost ascetic bareness about the school and buildings; staff and students are both "carrying on" with

uncomplaining sturdiness, but there is an air of the whole being worn almost to the bone; there are certainly no "frills" at the Slade. The essential is accomplished, but at a cost to staff and students.

The present Professor's worn features, to which the constant effort to mask the fundamental kindness of an intensely sympathetic and sensitive nature with the "camouflage" of severity, judged salutary for young people, has lent an almost sacerdotal unction, seem emblematic of



14.—A PANEL OF THE MURAL DECORATIONS OF THE MEMORIAL HALL, "PADDY'S GOOSE" HIGHWAY CLUB, SHADWELL, 1925  
By Rex Whistler



15.—"ALLEGORY." By Colin Gill  
Prize Design, Prix de Rome Competition, 1913

## *The Slade School of Fine Arts*

the whole school in its overstrained (if not overtrained) condition. His severity of mien is quite useless, for youth is as sure as a dog in scenting out its real friends, and Slade students have been heard to say they prefer blame from their Professor to praise from anyone else.

The Slade Professor has no studio, and his small dark office is continuously shared by seven assistants; only the unfailing patience and courtesy of his senior assistant, Mr. Koe Child, make existence in such circumstances possible for the staff, and enable the whole institution to function. There is no spare studio for experiments or individual work, no exhibition room for the work of students, or for the display of the art treasures the school owns, such as paintings by Turner and Sargent, and Rembrandt and Vandyck etchings, which, instead of being constantly before the eyes of the students, have to be put away in cupboards. Space is so restricted that students have to queue up on Monday morning to secure a seat for the week. More important still, there

is inadequate light in the studios, so that work has to be done under unsatisfactory conditions. A Mid-Victorian nurse, commenting on the nurture of the children she had brought up successfully, was heard to remark with satisfaction, "there was no stinching of 'em, nor no over-stuffing"; now no one wants to coddle young artists, but in this age of luxury, when at least a percentage of the English race still does itself remarkably well, it should put

us to the blush that the artistic youth of our nation should be so hampered by insufficiency of *matériel*. Moreover, at present, the very popularity of the school, which attests its efficiency and usefulness, is a disadvantage, in that it entails greater overcrowding, while lack of funds stands in the way of the provision of scholarships for many students of talent, whose

financial position makes it impossible for them to continue their studies unaided.

Felix Slade's original bequest made provision for six scholarships of £50 per annum for three years, but these have had to be discontinued, and only a few scholarships of £35 a year, a sum which barely covers the fees, are now available, and no prize of more than £40 can be awarded. Professor Legros actually provided a travelling scholarship largely out of his own resources, and so prepared Sir Charles Holroyd for his important national posts.

There is, therefore, ample justification for appealing, in connection with the Centenary of University College, to the generosity of the public to provide £30,000 for the Slade School,

an essential minimum, if the school, which has amply proved its value to the nation on a side where the nation is none too strong, is to carry on its work efficiently. No luxurious equipment on the American scale is contemplated, but even in England a labourer must be provided with tools and apprenticeship, and the younger generation of artists should no longer be "stinched" to their æsthetic and also to their physical detriment.



"Skin textures and that kind of thing don't interest me at all. Shapes are the thing, man—shapes!"

16.—SLADE PROFESSORS, BY A STUDENT  
Professors Tonks and Steer by E. Heber Thompson

# AN APPEAL FOR THE SPECIAL REQUIREMENTS OF THE SLADE SCHOOL

IN CELEBRATION OF THE CENTENARY OF THE FOUNDATION OF  
UNIVERSITY OF LONDON, UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

*At the request of the Committee of the Slade Appeal Fund all contributions will be acknowledged in APOLLO, and we hope that our readers will help to make the Appeal successful*

ONE hundred years ago, on February 9, 1825, the letter from the poet Thomas Campbell to Mr. Henry Brougham (afterwards Lord Brougham), published in "The Times," formed the starting-point of the movement for the creation of a University of London, the outcome of which was the foundation of what is now University College. On April 30, 1827, H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex laid the foundation-stone of the building in Gower Street, then known as "The University of London," and later by its present name. It is proposed that the centenary of this ceremony should be celebrated in the spring of 1927. In preparation for the centenary, and with the full authority of the Senate of the University of London, in which University College was incorporated in 1907, it has been decided to issue a centenary appeal for a sum of £500,000 for the fulfilment of the most urgent needs of the college.

The eighteen years that have elapsed since the incorporation of the college in the University of London have proved a period of expansion unequalled in the history of the college. Old departments have grown and new departments have been added. Buildings already in existence require to be completed or reconstructed; new buildings, too, must be erected, if the activities of the college are to find room uncramped and unhampered.

In no department of the college is the need of additional space more keenly felt than in the Slade School of Fine Arts.

The Slade School has gained for itself a distinguished record, and the roll of old students includes the names of many of the leading contemporary artists, but more studios are urgently needed for the ordinary work of the school, including the teaching of decorative design. Every term the present accommodation is filled to overflowing, while the number of students admitted must be limited

on account of lack of space and promising students must be refused. Even more urgent, however, is the need for a room or rooms in which experiments can be made in decoration; a room which could be fitted up as a museum, and which would thus make possible the display of some of the valuable works of art in the possession of the college, which cannot at present be exhibited for lack of such a room; and a private room and studio for the Slade Professor. The only possibility of securing for the Slade School any such extension of its present accommodation is by freeing that part of the college buildings adjoining the Slade School, and at present occupied by the Department of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy, for which a new home can be provided on a site acquired for it immediately to the south of the new anatomy building. For this purpose a sum of £50,000 is required, and the accomplishment of this portion of the Centenary Appeal will be the most direct help to the Slade School.

An extension of accommodation is not, however, the only need of the Slade School. The present reputation of the Slade School has been founded on its teaching, and if that reputation is to be maintained it is essential that the Slade School should be in a position to attract and retain the services of professors and other teachers of the first rank. At present its endowments are very small. The Slade Chair is only partially endowed by the bequest of Mr. Felix Slade. The Chair in the History of Art, instituted in 1922, is entirely without permanent endowment, and has been maintained for its initial period of five years by the annual subscriptions of a small group of friends. A sum of £30,000 would be sufficient to complete the endowment of the Slade Chair, and to provide the endowment of the Chair in the History of Art.

The object in making this special appeal to these who are interested in the teaching of

### *An Appeal for the Slade School*

Art is to give them an opportunity of earmarking their donations for the needs of the Slade School. An appeal is, therefore, made to all who have been connected with the Slade School, and to those who are interested in the teaching of Art, to help the Centenary Appeal Fund of University College by subscribing to the Slade School Appeal.

Donors who so desire can earmark their gifts for either of the two purposes mentioned above, viz.: (1) Extension of Accommodation; and (2) Endowment.

Donors who undertake to spread their total contribution over a period of not less than seven years may deduct income-tax on their donation. The college will recover from the Inland Revenue the tax so deducted. Donors would thereby, in effect, be giving a larger amount to the fund. Those who are liable to

super-tax can charge the gross subscription against their super-tax income. In this way donors who spread their donations over a period of seven years will be conferring an additional benefit upon University College, and it is hoped that many will avail themselves of the advantages of this method of donation.

Full particulars of such allowances, and special forms for completion by those who wish to spread their donations over a period of years, can be obtained from the Honorary Secretary of the Appeal Committee, Dr. WALTER SETON, University College, London, Gower Street, W.C.1.

Donations to the Slade School Special Appeal should be sent to the Treasurer of the Slade Appeal Fund, C. KOE CHILD, Esq., University College, London, Gower Street, W.C.1.  
November, 1925.

### *A letter from Professor Henry Tonks to present and past students of the Slade School, and to other friends of the School.*

SLADE SCHOOL, October 1, 1925.

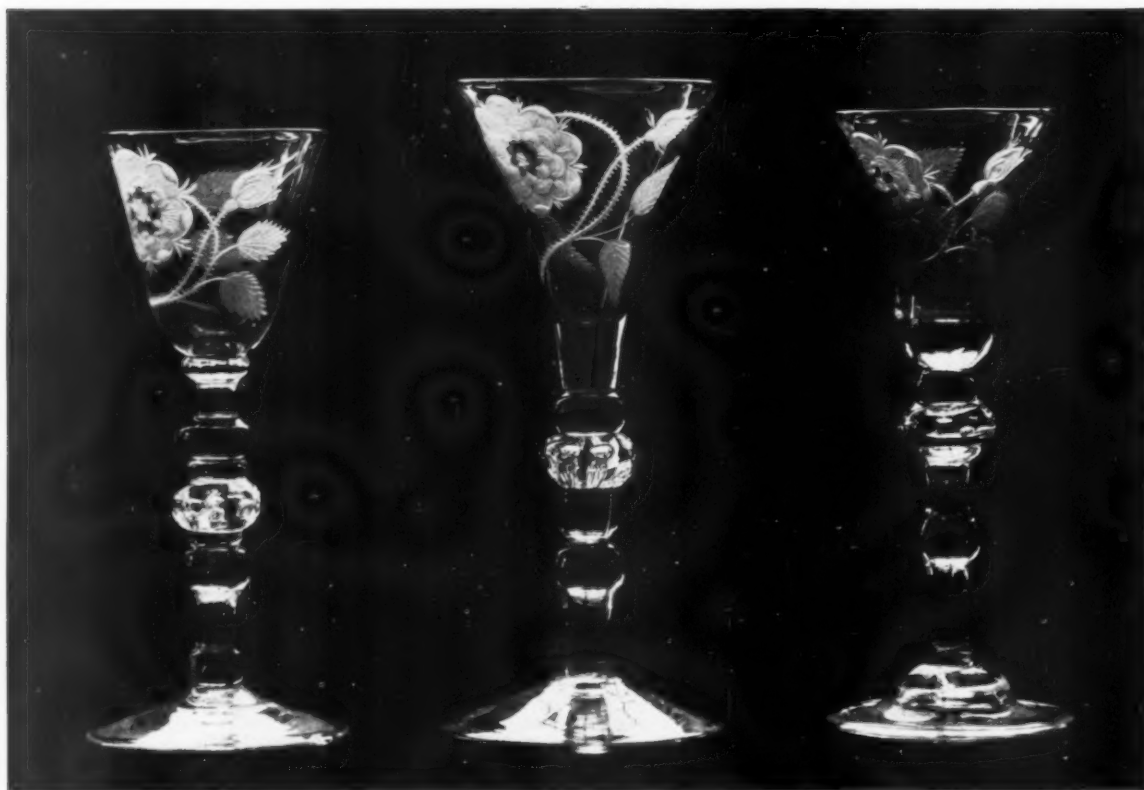
The University College Centenary Appeal is no ordinary one, and deserves the serious attention of all students, past and present, of this remarkable institution. London is so vast that we are apt to take too local a view of any part we may be connected with, and there is a fear that many may not realize that University College is by far the most important centre of learning in London. I have been fortunate enough to have been able to watch its growth during about thirty-three years, and though it took a high place when I first came, its progress since has been such as to make it the first place of its kind. The most learned men are attracted to become part of it, and not only to teach and to continue to learn themselves, but to enter most intimately into the management of the place. No one department can isolate itself and attend only to its own interest, therefore the Appeal is a general one, but, nevertheless, for the better working of the scheme each department must organize itself and make a great effort to interest the nation in the objects of the Appeal.

I therefore ask all past and present students of the Slade School, and all friends who have interested themselves in the school, to do all they can to help the general Appeal of University College. They can rest quite assured that the interests of the school will not be forgotten.

I should further like to speak a little of the Slade School and its possible future. For many years it has attracted a great many students, and so probably has been able to pay its way, but shall we be able always to count on these numbers, or are the numbers so important for the best working of the school? It is the quality of the student that counts, and under the present conditions, owing to our lack of scholarships, I am afraid that many whom we should like to have cannot come. Again, ought we not to aim much more at practical work in painting, decorating, and sculpture? Ought not the student to be put early to work on the production of something that may actually be used to decorate a building? To a certain extent this has been done, enough to show me its extreme value, but to do this I have had to depend on chance sums of money given by kindly friends.

Is it not reasonable that we should have some sort of exhibition gallery of the nature of a museum to show our results, and rooms other than actual drawing and painting-rooms as workshops? I do not want to make the Slade School into a grand place, all I ask is a little more money, a little more room, and "more light," and an opportunity of learning something about the great art of the past.

HENRY TONKS.



A—6½"

Figure 1  
B—7" high

C—6½"

## JACOBITE GLASSES IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. KIRKBY MASON

By W. A. THORPE

**I**F ever a scholarly obstructionist should write a universal history of oppositions he would need little space for the record of shy treason and dumb heresies which, like poets, must die or express themselves, and be consoled with the luxury of martyrdom. A political movement, if it have a spirit and a purpose, either dies or thrives on brutality, and when it is too weak, or its master too strong for cockades and defiance, it turns in upon itself like an introspective child, nursing its wrath to keep it warm, and asserting itself in complicated habits and the

machinery of play. In the first half of the eighteenth century the *de facto* sovereignty of the Whigs and the house of Hanover was the repressing influence, and organized Jacobitism was a "King complex" working itself off in curious ritual and engraved glass.

Informal Jacobitism may be said to begin in 1701 with the death of James II, and, thereafter, the movement passed through four distinct phases, being successively an exuberance, a secret, an escapade, and a memory. No Jacobite glasses nor, indeed, any Jacobite curiosities can be considered simply from the

*Jacobite Glasses in the Collection of Mr. Kirkby Mason*



A—6½"

Figure 2  
B—7" high

C—3½"

connoisseur's point of view as specimens of fine glass or delicate engraving, or the vicarious evidence of a lost cause. They must be treated always as historical documents, the result of a deliberate political organization which was born, it is true, of a natural royalism, but fostered by astute agents from overseas, and in some degree financed by French money.

During the twenty odd years of the exuberant period, which begins in 1701 and ends about 1723, being a Jacobite was certainly great fun. It may have been officially treason, but it was treason supported by the entire Tory party and half the population of the country, and sweetened by the joys of grievance and the boisterous gestures of good hearty sedition. There was always talk and planning and pamphleteering, and on four occasions, in 1708, 1715, 1719, and 1723, there were definite

plots for restoring "James III." Jacobitism was, therefore, for its adherents, never dull, nor were the Whigs strong enough to make it so dangerous as might be expected. If you were a bishop you might enjoy the pleasures of intrigue, and suffer no worse penalty than to be sent to your friends in France; and a poor man might damn the house of Hanover at the street corner, go off and provoke a riot in the ardent west, wear the rose and the oak-leaf in his cap on Oak-Apple Day, and be flogged in Hyde Park for his impudence. The exiled court in France or Rome was always hatching excitements. The inchoate plot of 1708, the Old Pretender's great attempt in 1715, the Spanish Expedition of 1719, and Atterbury's conspiracy in 1720, provided everyone with interests, and there were besides constant intrigues, demonstrations and foreign agents;



Figure 3

A—11 $\frac{3}{4}$ " high

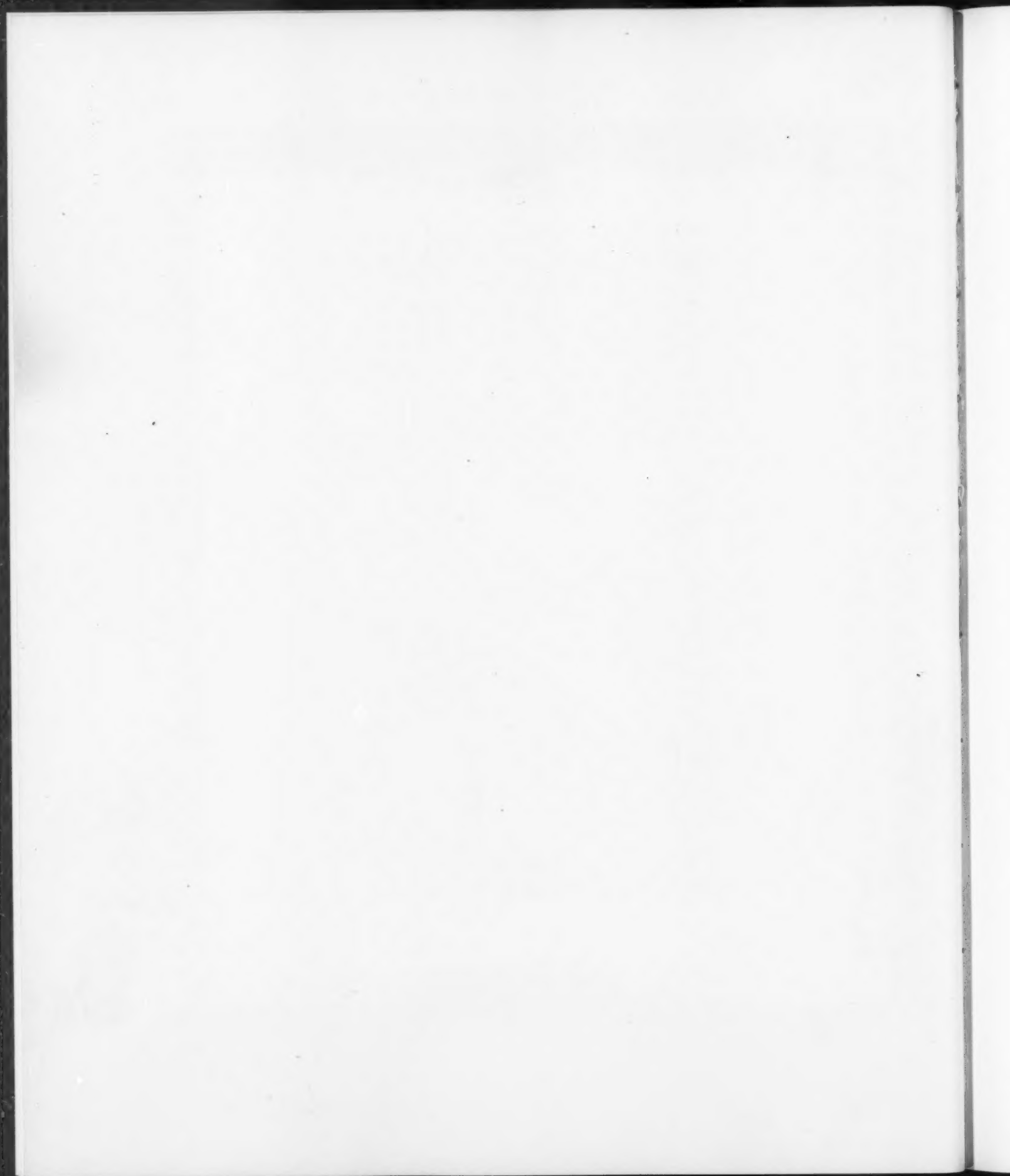
B—10 $\frac{1}{8}$ " high

and when business was slack what better recreation than to foregather in taverns, and vent a casual and cheerful indignation by drinking perdition to the Whigs? But the Loyal Badminton and the first edition of the Cycle Club were habits rather than organizations, and their thoughts being intent upon their next adventure, or the last outrage of the Calves Head Club, they cared little for the curious ritual of their successors. As yet they had, excepting the Scottish thistle, only the two original emblems of the movement, the rose, which was later a fusion or confusion of the rose of the House of York, with the

heraldic rose of England, and the oak-leaf which had been definitely associated with the house of Stuart ever since Charles II had hidden in the Boscobel Oak after the battle of Worcester, and worn a spray of oak-leaves at his triumphal entry into London. But in this pre-analytic phase of Jacobitism oak-leaves and roses were badges you wore on your hats, and were not yet stereotyped into emblems as they appear on "Fiat" glasses after the reorganization of the Cycle Club in 1724, or supplemented by classical mottoes and a special symbolism. The objective character of the support given to the Old Pretender goes



A LANDSCAPE  
By Ambrose McEvoy, A.R.A.



### *Jacobite Glasses in the Collection of Mr. Kirkby Mason*

far to explain the great rarity of Jacobite glasses which can be dated before the reorganization of the Cycle Club in 1724. Harts-horne could enumerate only six definitely associated with the early phase, and it is significant that all of them show "amateur" engraving, and are in quite a personal sense commemorative of "James III," or the births of his sons. They are in marked contrast to the next period when Jacobites had begun to abstract the cause from its heroes, and express their allegiance by so impersonal a motto as "Fiat"; and the personal character of Jacobite glasses does not reappear till the Stuart oak had grown a new branch big enough and beautiful enough for loyalty to cling to. The Old Pretender glasses are probably to be assigned to the years between the attempt of 1715 and the birth of Prince Charles, December 31, 1720.

Soon after that date came several events which made or marked the change in the movement. First of these is the failure in successive years of the Duke of Ormonde's attempt in 1719, and the Spanish expedition to Scotland, and of Atterbury's plot. The banishment of the latter, especially, showed that for the time being the Stuarts had shot their bolt, and that the Whig-Hanoverian interest having consolidated its position henceforward was standing no nonsense. The year 1720 may thus be said

to end the period of boisterous Jacobitism, for on the last day of December Prince Charles was born to shift the interest of the adherents from "James III" without being yet able to sustain it himself. A little more than three

years later the reorganization of the Cycle Club introduces the twenty years of secrecy, when repression broke out in esoteric ritual and formal symbols.

Mr. Francis Buckley has lately concluded an elaborate and scholarly research on eighteenth-century glass, which enables one to date any glass within about ten years; and if the symbols that appear upon them are also treated historically it is not difficult to suggest a chronology of Jacobite glasses. The engraved work on Jacobite glasses may be divided into four types: (1) The original rose and oak-leaf modified, and in Scotland the thistle; (2) additional society mottoes and emblems, e.g. Fiat, the star and compass; (3) portraits of Prince Charles which are always to be dated during the year 1745 or subsequently, and a number of coin glasses; and (4) "sentimental" symbols, which become common after the year 1750 or thereabouts. Dur-

ing the period of secrecy the modifications in the original rose are not only interesting because they show how a careless badge crystallized into a deliberate emblem, but provide a basis for the whole chronology of Jacobite glasses. The stereotyped "quasi-heraldic" rose of



Figure 4  
8 $\frac{7}{8}$ " high

## *Apollo: A Journal of the Arts*

six, seven, or eight petals is always accompanied by either one or two buds; it never has three buds, and it is never without one. The larger stem and bud almost invariably spring from the same point as the parent stem, and runs out of it a little higher up, and the smaller bud, starting higher still, always makes the same loop. This calculated character of the engraving lends point to the suggestion that the first bud stands for Prince Charles (born December 31, 1720), and the second, where it occurs, for Prince Henry, who was born March 21, 1725, nearly a year after the reorganization of the Cycle. This reference, probable in itself, is made almost certain by comparison with the "Revirescit" glass, which has a decaying oak tree with two young and vigorous shoots springing from its base. Prince Henry, whose ecclesiastical habit of mind had been fostered by the atmosphere of Rome, in 1749 preferred his Church to his Country, and accepted a Cardinal's Hat, and the event was not only a disappointment to the Protestant Jacobites in England and Scotland, but was probably almost as damaging to the *morale* of the cause as the Young Pretender's failure in '45. It may, therefore, be inferred that glasses which have only one bud, unless evidence of form (e.g. an early stem) or engraving (a late emblem such as the butterfly) renders it impossible, may be dated either before March 21, 1725, or after 1749. This gives us an important criterion for a chronological arrangement.

The interest and importance of the Cycle and the other Clubs is, that they kept a spirited secret for twenty years by the simple expedient of telling no one about it in confidence except themselves, and by inventing an organization for that purpose. During our second period the Hanoverians were finding their throne more comfortable, and had made it plain by discreet, but determined, severity that Jacobitism was now a very dangerous amusement; and this explains why the commonest glasses in our second period have the innocent and isolated rose and buds, and accounts for the comparative rarity of the more aggressive and unequivocal oak-leaf. Other emblems which occur before the year '45, such as the star, in one or two cases with a compass and the motto *Fiat*, certainly indicate Cycle Club glasses. The esoteric Jacobitism of this period was loyalty, but it was organized loyalty, and a

carefully calculated policy originating from the "Court in Exile" and executed by skilful and importunate agents in this cause explains, not merely the elaborate character of a big society like the Cycle, but the persistence with which the cause survived twenty years' stagnation, and the readiness with which it responded at the beginning of the 'forties.

Treason does not as a rule compromise itself in written records, and it is surprising that we know the names of as many as five societies and a good deal of the constitution of one. Probably every county and even every town in the west and north of England had its own Jacobite Club, and it is, I think, to these smaller clubs that the simple glasses with rose and two buds belonged rather than to the humbler members of big clubs, which were probably composed of men equal in wealth and social status. In North Wales, Cheshire, and Shropshire a good deal of propaganda was probably done by the famous family the Wynns, of Wynnstay, in Flintshire, who had been for many years staunch supporters of the Stuarts, and as early as 1665 had paid a bill for "King glasses" for drinking the royal toast. In the north the chief organizers were George Lockhart who, although his correspondence had been seized in 1727, continued his activities. Most remarkable of all was the Princes' tutor, the Chevalier Andrew Ramsay, pedant, patriot, and freemason. Royalism was for him a religion to be reinforced by the chicanery of superstition, and he made constant attempts to enlist the active support of Scottish Masonry (in England the Masonic tradition had been non-political since the foundation of the Grand Lodge in 1717) in aid of the Stuarts. To this end he did much to modify old degrees or invent new ones, and the dogma of the resurrection of the body was interpreted in allusion to the restoration of the Stuarts.

Our third period, the escapade, comes to the Jacobites, as to the historian, as a great relief. It begins in '45, lingers for five or six years, and brings with it a new type of glass which shows that personal adherence had revived after twenty years of abstraction. Prince Charles was quite unknown in Scotland before '45, and allegiance was still officially due to his father. When he landed he at once became "Bonnie Prince Charlie" and Scotland's favourite, and his features and his

### *Jacobite Glasses in the Collection of Mr. Kirkby Mason*

tartan were soon sufficiently familiar to be engraved on wine glasses. Since all the portrait glasses, as Mr. Grant Francis has pointed out, depict him in the tartan which he assumed on landing, and not in the court dress of earlier engravings, it is certain that none can be dated prior to the '45, and although there are late portrait glasses in existence the majority were probably engraved during that year or soon afterwards. Prince Charles became a disappointment in almost as short a time as it took to exalt him into a saviour, and his adherents were so lavish of their "love" and "devotion" perhaps because he could command no other attitude. At any rate the portrait glasses are tokens of a very brief and hollow splendour, and are, I think, rare after 1750.

Now begins the last phase and Jacobitism looks back instead of forward, and while the memory, in a way memories have, was gathering about it a saga, symbols of a new type appear, which are pseudo-mystical or superstitious in origin, and in their appeal frankly sentimental. Such are the butterfly, the bee, the forget-me-not, the daffodil, and the carnation; and when they occur on glasses which on independent evidence are Jacobite there is little doubt that they look forward to a Jacobite millennium. The forget-me-not needs no explanation, and the butterfly, which is born of the caterpillar, is a natural and traditional symbol of regeneration. Most interesting of all is, perhaps, the bee, which in both east and west stands for the conservation of life or the soul. Mohammed is said to have admitted bees to Paradise, and the Neoplatonists spoke of souls as bees. In England probably a similar idea was familiar from the Biblical story (Judges XIV) of the bees that swarmed in the carcass of the lion which Samson slew: "And he said unto them, Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness. And they could not in three days expound the riddle." It is just the sort of enigma that a cult loves to solve or shirk, by taking refuge in a symbol. Doubtless the Jacobites thought out their symbols no better than their tactics, but the eighteenth century was permeated with "cults," a frequent paradox in an "age of reason," ranging from the Cambridge Platonists to Freemasons, Rosicrucians and what not, which inherited their symbolism from the Middle Ages, and a

definite connection with one of these being already established it is not unlikely that out of this atmosphere the bee and the butterfly appeared among the Jacobites.

Mr. Kirkby Mason's is a beautifully coherent collection of Jacobite glass, equally attractive from an æsthetic or an antiquarian standpoint, and as far as the emblems are concerned it is all the more valuable because it illustrates all the essentials without ever having been intended to do so; and quite apart from its rare glasses and fine engraving the collection is a valuable document in the history of Jacobite glass.

The one-bud criterion can scarcely be applied with absolute rigidity, but it is a very useful guide. There are certainly one-bud glasses in this collection which can only be dated *between* 1725 and 1749, and are probably due to the carelessness of an engraver or to the ignorance of small provincial societies, but the great majority probably fall outside these years. It is important to remember that 1725-1749 were years when the Cycle was most active as a serious political organization, and that all the Cycle glasses (except late "sentimentals") have *two* buds. In the second place, too much is frequently made of the theory of adventitious engraving. Wheel-engraving, especially on glasses for exalted persons or a definite purpose, probably began within the first ten years of the century; and when one wants a glass for a special purpose the normal and natural thing is to order a new glass rather than have an old one engraved.

The present collection has several glasses of early form which were probably made at the beginning of the secrecy period and before the birth of Prince Henry, March, 1725. (Fig. 1.) Three of these are illustrated in Fig. 1, and, apart from their one-bud roses, are interesting examples of the devolution of the original baluster which was going on during the first quarter of the eighteenth century. In all these three the baluster, while still perfectly distinct in form, shows a tendency to disintegrate into knops, and the accidental tear has been promoted to an ornament. It is interesting to note that the bud on the second of these glasses is not quite in the same convention as the other two, and the difference points to a stage before the formalization was complete. Another very early and extremely interesting glass with a trumpet-bowl, a thick drawn stem, and a large



A—6"

Figure 5  
B—8½"

C—6¼"



A—6½"

B—7½"

Figure 7  
C—2½"

D—7½"

E—5½"

## *Jacobite Glasses in the Collection of Mr. Kirkby Mason*

tear, has a rather peculiar rose and bud surmounting the inscription IT IS UNDER THE ROSE (Fig. 6). The rose-and-bud here is quite unlike both the formal rose of ordinary Cycle glasses and the equally formal but quite distinct roses which appear on the Scottish Jacobite glasses. It has the informal character of a "button-hole," and is thus a link between the rose as *badge* and the rose as *emblem*. The absence of any other word or symbol in view of the other "points" of the glass is an additional indication that it probably precedes the re-organization of the Cycle. The legend is, of course, a play on the old tag "sub rosa" which is in origin an allusion to the mythical rose presented by Cupid to Harpocrates, the god of Silence, to hush up the amours of his mother, Venus. Here, however, the words are chiefly interesting in reference to the other and later glass which shares the same photograph and is inscribed, "SUCCESS TO THE FRIENDS OF SR WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN."

Several members of this illustrious family seem to have borne this name, the reference here being to the third baronet who died in 1749. In the dining-room at Wynnstay in Flintshire, whence have come many Jacobite relics, there is a large six-petal rose painted on the ceiling, and with it the words, "Under the rose be it spoken."

The average two-bud Cycle glasses of the esoteric period (Fig. 2) are very well illustrated in Mr. Kirkby Mason's collection, and among them are several very remarkable glasses, especially the two giants in Fig. 3, which on form alone are splendid specimens of English glass. The big goblet is unusual in having

the two separate oak-leaves and the motto "Fiat" engraved on the foot instead of on the bowl. The large decanter and a large goblet (Fig. 2B), which are undoubtedly engraved by the same hand, have each a peculiar emblem which makes them something of a problem. Both goblet and decanter are of the same type as the two celebrated decanters which belonged to the family of Henry Jones, an ardent Jacobite of Chastleton, in Gloucestershire, and were certainly made for the same Gloucestershire Jacobite Club. The only

difference is that on Mr. Kirkby Mason's decanter the oak-leaves lie between the pointer of the compass and the star, whereas in the Chastleton decanter it points direct to the star. The Jacobite Club to which they belonged was probably affiliated to the Cycle, and the mariner's compass is probably intended to represent the Cycle, and is a sign peculiar to this club, and marking its affiliation to the more important society.

The escapade which began in '45 and dawdled on till 1750-2 or thereabouts, is represented by three conspicuous glasses. The first of these is a remarkably handsome coin glass, with a hollow baluster stem and strawberry prunts (Fig. 4). The coin is a groat of James II, and only one other glass is known containing a coin of that King. A number of coin glasses which contain coins of the Stuarts show traces (as does the present glass) of the Venetian revival and probably belong to the late 'forties. There are a number of very similar glasses containing Georgian coins, and one which I saw recently was very like the present glass, but had wavy vertical mouldings instead



Figure 6

A—6 $\frac{1}{8}$ "

B—6 $\frac{3}{8}$ "

of prunts. The two series are obviously parallel to one another. Probably the Hanoverian coin glasses came first as a declaration of loyalty, and the Jacobites were a spontaneous retort (perhaps unconnected with the clubs) for which coins at least sixty years old were required. In this connection one may compare those Hanoverian glasses which have the Horse of Westphalia and at the same time a rose, which deliberately disputes the Jacobite monopoly of that emblem. The two portrait-glasses in the collection, one a Scotch decanter (for it has thistle as well as rose), the other a wineglass, are an interesting contrast (Fig. 5). On the former the motto, "AUDENTIOR IBO," is in Roman capitals above the portrait; on the latter glass it is below it and in italics, but the portrait in both cases is taken from the same engraving. The engraver, Sir Robert Strange, was the same age as Prince Charles and his constant companion during the '45, and occupied the night before Culloden in engraving coins to pay Prince Charles's soldiers. The date of the original engraving of these two portraits is not known, but the well-known "window portrait," by Strange, is known to have been executed during the '45 campaign,

and the original of these two glass-portraits also was doubtless done at the same time. One other glass in this group belongs to our third period and bears the motto "Redeat." It would be pointless before '45 to wish Charles back again when he had not yet arrived, and as the glass has still two buds it is probably to be dated between his flight after Culloden and the secession of Henry in '49.

Memories and sighs begin in the last group of glasses (Fig. 7). Here we find the chief emblems of the decay: the butterfly, the bee, the forget-me-not, and the daffodil-cum-oak-leaves, which are in the same spirit as the lamentations which Burns wrote for the Scottish Jacobite Clubs. The little bowl in the centre with roses and butterfly is peculiar and significant. In the old days the Cycle had drunk to "the King over the water" over a great central bowl all together. It must have been inconvenient, but it had the sanctity of a rite. Later on each guest had his own bowl of water to drink over, and this bowl is eloquent of the change from a political to a purely social institution. It is interesting to recall that until the reign of King Edward VII finger-bowls were never used at the royal dinner-table.

## MUSIC IN A LIFE

By FILSON YOUNG

### VI.—THE CHARACTER OF WAGNER

**I**N the early 'nineties, when I began to know about Wagner, he was, for the average English music lover, in his first dazzling blaze of glory. A new world of tone and of harmony had opened to us; and the man who had produced it was naturally regarded more as a god than a man. Everything that one could hear or read or find out about him was of intoxicating interest; people who had met him or spoken to him were in a class apart, as those who should have partaken of some sacred privilege. The sound of the attacks that had been made upon his music still rang in our ears; people were still living and about us who regarded enjoyment of *Tristan* or *The Ring* as incompatible with the strict worship of Beethoven and Mozart, or even Mendelssohn. We were, in a sense, pioneers, opening out and developing the

new country of sound that Wagner's methods had discovered. It was true that Wagner was the greatest thing that ever happened in the history of music; he changed more, he awakened more, he developed more than any musician before or since. No wonder if, when his music was still a new thing to the general musical world of England, the man himself should be almost legendary. Everything that one could learn about him one eagerly devoured; and only those things were received or believed about him that could be regarded as magnifying or illustrating his almost supernatural greatness.

Well, time passed; one became familiar with his music, and the more one studied it the more dazzling it became. But books began to be written about the man himself in increasing numbers; and the controversies

## Music in a Life

that had formerly raged about his music became transferred to the character of the man himself—whether he was the suffering hero represented in his letters and in the pages of the more devoted of his biographers; or whether he was an extremely clever and a pretentious humbug, mercilessly exploiting everyone he came across, and incidentally writing wonderful music. At first, when one read any book which contained a word against him, the book was denounced as wholly false and biased; that was only accepted as the true milk of the word which held his character up on a pinnacle of perfection as high almost as that of his music. But, of course, the truth gradually came out, as it will about a man so conspicuous and so universally known. People began to find out that he had not been perfect in all things. As his correspondence with various friends was studied and compared, it became clear that even he did not always give the same account of himself. His marriage relations, like those of so many men of temperament and genius, were unfortunate; his correction and readjustment of them almost equally so. He had become a kind of pope in his world, brooking no contradiction or interference. His house at Bayreuth became a kind of shrine to which the faithful were admitted only on condition that they carried on a sacred propaganda which set forth his work not so much in the light of art and entertainment as of religion.

It is only latterly that we have been able to discern anything like the true Wagner in a book of memoirs. The likeness is not perfect yet; but it is growing. Among the best hitherto has been the work of Mr. Ernest Newman, whose patience and keen critical judgment have produced something like a true portrait of Wagner, such as does not elsewhere exist. The publication of the late William Ashton Ellis's *Life* in five volumes, had given a somewhat unfortunate turn to Wagnerian biography. It was terribly like Wagner's own prose writings in form—that is to say, turgid and verbose, yet with a gleam of something like humour in it far away. And it had the further disadvantage of being entirely biased in favour of Wagner in the smallest as in the greatest of things, so that any hint that he might be otherwise than perfect was received with suspicion and contradiction.

Wagner's own autobiography, *Mein Leben*,

which was published in 1911 with a great flourish of trumpets, was extremely disappointing. It was obviously not a frank composition, except in so far as it represented Wagner's point of view about those who had opposed him. It was obviously incomplete, obviously written by Wagner to represent himself as he wished the world to see him, and edited by Cosima Wagner with a view to whitewashing his character and her own in their relationship towards Liszt, Von Bulow, and Minna Wagner. So until Ernest Newman wrote *A Study of Wagner*, and *Wagner as Man and Artist*, there was no book in which the earnest inquirer could find anything like a true portrait of Wagner unless he pieced one together for himself out of the almost innumerable volumes of letters, memoirs, and biographies by the many remarkable people with whom he came in contact. Now Mr. Newman's work has been finally supplemented by William Wallace's monograph in the *Masters of Music* series. Mr. William Wallace is a craftsman in many things besides music, and his treatment of this difficult theme within a compass of 300 pages is a remarkable achievement. He has not only said many true things about Wagner that are also new, but he has said some new things that are also true. I think he is over-severe on Wagner's character as a man, but it is a good fault in a biographer who is whole-heartedly sympathetic to his music.

What kind of man was Wagner really? The importance of knowing this is very great. When genius like his sweeps into the world it creates such a glamour, and not only that, it leaves behind such an inexhaustible source of glamour, that its influence on the lives of individual men and women is commensurate. With such fame and popularity for his music the composer becomes a hero; and hero worship takes the form, not only of justifying, but of following the very acts of the hero worshipped. If the hero was, in fact, a fellow of doubtful morality, but of divine inspiration in his art, people are inclined to follow his morality as well as his art. If Richard Wagner was the saint and martyr that he and some of his friends represented him to have been, then everything he did was worthy. If not, if he was a man with quite remarkable failings, it is important that those to whom his music is an inspiration should take care to separate it from his life.

*Apollo: A Journal of the Arts*

I begun, like others, by thinking that Wagner must have been at least as good as his music, and having read almost everything of importance that has been written about him, and even after reading the severe pages of Mr. Wallace, I am not sure that I do not end up very much where I began. Whatever his biographers may say about his popularity being greater than he made it out to be, it is a fact that his life was one continual struggle against every kind of odds—a struggle not merely to get his great message of music uttered, but a struggle simply to live. It is all very well to say that he sponged on others, and was a ruthless beggar. Of course he was. What else could he be? Whether would it have been better that he should have never borrowed a penny and spent only what he was able to earn, or that he should have given us *Tristan und Isolde*, *Meistersinger*, *The Ring*, and *Parsifal*, all of which owe their existence in some degree either to patronage or to the help afforded their composer by his long-suffering friends? When all allowance has been made for Wagner's very definite faults as a man and as a friend; when every admission has been made as to the absurdities, and worse, of his association with his Royal patron, there remains a residue of nobility and strength and heroic courage that make his life, and the mere fact that he lived it out and completed his work, a legitimate subject of praise and admiration. Mr. Wallace is, I think, a little unfair to Wagner in relation to the Wesendonck episode. It is clear that he has little sympathy with any irregular attachments, and his point of view is almost identical with that of Otto Wesendonck. But Wesendonck himself must have liked and admired Wagner very considerably to put up with what Mr. Wallace describes as his usurpation of Otto's place and privileges. Considering the three-cornered relationship it seems to me a credit to everyone concerned that the association should have lasted so long—creditable to Wesendonck, because his generosity and understanding enabled Wagner to turn that generosity to great artistic account; creditable to Wagner because he did so turn it, because whatever he received from these people he repaid to the world in full measure;

and creditable to Mathilde because of the beauty of the inspiration which she gave him, and of her skill in maintaining an extremely difficult situation without allowing it ultimately to be a cause of disruption or disaster. At this time of day it does not seem to me very important what was the degree of intimacy between Wagner and Mathilde Wesendonck; what is important is that it gave us not only *Tristan und Isolde*, but a volume of some of the most beautiful love-letters ever written. Surely that is enough.

It is curious how the younger generation of to-day, while accepting Wagner completely, and taking his music for granted as wholly as my generation took Bach, is not personally dominated by the man himself as we were. Perhaps because they read less and care less about artists than about art, and would probably smile rather contemptuously at the struggles of this German composer, who would mix himself up with politics, and had almost Communistic ideas about wives and daughters and money. But even from a personal point of view Wagner's life is extremely interesting; and there is material for half a dozen novels in his relationship with Liszt, his daughter Cosima, and von Bulow, her husband. It is all inextricably mixed up, art and friendship and treachery and finance; but there is no doubt that Wagner dominated the situation so completely that he was able to make everyone believe what no doubt he believed himself, that everything he did was right if it furthered his great artistic purpose. That, after all, is a privilege of artists, as it is of kings and popes; but there is this difference: that the artist owes his powers and privileges not to the accident of position, but has made and earned them for himself, and if he can really convince people that whatever he does is right, there is a good deal to be said in his justification. Anyhow, I think that, pending some possible revelations on the death of Cosima, we may take it that the Devil's Advocate has said his worst about Wagner, and when he is so just and sympathetic a man as Mr. Wallace we can accept much of what he pleads without having to abate in the least our admiration for the man as well as the artist in Wagner.

(To be continued.)

# THE EUMORFOPOULOS COLLECTION

By R. H. WILENSKI

**P**RESENT-DAY students and collectors of Chinese pottery are apt to forget the extraordinary progress made in Western knowledge of Chinese Art in the last few years. The characteristic Tang tomb horses and figures are now so well known that it is difficult to realize that thirty years ago European notions of Chinese ceramics were based on Ching porcelain and certain varieties—chiefly blue and white—of Ming. It was not in fact till after 1905 that specimens of Tang tomb pottery became known in numbers as a result of the construction of the Pien-Loh railway in Honan which involved the opening of a number of Chinese graves that would otherwise have remained inviolate. From 1906 to 1910, pottery from these tombs began to come to England, and London collectors had the first real opportunity of studying them in the 1910 exhibition of "Early Chinese Pottery and Porcelain," at the Burlington Fine Arts Club.

Nearly all the specimens of Han and Tang wares in the famous collection of Mr. George Eumorfopoulos have thus been acquired by him in the last fifteen or twenty years, and their presence has had considerable influence on this great collector's taste; and these modifications in his taste, and other facts connected with the formation of his collection, are set forth in a foreword which he contributes to the first volume of the catalogue of his treasures which has just been published by Messrs. Ernest Benn.\*

In the last decade of the nineteenth century, Mr. Eumorfopoulos points out, typical Kang Hsi porcelain was frequently labelled as Ming, and as late as 1907 a characteristic Ming vase was exhibited in the Japanese section of the British Museum. In the same way the essential character of Sung wares was widely mistaken, since it was assumed to be rough and heavy, whereas in the light of present knowledge its outstanding characteristic is recognized as refinement; and it was not till many examples of Tang potteries had come to light that Western collectors realized that

the Chinese attitude towards foreign art and culture in that period was not as might have been supposed one of complete aloofness, but one susceptible to Hellenistic and Iranian influences.

The catalogue itself is the work of Mr. R. L. Hobson, Keeper of the Department of Ceramics and Ethnology in the British Museum. It contains detailed descriptions and illustrations of all the pieces of the earliest periods in the collection. The extreme purist may possibly regard the Tang tomb figures as less moving than the Han pots, and of the latter he may only extend his unqualified favour to those least influenced by bronze. But to most amateurs with no special knowledge of Chinese art or ceramics, and no collector's prejudices, the Han wine vases of forms derived from bronze and the larger figures from the tombs will make, I think, as they do to me, the principal appeal.

Two examples of Han vases in bronze forms are among the illustrations to these notes. The first is a red pottery wine vase with a dressing of fine blackish-brown clay which has been polished. It is ornamented with bands of incised phœnixes, tigers, fish, and geometrical designs, and at the sides it has tiger-mask handles where rings were formerly attached. The second, also a red pottery wine vase, has dark brown glaze tiger-mask handles with fixed rings; and it shows bands of wheel-made ribbing. These pots have a finality and austere dignity in shape and colour that is truly monumental, and they form, as it were, the architectural fundament to the more purely ceramic developments which they immediately precede.

My most vivid memory of the Tang tomb pieces I have examined in this collection is a case containing thirteen figures which Mr. Eumorfopoulos acquired together with an inscription stating that the tomb which held them all was that of the Chancellor Liu who died in A.D. 728. The figures are mostly between thirty and fifty inches high, and are thus considerably larger than most pieces of similar style. They are of a soft pinkish white ware with neutral glaze, and the outstanding colours are green and brownish yellow; on

\* Catalogue of the George Eumorfopoulos Collection of Chinese, Korean, and Persian pottery and porcelain. By R. L. Hobson. Ernest Benn. Vol. I. £12 12s.



Height. 16'25"

1.—HAN WINE VASE OF BRONZE FORM

### *The Eumorfopoulos Collection*

the flesh portions, which are unglazed, there are traces of paint. The figures are of Lokapalas, Earth Spirits, horses, camels and so forth, and the style is seen in the photographs of the camel and attendant groom which are reproduced herewith.

with the subtle grace of interflowing harmonious line that we associate with Chinese sculpture, and over the face of each there floats a faint smile of elusive charm. Apart, moreover, from their intrinsic beauty, these figures are of peculiar interest to students since cemeteries of



*Height, 13' 4"*

2.—HAN WINE VASE OF BRONZE FORM

I recall in the same way two striking female figures carrying flowers. These stand about thirty inches high; they are of hard grey pottery with a wash of white slip, and traces of red and black paint give them a delightful pinkish hue. They are sixth-century Northern Wei products—examples of the period, that is, between Han and Tang; they are graceful

the Wei period are the last to have been opened up, and examples of the Wei pottery are still extremely rare.

A standing figure, possibly a princess, which is also illustrated, is one of the largest in the collection. The lady wears embroidered robes falling straight down to her feet, and, it may be owing to the smile upon her



3—TANG CAMEL. (height 33.75 in.) AND GROOM (18.5 in.)

*The Eumorfopoulos Collection*



Height, 44'5"

4.—TANG OR WEI PRINCESS

lips, some experts consider the figure to belong more probably to the Wei period



Height, 14'4"

5.—WEI COURTIER

than the Tang. The figure, considered as sculpture, has a sweep of line essentially Chinese, though the long skirt recalls in some strange way the fashionable Western silhouette of a quarter of a century ago.

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Another intriguing case that I remember contains a series of small Tang figures on horseback which Mr. Eumorfopoulos has arranged in a procession that suggests the Canterbury Pilgrims. The group leading this procession is illustrated, and both the individual characterization of the figures and their general spirit will be seen to be curiously close to Chaucer. The first figure appears to be a species of crusader, and there is a distinctly Gothic feeling about the young woman in a sun hat who brings up the rear. All the women it will be noted ride astride. These figures are of pinkish white ware with straw

prepared by hand on bleached photographs by an artist working in the presence of the originals, and the results are therefore more complete and accurate than those obtainable either by unaided photography or by artists' drawings of the ordinary kind. The catalogue is chronologically arranged, and each of the five volumes that are to come will contain the same number of illustrations as the first. The second volume, promised for the spring, will deal with the Sung and Yuan wares of the Ju, Kuan, Ko, Lung-chuan and Chien types; volume three will describe the Sung and Yuan wares of the Ting, Chun and Tz'u Chou types;



Height 10"

6.—TANG RIDERS

yellow glaze and show traces here and there of paint.

The reproduction on page 29 shows a Wei figure of what must surely be a Court Official making obeisance as he reports of orders fulfilled, honours conferred, or punishments, perhaps tortures, carried out. There is something at once suave and sinister in this personage who bows and smiles and rubs his hands together as he talks. And what delightful rhythms are in the modelling, how perfectly the forms balance, and how marvellously the formal simplification conveys the sense of life!

There are altogether some five hundred and thirty pieces described in detail by Mr. Hobson in this first volume of the catalogue, which has two hundred and fifty collotype illustrations and fifty-six plates in colour. The latter have been

volume four, the Ming porcelain and pottery; volume five, the K'ang Hsi, Yung Cheng, Ch'ien Lung and later wares; and volume six the miscellaneous Chinese pottery, Korean and Persian wares. The work will thus be not only a worthy record of this magnificent collection, but also a standard book of reference on Chinese ceramics in which the Western world is taking an ever keener and more appreciative interest since it has ceased to regard Far Eastern art as mere quaint "Chinoiserie" bric-à-brac, and has learned to see in it magnificent solutions of plastic problems and superb achievements in every form of art.

One word more from Mr. Eumorfopoulos himself in conclusion. His collection contains no piece of the Chai-yao porcelain extolled

beyond all others by Chinese writers; for no piece of this porcelain is known to the modern world. Mr. Eumorfopoulos refers to this lacuna in a charming passage that ends his foreword: "Shall we ever," he writes, "be lucky enough to see a specimen of this Imperial Chai-yao—the ware which Hsiang says men in his time declared to be but a phantom? Quite possibly, if ever a tomb of a member of the Imperial family reigning at the time is opened up. I sometimes picture to myself the spirit of Hsiang meeting in the Elysian fields the spirits of his friends—the intimate

friends he was, as he tells us, in the habit in this life of meeting 'constantly day and night for discussion and research'—and still holding converse with them on the subject they loved. To have seen and handled a piece of Imperial Chai-yao will be a sure password to gain ready admittance into the charmed circle. A delightful and lovable personality Hsiang reveals himself in his album, and a true collector, and I can find no more fitting words to conclude than these words of his: 'Say not that my hair is scant and sparse, and that I fondly appreciate what is only fit for a child's toy.'"

## JACOPO BELLINI

By TANCRED BORENIUS

**A**MONG the artistic personalities in the history of Early Italian painting which recent research has succeeded in reconstructing, a foremost place is held by Jacopo Bellini. When Crowe and Cavalcaselle wrote in 1871, they could point to but two authentic examples of his work as a painter, the half-length Madonnas belonging, respectively, to the Tadini Collection at Loreve and the Accademia at Venice; and their verdict on the question as to Jacopo Bellini's rank as a colourist was that "no modern writer is competent to be a critic in this respect." Of course, as to the position held by Jacopo in the history of Venetian painting, no two opinions were possible even then, seeing that his great sketch-book in the British Museum lay open for everyone to inspect, revealing itself not only as a constant source of inspiration for Jacopo's two sons, Gentile and Giovanni Bellini, but as an anticipation of the whole development of Venetian painting down to Paul Veronese and Tintoretto.

The smaller sketch-book of Jacopo Bellini, acquired for the Louvre in 1884, though a most welcome discovery, could add but comparatively little to what we knew about the master from the British Museum sketch-book; but the reconstruction of his work as a painter has been attended by a success which writers like Crowe and Cavalcaselle would hardly have dared to hope for. There is, for one thing, in the Louvre, the delightful full-length

Madonna seated in a meadow, with the distant mountains touched by the setting sun, while the Infant Christ, standing on her knee, imparts the benediction to the kneeling figure of Lionello d'Este, whose portrait, by Jacopo, Lionello's father, Niccolò, Marquess of Ferrara, had once deemed superior to one by Pisanello. There is, furthermore, the exquisite full-length of the Virgin and Child ceremoniously enthroned, in the collection of Don Guido Cagnola at Milan. Still more important, there is the half-length Madonna acquired some twenty years ago for the Uffizi, in which the formal pose and the symmetry of the silhouette call up very definite memories of Byzantine mosaic design, solemn and hieratic, but in which a vibrant human note of infinite tenderness is at the same time so wonderfully communicated. And these are but some outstanding examples among those which lately have extended our knowledge of Jacopo as a painter, be it of devotional subjects like the Madonna, legendary subjects, and even of subjects from classical mythology.

To the paintings by Jacopo which have been published in book or magazine articles over a number of years, I am to-day enabled to add the exquisite panel in the collection of Mr. Walter S. M. Burns, here reproduced in colour by the owner's kind permission. The composition is, as always with Jacopo, a simple one, and both the type of the Virgin and the fall of her shoulders connect the picture so closely with the Uffizi Madonna as

to make it an inevitable conclusion that the two works belong to the same comparatively late phase of Jacopo Bellini's career. In the Uffizi picture the silhouette of the Virgin stands out against a background of plain sky: in the present example the background is formed by a multitude of cherubs, rose-purple in hue—a device which occurs already in the early Madonna of the Venice Gallery. In the drawing of the hands, with the slightly curved fingers, the affinity to the Uffizi Madonna is also very pronounced. But all through the sentiment is less formal and ceremonious: the veil, which in the Uffizi Madonna falls in straight, simple lines, undulates here capriciously: the playful movement of the Infant's feet is here free and unhampered, while in the Uffizi picture it is caught up by the Virgin's mantle. The dominant chord of the scheme of colour can be judged from our reproduction: it is made up in the main by the deep blue of the Virgin's mantle, and a

sequence of varied and exquisitely harmonized reds.

The great Madonna painter of the Venetian Quattrocento is to us, instinctively, of course, Giovanni Bellini. His gift of tenderness, of intimacy, of subtle pathos is evidenced to us over and over again and in ever-varied fashion in the wonderful series of pictures of the Virgin and Child which form the central feature of his work. But it is in looking at such a moving interpretation of the young fragile girl-mother as the present one that one realizes how much in Giovanni Bellini's achievement came to him as a hereditary gift. And Giovanni Bellini's pathos and lyricism lead up to Giorgione: and so we are once again brought face to face with the significance of Jacopo Bellini as the real originator of Venetian painting: now no longer a shadowy figure, guessed at from the faded pages of his sketch-book, but a real, tangible personality among the many that go to make up the wonderful sequence of the Venetian school of painting.

## THE PLAIN MAN AND HIS MUSIC—IV

By ERNEST NEWMAN

IN an earlier article I pointed out what I conceive to be one of the weaknesses of the average "appreciation" course—its excessive reliance on sonata form for its principles. Put in this way I know that it sounds a little exaggerated; the appreciation course, to do it justice, generally makes at any rate a show of covering the whole field of musical design, from the simple, monotonous phrase of two or three notes that the savage repeats to himself to the intricacies of the Bach fugue and the architecture of the Ninth Symphony. But though other subjects are touched upon, it is upon sonata form, in the main, that the appreciation course relies to justify itself. I have already ventured to remark that this necessarily leaves out of consideration a vast amount of music of an earlier and a later period than that when sonata form was the medium through which the greatest minds found their fullest and easiest expression. A course of "How to Understand Music," that tells me all about Haydn and Mozart and Beethoven, but gives me no clue to the understanding of a piece of sixteenth-

century polyphony (such as a madrigal), or to the understanding of Schönberg's "Five Orchestral Pieces," or Honegger's "Pacific 231," cannot be held to have done its work with ideal completeness.

Once more we come back to the central truth that the key to the understanding, the enjoyment, the appreciation—call it what we will—of music, is not to be found in the design of the work. It is possible for one musician to be a skilled designer, an architect full of resource and ingenuity, and yet be negligible as a composer; and for another to have only a rudimentary sense of design and yet be a great composer. Some men have gone through agonies of cerebration in the attempt to manipulate designs like those of Beethoven, and even to extend them, and the final result has been nothing; while a Chopin contents himself with the endless repetition of a form that is as simple as "a b c," and turns out in it work after work that is an eternal delight. At bottom, all musical form is as simple as "a b c." I have said that it consists, in essence, of little more than this, that a piece must have a beginning, a





## *The Plain Man and his Music*

middle, and an end. Somebody or other has expressed the same idea in another way—that the whole rule for composition is first to say something, then say something else, and then come back to what you said at first; which is sonata form in a nutshell. Now in much of Chopin's music this principle of A B A is exploited in the simplest possible form: he fills a short section with what he has to say on one subject, proceeds to another short section in which he puts the earlier matter out of his mind altogether and talks about something quite different, and then comes back to the thing he had been talking about in the first place. Sometimes there is hardly even a pretence of leading the one section into another by a few bars of transition; the two parts are quite frankly opposed to each other.

We are here at the farthest imaginable extreme from composers like Beethoven and Wagner. They also say something, say something else, and come back, in some degree or other, to what they said at first; but they do not place A, B, A in watertight compartments as Chopin does. The latter, in work after work, forgets all about A while he is engaged with B, and remembers B only slightly or not at all when he comes to A. With Beethoven and Wagner none of the material is ever out of mind; they see all the time the whole work in each of the details. The principle of their form is essentially the same as Chopin's; the difference is simply that Beethoven or Wagner complicates and subtilizes the principle. Chopin could not afford to write a poor tune for his first ten bars, because the tune has to stand by itself and be judged solely on its own merits then and when he returns to it later. Beethoven or Wagner can perfectly well afford to start out with, or branch off into, themes that are in themselves insignificant, because his mind, always looking before and after, sees that they will acquire all sorts of significances as the music unfolds itself. These men are the great logicians of music; they draw irrefutable conclusions from their premises by a long chain of reasoning. They are therefore driven, consciously or unconsciously, to find for themselves a mode of expression that shall go syllogistically step by step, as it were. In one of his letters to Frau Wesendonck, Wagner says something to the effect that he has discovered that the art of composition is the art of transition. The great example of it is the

second act of "Tristan"; a smaller but more immediately obvious example is the orchestral interlude between the prelude and the first act of the "Götterdämmerung"—the passage played at concerts under the title of "Siegfried's Rhine Journey." The music begins, after the duet between Siegfried and Brynhilde, in a blaze of sunlight and with the pulses beating at their maddest; it ends greyly in the fate-laden atmosphere of the Hall of the Gibichungs; yet though the contrast between the beginning and the end is so pronounced, at no point can we lay our fingers on the score and say that the change begins there, so gradual is the transition. It is the same with the masterly first movement of the "Eroica"; the music passes through every conceivable phase of self-assertion, of pathetic appeal, of perplexity, of rage, but the tissue is continuous. The fact that the same basic principle of design can be put to such different uses by Beethoven, Wagner and Chopin, shows that the secret of the music is no more to be sought in the design than the secret of a picture is to be sought in the fact that it is constructed on the principle of the circle, the triangle, or the square. Something else, then, than an anatomy of the form is required to enable us to "appreciate" the composition.

It becomes evident that no principles of design can be laid down that will give the listener a key to the value or the lack of value of the music *qua* music. Formulate what test you like, you will find some piece of music or other that flouts it and is yet fine music. If you say that balance of parts and of tonalities is necessary, as it certainly is in sonata form, a seemingly shapeless madrigal is there to confute you. If you say, with Wagner, that the art of composition is transition, we have only to point to certain works of Chopin in which there is hardly the slightest attempt at transition, one section being, so to speak, merely gummed to the other. If you say that there can be no good music without melody, that it is the melody that carries and reveals the idea, you are right with regard to, say, Chopin or Schumann or Grieg, but wrong with regard to Palestrina; or you find yourself puzzled by the case of Berlioz, who is often awkward in his melodies, but whose pages are as often undeniably great. It is useless, in fact, to look for the secret of music in those externalities of it that can alone be isolated and systematized and taught.



*Messrs. Agnew*

ADAM AND EVE

*By Tintoretto*



*Private Collection, Germany*

PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN

*By Tintoretto*

## TWO UNKNOWN PAINTINGS BY TINTORETTO

By AUGUST L. MAYER

THE painting "Adam and Eve" here reproduced is not entirely unknown. It was the property of the late John Singer Sargent, and was sold at Christie's last July. The painting was very dirty and darkened, and very few people paid any attention to the perfectly correct attribution in the sale catalogue. As a matter of fact, there exists another version of this "Adam and Eve," of the same dimensions. It is the picture belonging to Mr. Crawshay, in Rome. The Crawshay example is more highly finished and less sculptural in feeling. The picture now reproduced seems to be a first idea for the Roman version. It is much broader in the brushwork, more sketchy, and there are a large number of pentimenti. Comparing it with the Crawshay picture in detail, we notice some very important differences. First of all the position of Adam's head is entirely changed. In the Sargent example he is looking up, while in the other the pose is less expressive and less clearly defined, with a certain effect of dreaminess. There are also many differences in the arrangement of the leaves, the branches,

and the trunks. The curve from the hip in the body of Eve is more pronounced. Even in the plants in the lower right-hand corner we notice differences.

Not all the alterations made by the artist when he came to paint the Crawshay picture can be regarded as improvements, but the Crawshay picture is undoubtedly more pleasant and more agreeably lighted. However, from the purely artistic point of view the Sargent example is the more interesting, so that it is not difficult to understand why an artist like Sargent admired and purchased such a work.

The male portrait here reproduced belongs, like the "Adam and Eve," to the earlier period of Tintoretto's career. It is the property of a German amateur. It seems to be even earlier than the first picture. There are still many Titianesque elements in the picture, but it betrays already the personal manner of Tintoretto, his pronounced masculine character, his strength and seriousness. The execution is very careful, without interfering with the monumental quality of style.

## DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE AND DECORATION—XI

By MURRAY ADAMS-ACTON, F.S.A.

THE event which had such lasting and far-reaching effects upon French architecture, and which was destined to bring in its wake most momentous changes, was the campaign of Charles VIII against Italy in 1486-1488, when the nobles of France came, for the first time, into contact with the magnificent Renaissance palaces of Italy.

Prior to this, civic architecture in France had advanced but slightly as no sudden rebirth of the classic style had taken place there. The small civic houses were, at this time, insignificant and unimportant, expressing the simple needs of the people. It is not surprising therefore that majestic buildings

seen against a blue Italian sky should have had an impressive, almost a startling, effect upon the imagination of men accustomed to the severity of Gothic architecture and the domestic dwellings of medieval France.

In those days Italian works of art were not unknown in France, as they had been imported since the early days of the fifteenth century. But, although there had been signs of impending change as early as 1460, it is certain that the rapid development of decided Renaissance ideas took place soon after this campaign, and that it was inspired by a desire to break away from former medieval traditions in French taste in preference to the new classical style maturing in Italy.



AN OLD HOUSE AT VERNEUIL

*The façade is composed of squared flint work, stone, and terra-cotta bricks*

By the King's desire, Italian artists were invited to France, and the first colony of master-masons, ornamentalists, sculptors, etc., founded at Amboise in 1497, included the architects Fra Giacondo, Dominico da Cortona, Luc Becjeane and others. Through their influence, a hybrid transitional style, consisting of a curious fusion of the flamboyant Gothic of France with the entirely different elements of the Renaissance from Northern Italy, arose.

When transition is abrupt and almost in the nature of a brutal interruption of another style's development, it is rarely an archi-

tectural success, especially when a union of widely different styles is attempted. The mentality which produced a Gothic church on one side of the Alps is far removed from that which evolved a Renaissance palace, with its characteristic grace and delicacy of ornament, on the other. In fact, so little relation exists between the two styles, that it is not surprising if, in the earlier stages of combination, the results were decidedly discordant.

Nevertheless, many imposing buildings date from this first period, which is known as the First French Renaissance. Foremost among these stand the famous castles of the

## *Domestic Architecture and Decoration*

Loire, many of which were entirely rebuilt or remodelled about this time. Azay-le-Rideau, Chambord, Chenonceaux, Blois, Amboise, and scores of others are so universally known that they need no description. Of their kind, they are amongst the most imposing buildings in France. It is curious to note, however, how long France, like England, clung to Gothic; and whereas a revived classical style found instant favour among the Italians, it took fully a hundred years to become completely established in either of these countries. In France one can assume that but few buildings were erected in the flamboyant style after 1530. There are exceptions, such as the famous Palais de Justice at Rouen, which was not completed till 1535, while the south transept of Beauvais Cathedral was finished in 1530.

Few town-houses built as residences in the fifteenth century still remain, and of these some are entirely Gothic while others show traces of transition. The finest of the former is undoubtedly the house of Jacques Coeur, dating from 1453, and yet standing in wonderful preservation in the lovely old city of Bourges. In the same city, but quite different in character and transitional, is the Hôtel l'Allemand. I give an illustration of a chimney-piece from this house, showing very rich and delicate ornament of Renaissance character, which supplies a contrasting setting to plain central panels bearing the "porc-epic" emblem of Louis XII and the badge of Anne of Brittany. The ceiling of this room, too, is interesting in character. Another house, less complete on account of



OLD HOUSES AT ANGERS

*Sketch by M. Adams-Acton*



SENS. THE ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE

*(An example showing the union of Gothic to Renaissance ornament)*

successive alterations and restorations, was built at Angers, for Olivier Barrault, Treasurer of Brittany and Mayor of Angers, who married a member of the famous family of Briçonnet, 1493-1495. The Hôtel of Nicolas Fumée at Poitiers, built in the reign of Louis XII, is pure Gothic both in plan and ornament. Others are the well-known Hôtel de Bourgtheroulde at Rouen, of which the block on the street and that parallel to it were built entirely in Gothic style by Guillaume le Roux in the last decade of the

fifteenth century, whilst the gallery built by his son is Renaissance in character, and the famous Hôtel de Cluny in Paris, which shows certain signs of the coming change (1485-1490). There are examples both in wood and stone at Orleans, Lisieux, and Dreux. At Tours there is the old residence of Pierre de Puy, almost entirely Gothic (about 1495), erroneously known as that of Tristan l'Hermite, executioner to Louis XI. After 1500, there are numerous houses in most of the older French towns.

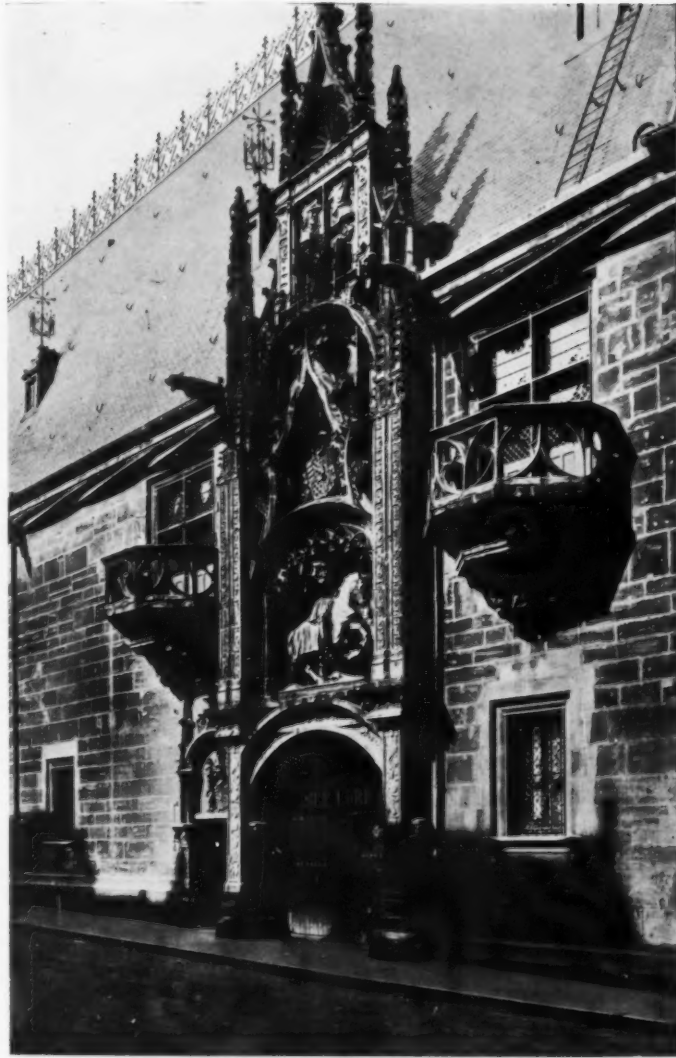
One of the very finest examples of this age combining Gothic and Renaissance is, in my judgment, the striking entrance-portal to the old Ducal Palace of Nancy. It is the work of Jacot de Vaucouleurs, who built the palace for Duke René II of Lorraine in 1502. The two styles do not here appear to be sufficiently in conflict to offend when united, and one is instantly arrested by the bigness of its conception. The soaring tendency of Gothic still dominates the design, while its details are Italian in character and execution. An arch having another over it is rarely a pleasant feature in architecture, but here are three in succession, and the effect is good. Each arch seems to add a further sense of massive strength and power. How well the effect of ornateness and the vigour of ornamental richness are relieved and enhanced by the simplicity and bareness of the remainder of the building.

Anyone concerned with the history of ornament should study carefully the photograph of the other portal, which comes from the Palace of the Archbishop at Sens. As a whole the scheme is far less successful than the Ducal Palace, but it affords abundant interest for the student, as it was built at the middle period of change, and marks the halfway line between the fusion of the two styles. The opening mouldings to the arch and the flanking pinnacles are Gothic in form and detail, but there is hardly any trace of Gothic in the upper portion of the design. For the first time one

## Domestic Architecture and Decoration

sees the introduction of flat Italian pilasters filled with arabesque panels and amorini, while their delicately carved capitals mingle with the croquettes of the pinnacles imposed upon them. The figures which surmount them are not the work of an artist versed in medieval sentiment, but presumably carved by a sculptor of the Italian School. The character of the ornament, too, is all Italian, even to the spandril panels in the arch itself and the type of inverted "pilgrim shell" and candelabra which crown the scheme. Apart from its sense of extreme richness, its age, and the interest it yields as an ancient "document," there is little which readily attracts one in this portal. The repetition of the horizontal lines in conjunction with the arch is not pleasing, and the whole design is cut into too many small parts to satisfy one's sense of composition and proportion. It serves, however, as an example which will illustrate my statement regarding the mixed and discordant nature of the work at this time.

I have visited all these towns and have seen these houses. Pity it is that so often one finds them suffering from neglect and situated in squalid slums, surrounded by an obtrusive type of low bourgeois residence. A fifteenth-century house which I saw last summer in the picturesque old town of Caudebec may be taken as typical of many. Outwardly wonderful, with Gothic *motifs* and tracery carved in stone that had weathered to a silvery grey colour, pointed window-arches filled with their original lead quarries, etc.; but within, it offered quite a different proposition! It was the kind of old house which you cannot possibly pass without an endeavour to see the interior. After an attempt to look through the ground-floor windows, and having aroused the curiosity of certain elderly ladies who seem to pass the greater part of their lives with their arms and the upper portion of their bodies resting on first-floor window-ledge, I finally knocked at the door. It was opened by a queer old person who



NANCY. DUCAL PALACE  
(Statue of Duke René II of Lorraine over entrance)

seemed to have just emerged from a crevice in the stone-work somewhere. She said she would show me round.

The house was as I anticipated: fascinating from the interest it yielded, but sordid in the extreme. Unprotected by lobby or screen, the front door opened directly into the only room on the ground floor. It was of unusual height and ceiled by heavy wooden beams, resting on carved stone corbels, which still showed traces of colour and remains of pigments under dirt and cobwebs. There is always a monastic appearance about walls

*Apollo: A Journal of the Arts*

severely plain in unadorned stone, and the impression is heightened by a flagged floor and an empty room. The enormous stone chimney-piece, rising to the ceiling, of course dominated the whole room, and further added to the sense of severity. It was beautifully carved in Gothic tracery with heavily undercut mouldings of the flamboyant style, and—according to present values—was worth something over two thousand pounds. I heard that it had been lately “classé,” or marked among the historical monuments of France, and rightly, as the possibility of its being purchased by an unscrupulous dealer (myself, for instance!) is thereby precluded. In one corner of the room was a circular wooden staircase, and at the far end another door leading to what was once a courtyard, but now an unpleasant receptacle for all the miscellaneous and unmentionable debris of generations.

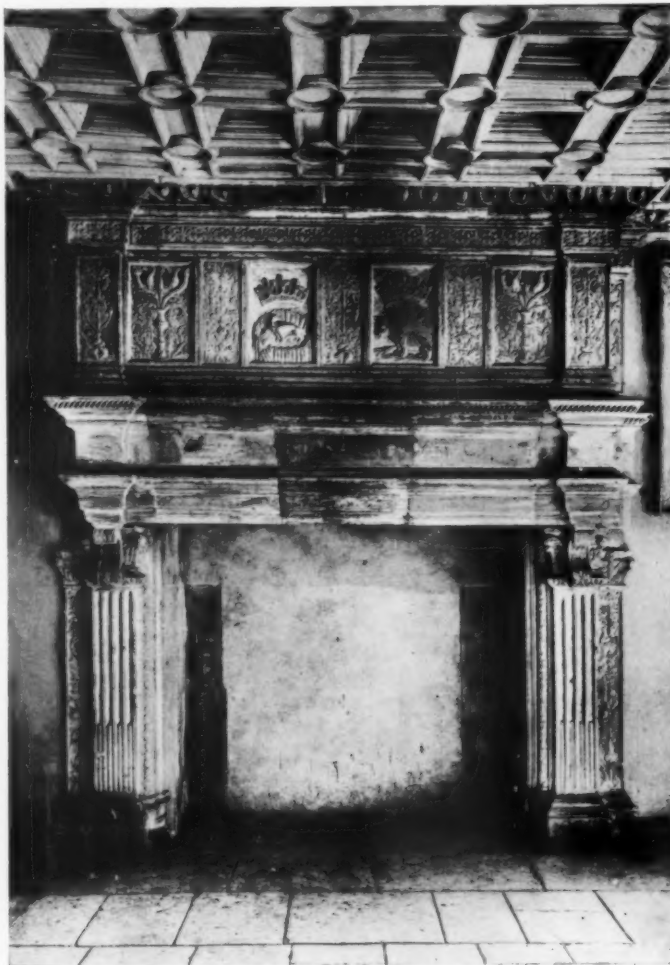
After examining this ground-floor room, I was tempted to ascend the stairs and see what was aloft. My first impression was that they would—and soon—collapse! They were no longer things with which an Englishman weighing fifteen stone could afford to trifle. This conviction came upon me when halfway up, and I looked round for some projection in the wall to hold on to, but when I at last

arrived, without accident, at the very top, and noticed with alarm the rake of the walls with the floor, also the huge gaps in the floorboards, I modified my opinion and became certain that it was the entire house which was going to fall—and that immediately!

The old lady who had come after me tried to be soothing. She said she had slept in this room (a nasty place if one were to walk in one's sleep) with undisturbed repose for years past, and that there was no real danger. I kept an open mind upon this point, however, and commenced a cautious descent. I still cast backward glances over my shoulder as I left the building, and quietly crossed to the other side of the road.

You will, alas, find many of these old houses in the same plight: so charming outside that one always wants to stay and make drawings of them, but within haunted by gloom, sadness, and neglect. To reconstruct such places to live in

with any semblance of present-day comfort would be impossible, even if they were removed bodily to a different and healthier environment; and yet if one could purchase the rooms they contain individually they would be of great price. Even then the first needs would be to enlarge the window-openings and admit light and air, and to get rid of the disused-stable suggestion. In their



BOURGES. CHÂTEAU L'ALLEMAND

## Domestic Architecture and Decoration

present form they are mere picturesque and interesting relics of a bygone age belonging to the remote history of a nation.

When, however, the condition of the building and its surroundings is more favourable, it is possible to carry out the reconstruction of an interior with some degree of success, but extensive additions to the early fabric are usually necessary.

The drawing of the small bedroom illustrated was designed to fulfil certain requirements in an ancient house in Southern France. The room, being on the third floor, was rather low-ceiled, and I feel that the same scheme would be immensely finer if carried out in a room of greater height. The chimneypiece appears a little dwarfed and calls for a higher hood. However, the prevailing atmosphere of the château and its contents was more or less of this period, and I felt that the introduction of any other style would have been wrong. When eventually

executed the scheme differed slightly from my drawing. The entire wall-surface from floor to ceiling was clothed in old tapestry, and the major portion of the floor was hidden by Persian rugs, consequently only certain glimpses of the highly-polished red tiles were visible at intervals between. Protection for one's feet is certainly essential in a bedroom. Above all, I had in my mind a room which was to be composed of a collection of miscellaneous odds and ends grouped toge-

ther haphazardly, with a studied carelessness. There were, of course, many more pieces of furniture than those which are portrayed in the sketch. They had been brought together on account of a certain harmony between them, and suggested, *en masse*, a period which might be comprised between the years 1500-1525 in France. The bed—true to tradition—

was constructed without angle-posts. We slung up the curtains and canopy by means of old gold cords and tassels from the beams in the ceiling. Anyone familiar with the Cluny in Paris will, no doubt, recognize a similarity between the chimneypiece, with the "petits personnages" carved in stone, and the famous example in that museum. It is one of the most beautiful and characteristic of its kind, so, by desire, it was taken as a model.

The fact that a room of this kind does not come together without careful consideration and study will be readily appreciated. If it

is attempted at all, even its minor accessories have to be thought about: the small articles must all be interesting specimens of their kind, and should be thoughtfully reviewed in relation to their use and position. The introduction of only one piece of furniture which does not harmonize, or is wrong in scale, will disturb and offend the eye, and may upset the balance of the scheme.

The ancient town of Verneuil has a fascinating Late Gothic house which is unusually



AN INTERIOR DESIGNED AFTER THE EARLY RENAISSANCE IN FRANCE

*From a Water-colour Sketch by M. Adams-Acton*

complete. I came upon it quite recently and have not had time to find out its history or any *renseignement* about it at all. The entire façade is composed of squared flint work used in conjunction with stone and terra-cotta bricks. Its main cornice is as fine as any I have seen of the period, loosely carved with foliage, animals, and grotesque forms. It interested me to see the appearance of the "snail" in this cornice, as I have seen snails freely made use of in Gothic carving—both internally and externally—in all parts of France. In form they do not lend themselves to rhythm of design, and sometimes they have the human head of a man or a woman, which rather suggests that they may perhaps be symbolical.

The entrance doorway of this house is probably not in its original position, and the ground-floor window on its extreme left must be recent, likewise the dormer window in the roof, and probably the small square opening at the end of the gable. The only early window on the ground floor appears to be the one on the end elevation which lines up in width with the first-floor window over it. It is this that leads me to presume that the entrance door was once under the small window on the front elevation—as the present door is altogether unworthy of so fine a house—and that it was flanked on either side with windows of similar character. It is the most interesting old house I have seen for a long time, and appears, of course, much more effective when seen in colour. The stone is warm and looks charming with the old red bricks and faded red roof, and when the sun catches the polished ends of the flints, which slightly project from the face of the building, they reflect its rays like so many small mirrors.

The pilgrimage to Reims is not free from sadness. Not only does it recall most vividly muddy days of warfare—which now seem very long ago—but Reims was so dreadfully smashed by German gunfire that but few of its original aspects remain. In all this city there were only thirty-two houses which were not directly hit by German gunfire—in fact it was rapidly approaching the sad condition of towns like Peronne and others which were past repairing. The new building which was necessary and which has so rapidly advanced, has almost transformed its appearance. The mighty cathedral still stands erect and magnificent even in its ragged and battered condition. It looks as though it had just emerged from a death struggle—badly bruised, but victorious! Nevertheless it has sustained dreadful damage.

So poor in architecture are the newly-built houses which now replace those which formally lent an air of dignity to an old city, that I feel it would, perhaps, be in better taste to pass them over in silence. But I cannot help wondering why the French, who have shown inherent

good taste and such refinement in architecture in the past, should have strewn their devastated regions with a type of house which seems to combine the worst elements of their absurd seaside villas and something that looks like an enlarged doll's house! And poverty of architectural form is not their worst feature. I have such profound admiration for the artistry of the French at all times that it is far from my desire to be unkind, but let me, without exaggeration, briefly describe the general character of these houses that one encounters wherever modern building is in progress. Foremost is the application of glazed tiles—mauve, black,



REIMS. REMAINS OF THE FINE OLD BANQUETING HALL AT THE ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE

## Domestic Architecture and Decoration

green, and blue, etc.—all harsh in colour, which are arranged in rows or diamond patterns to decorate front façades. I have also seen them as angle quoins. External woodwork may be painted any colour, even to a shade of sickly pink, and used in combination with, perhaps, a bright green front door with yet a different colour introduced for the railings to the street. Even then you must visualize the whole effect of this scenic affectation, crowned by a bright red roof! However, this I fear is a digression, as it was my intention to say a few words about our illustration from Reims.

The ancient Archbishop's Palace was an example of flamboyant architecture which dates from the time when the Renaissance commenced definitely to affect the Gothic style of France. It was a very fine specimen of this period, and a thousand pities it is that it has sustained such distressing damage. The main cornice, so well expressing the character of the

style, was carved in delicate bands of leaf ornament and slightly coloured, but all of it is now lost for ever! The open arched roof, too, has gone, likewise the moulded tie beams which supported it. I once remember having much admired a canopied niche which rested upon the wall over the chimneypiece, but all that now remains can be seen in the photograph! Formerly the walls were hung with fine tapestries, and the floor, I believe, paved in tiles; a little debris, however, requires to be removed before this fact can be determined. Even now the Old Palace is not beyond repair, so I hope some day it may yet reappear with a semblance of its former splendour.

Of the furniture belonging to this phase of transition much can be said, and as it forms such an important link with the future development of the art of cabinet-making, it is my intention to deal with it in the following article.

(To be continued.)

## THE BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB

THE Burlington Fine Arts Club opened its winter exhibition on December 17. Members of the public are only admitted by ticket, but those fortunate enough to obtain them will find plenty to interest them. It is a miscellaneous exhibition, chiefly furniture and pictures. Amongst the former the magnificent Leeds suite of Caroline make must be mentioned, and a particularly attractive lacquer cabinet in vermilion and silver. A small group of choice pieces of English Empire are also noteworthy. Among the pictures pride of place must be given to the "Holy Family," by Paul Veronese, which fills the recess at the end of the room. The sumptuous colouring and fine grouping are typical of the great Venetian painter whose easel pictures are rarely seen except in public galleries. The magnificent Rembrandt portrait of a cook is of the Master's finest quality, rich and sombre; while close at hand is an interesting contemporary copy of Holbein's lost "Crucifixion."

There are some first-rate primitives of various schools. Near the fireplace hangs a Flemish painting of the "Virgin and Child," seated in a pavilion with stained-glass windows opening on to a landscape. In exquisite condition, it is here ascribed to Dirck Bouts, and is, apparently, an unknown painting. Opposite hangs an attractive and richly-coloured painting of "The Via Dolorosa," which, when exhibited at Utrecht in 1914, was ascribed to a South Netherlandish painter of about 1500. Of the four or five Early Italian pictures the best is the "Virgin and Child Enthroned," ascribed to Gaddi; the colouring, in tones of rose and gold, has mellowed to the perfect pitch. On the opposite side of the fireplace to this painting is a fine "Head of Christ," tentatively assigned to Antonello da Messina. Whoever the painter may have been, the cool flesh-tints allied with the olive

and crimson of the robe form a most attractive scheme. Farther along the wall may be noted a rare double-portrait, assigned by Dr. Friedlander to a follower of Rogier van der Weyden. There are as usual several English portraits and sketches, the big Gainsborough at the end of the room being the finest. Perhaps more interesting is the large landscape by Romney representing "Dawn." This very engaging composition is painted in the manner of a sketch, chiefly in browns and greens. The shades of night are disappearing into a cavern on the right, while in the foreground a female figure, perhaps Titania, is being awakened by Cupid, who drives away bats and owls. In the distance the dawn is rising. By the door is a very pretty picture by Domenico Feti representing "The Prodigal Son."

There are two large cases containing *objets d'art*. The largest, by the door, is devoted mainly to the art of the East. A very fine example of the recently discovered pre-dynastic Chinese painted pottery gains attention by its curious affinity to American and Mycenaean types of decoration. The superb gilt-bronze Bear attributed to the Han dynasty, and a strongly-carved flint Lion of ninth-century Mohammedan work, are both uncommon objects, while the large Syrian glass vessel must be one of the finest of its kind in existence. In the centre are a magnificent Bull of Mycenaean workmanship and the Cup of Darius.

The other case contains on one side fine Ming polychrome porcelain, on the other a superb Majolica bust, a Palissy figure, and a specimen of Henri II ware. In the centre of the room a case of amber of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries provides a strong note of colour, while farther along is a table-case containing fine enamels, notably a Spanish thirteenth-century plaque, and a magnificent altar-piece of verre églomisé. The exhibition is noteworthy for the high standard of quality.

L. A.

# THE DONALDSON MUSEUM AT THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC

By ROBERT DE LA CONDAMINE

MUSICAL instruments have always been of particular importance among productions of art, because, while they have been cherished as objects of reverence and luxury, they can never have undergone, in their different classes, much alteration in structure. The form of each instrument is so necessary for the sounds which are to come from it that the structure cannot be tampered with; if it alters, there is a new instrument, and though one can trace the development of each musical instrument — as the piano from spinet, virginals and harpsichord — each of these is a separate achievement with a different quality and method of sound. In the broad view of art the musical instrument is important, because of this purity of form, which is inevitable like that of the ship or the plough; but while these have the primary beauty which comes from an absence of anything superfluous, musical instruments minister to the needs of the mind, and have therefore received creative as well as constructive influence. They are examples to us now of what decoration may be, how far it may go, and how close it must

be to the form without ever dictating to it. In the Royal College of Music at Kensington there is a small museum of such instruments, which were collected thirty years ago by Sir George Donaldson, who died last year, and

given by him to the College. The curator is now Mr. Arthur Hill, whose love and knowledge of beautiful things extends beyond the province of music. It seems a happy fortune that those who are being taught at the College can find this small square hall, with its hangings of crimson, and the harmony of its decoration, where they can learn with other senses than that of the ear, and descend from the class-rooms and cloak-rooms to such completed beauty. It is not a place where technical or professional curiosity can be much indulged; the beauty in music



I.—THE DONALDSON COLLECTION

is a concern of the class whilst one is learning it, but that beauty which comes through music, with its demand of all the gifts for its demonstration of what material is capable—how justly, how richly all the arts can descend upon the vehicle of one art—one learns it here among these old dumb instruments, the sacrament of use and beauty.

*The Donaldson Museum at the Royal College of Music*



II.—BUST OF GLUCK, BY HOUDON

Sir George Donaldson made every surrounding and each accessory of his gift a lovely thing; the two doorways of this hall are dark Italian arches of the typical structure of the sixteenth century, and there is a balcony of the same type opposite to them; the glass cases are an example of what such things should always be, for their bases are lovely in themselves, being Italian *cassones*, or fine tables of the same period, and they provide a foundation in keeping with the precious things enclosed upon them. Yet in this atmosphere of accordance one's sight is first arrested by a bust which seems out of harmony, it is the "Gluck" by Houdon, which is as strident here as his figure was in the eighteenth century, when his name was set up by a rebellious populace against the Royalist sympathies, which were typified in music by the forgotten Piccinni. If the unlucky court influences had reversed their choice, the history of France might be different, but one can see little in that head but force and toil and grievance. The great statue of "Voltaire" by Houdon in the Théâtre Français gives the concentration of a magic personality, but this head of Gluck, with its pock-marks and the impression of the world's

usage, makes one think of a cause—though he died five years before its consummation—and on looking at this bust one forgets the Stygian and Elysian dreams which came from it in its own intensely human power and combativeness. The instruments of the court are here also—two gilded harps, curiously unlike; the one is of robust Louis XV influence, though actually of the later reign, and there is a real aristocracy in its work and deep gilding and the wreaths of roses twined about its pillar. It is splendid because its decoration neither overloads nor detracts from the structure, but the other harp is symbolic of a spent and unfortunate taste. The tradition that it belonged to Marie Antoinette—Gluck's old pupil—is interesting, because, whether true or not, it is so like the impression that one has of her. Its decoration is too exquisite, the elaborate and timorous carvings of naturalistic flowers are drawn up from the pillar which they should wreath, and on the body there are three landscapes in the manner of Vernet, which are perfect in execution, yet completely unsuitable for such a place; they cannot be seen except by peering; their presence gives the effect of meaninglessness



III.—GUITAR  
OF HENRI IV,  
BY TIELKE

TENOR VIOL DI  
GAMBA, BY  
TIEFFENBRUKER

GUITAR OF  
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blotches upon the instrument; the effect of the whole is that of effeteness, a pretension to good taste which is only poverty of spirit and rejection of effect. There is some of this restriction in the superb guitar made for Louis XV when Dauphin, for its workmanship is too impersonal. Such instruments gleam from the shades in pictures of Laucet and Pater, but this is of royal use, inlaid with pale and dark woods of lozenge shape in a pattern rather than a design; one feels that difficulty is suggested more than beauty, but it is a splendid production, completed by its case of crimson leather tooled with gold Bourbon lilies and the arms of the Dauphin.

A more generous age is recorded in the guitar made for Henri IV of France in 1592 at Hamburg by Joachim Tielke, whose family made lutes for over a hundred years, and whose name is associated by German writers of his time with instruments elaborated with gold and silver. This one is precious enough with



IV—REVERSES OF INSTRUMENTS  
IN FIGURE III



V—NORMAN SPANISH VIOLIN CASE SPANISH VIELLE  
VIELLE MANDOLIN Eighteenth century MANDOLIN  
FRENCH KIT VIOLIN  
LUTE BY VENETIAN IVORY GUITAR AND  
TIEFFENBRUKER LUTE ITALIAN LUTE CASE OF LOUIS XV

its striped body of tortoiseshell and ivory, alternately used as inlay and ground, crowded with anemones whose centres are done in diaper patterns in silver among which are *amorini* and little stags, with a central lunette of a sleeping and a watching figure by a fountain. The sides are covered with foliation set with sunflowers and full of lovely figures which frame a panel on each side; one of the Judgment of Apollo and one of Orpheus, while the fingerboard has oval plaques of mother-of-pearl, the lowest being of ivory on which is the dark figure of Fortune with her questing sail. The pegs are shaped like fleurs-de-lis, as are those of another famous guitar which is here, and which is one of the reasons for its being thought to be the guitar of Rizzio. Certainly it is wonderful enough to have been such a gift from the Scottish Queen, and this tradition was held by the family who long possessed it, from whom it came to the novelist Charles Reade, and from him to this

*The Donaldson Museum at the Royal College of Music*



VI.—THREE CITHERNS  
NO. 1 BELONGED TO TITIAN    NO. 2 FROM BIBLIOTECA ESTENSE, MODENA    NO. 3 BY J. GALLINA

collection. It is Spanish, with strong Moorish influence in its bands of tortoiseshell, ivory, ebony, and mother-of-pearl, and the fleur-de-lis has been also used in the decoration of the deep-cut rose in the sounding-board.

There are three examples of the art of the great Vendelinus Tieffenbrucker, who was brought from Padua to Lyons by François I for whom he worked there. One is a lute with strips of ivory and ebony, but it has been altered to guitar fingering so that the characteristic angular head has been straightened. Another is a tenor viol di gamba of about 1600, with a horse's head and inlaid on the back with a figure of St. John the Evangelist. Its inlaid board has the words of resignation and hope, "*vota fui in silvo, sum dura occisa, securi dum vixi tacui, mortua dulce canto*"—the only known example of such an instrument by Tieffenbrucker. The

third is the great Roman theorbo, or chitarrone, of pearwood, longer than a Paduan theorbo, a bass archlute invented when the need of bass instruments of deeper sonority began to be felt by men like Monteverde, who used them for the accompaniment of recitatives in his "*Orfeo*."

Three cithers, or citherns, are here. One from the Biblioteca Estense at Modena is rather roughly carved all over in a low relief with foliation that ends in torsos, and at its end a woman's head with loose hair. The second is much more accomplished, its end being the head of a woman, elaborately tired with a ruff. The third, which, like the two others, is of the end of the sixteenth century, has the loveliest woman's head of all, and minute spots of red still blossom on her cheeks. It is happy to think that she has belonged to Titian, and much later to Mario and also to Rossini, at whose death it came to this collection. The air vibrates with all but music from the dumb shells that lie here, pictures and memories move and names become fertile. We know little about J. Gallina, but we see the mandoline that he signed and dated in 1700, with its neck in ebony and a woman's



VII.—UPRIGHT SPINET. First part of the sixteenth century



VIII.—SPINET BY CELESTINI, 1593

head, her hair set with tiny pearls, her stomach roped with pearls, and its inlay of mother-of-pearl which comes in sprays onto its body and back in a dazzle of angular inlay centring in a star. We see the pair of ivory and ebony mandolines made by Antonio Preda in Madrid, and given to the Venetian ambassador there, Francesco Pesaro, who became afterwards Doge of Venice, and we see things that are rarer and more strange, such as the curiously late melophones which were made by Leclere and Brown as recently as 1837, and which, though long forgotten, had their great success. The wind was drawn up into them through reeds of brass, and they were made in the likeness of harps and violins and violoncellos, pumped by one hand and fingered on stops by the other. There is the trompette marine with its single string of thick gut and its bridge shaped like a shoe, the heel of which was fixed, while the unfixed toe vibrated on a little square of ivory or glass and produced a beating and throbbing like the sound of a trumpet; it gave only harmonics, and to get these the bow was used above the fingering. It was much used in Germany by nuns who had spent their breath in litanies and who needed long notes as an accompaniment to plain-song; it was also played by Philidor, and there is record of "a rare concert of trumpets marine" at the Fleece Tavern in

London in 1674. This instrument is hardly known to us now, but it is directly descended from the monochord invented by Pythagoras of Samos in 530 B.C.

The ivory oliphants are strange to us, and the musettes—those little bagpipes with ivory tubes and velvet pouches embroidered in silver, with silver keys decorated with paste. There is a Flemish hackbut of the seventeenth century stringed on both sides, the one for accompaniment, the other for the air, with both sides painted with strewn flowers—iris, rose, pink, anemone and the chequered fritillary—with the figure of King David. A harpsichord made by Transuntini in Venice in 1531 is painted in grisaille on green; the interior has arabesques in colour and gold, the keys are hollowed to the touch, and the lid scarcely confines the collops of a Venetian Venus. And here is the exquisite spinet of Celestini, made in 1593, shaped like a virginal, and covered in frayed crimson velvet. The whole interior glitters with a complicated strapwork which forms alternate ovals and diamonds filled in with nacre, and above the keyboard are three superb miniatures, light and fresh and victorious, of the legends of Apollo. Then there is a great upright spinet which came from the Correr Collection in Venice. It seems to be of the first years of the sixteenth century—within fifty years of the





## *The Donaldson Museum at the Royal College of Music*

introduction of the spinet—and it is probably of North Italian workmanship, though possibly from a South German hand. The door is painted with a figure which holds a mirror and a serpent, while the sound-board is arranged with rockwork in high relief, where there were perhaps the figures of a Calvary, and above are two Gothic windows, one of which, beautiful like a jewel, retains its flamboyant decoration, and perhaps held figures also, possibly those of the Annunciation. For the impression that comes from those early years in everything

but sound, this instrument is the most remarkable of all those around it, but everything in the Donaldson Collection has its influence and its message.

Some of us spend many years in discovering that equality is a less valuable achievement than unity, but we perceive it here among the dumb lutes and spinets still full of charming memories, and they do not only give us a bequest from the past, but they reveal to us the true harmony that can be applied through all the senses to all the arts.

## FRENCH PAINTING IN THE XVTH CENTURY

### *THE CLOUETS AND THE BIRTH OF DECORATIVE PAINTING*

By PHILIP HENDY

IN March, 1507, there took place in the Palace of Urbino, where the Duchess Elisabetta was hostess, one of the most famous of discussions. The conversation turning upon the French, they were spoken of as an uncultured people, proficient only in fighting and holding art and letters in contempt. Giuliano de Medici, recently returned from the French Court, said there was only one hope for such barbarians: that Louis XII should be succeeded by M. d'Angoulême, the one man of culture among them.

The French had recently been much in evidence in Italy; for while the Italians, organized in city states on the model of the old world, devoted their energies to evolving a culture which has never been surpassed, France had been absorbed in the effort of modern territorial cohesion. Louis XI had completed the despotic labours of the Valois, and his successors, Charles VIII and Louis XII, were able to lead something like national armies to plunder the civilization of the South. Against these the Italians were powerless: they had regarded war as a game for gentlemen. But their contempt for the barbarity of the French is justified by a glance at French art

during the fifteenth century. Gothic architecture, the mistress art of mediæval France, was in florid decay: suited to cathedral building only, it had by its very nature precluded pictorial art. France during the fifteenth century produced only one great picture of life-size dimensions, and only one great artist, a miniature painter. The first, the magnificent *Pietà* in the Louvre (1001 B), comes from Avignon, which was not then French, and was inundated by Italian artists.

Fouquet is the one great French artist of this period. His sense of form and design any Italian might have been proud of, and yet he was characteristically French. What happened to French painting after his death may be seen in the fragment, "The Meeting of Joachim and Anna," by the Maître de Moulins (c. 1480—1520), recently added to the National Gallery (No. 4092). This master is the best France could produce between Fouquet and François Clouet. His mixture of feeble realism with the crumbling ruin of the Flemish tradition is not attractive. Feebly it reflects the past: there is no promise for the future.

But the wishes of Giuliano de Medici were fulfilled, and in 1515 M. d'Angoulême succeeded to the French throne. As François I, he founded a tradition of French culture never to be extinguished, and after his death to make France the centre of cultivated Europe. In the decorative school of Fontainebleau and the portrait school of the Clouets, traditions founded by foreigners were moulded under the royal guidance into shapes characteristically French. The portrait school derived entirely from the North, the decorative school entirely from the South. Yet the soil they met on deeply imbued them both, and each is characteristic of future French art.

The comparative value of the school of the Clouets is best realized when it is understood that painting is not their essential mode of expression. None of the paintings of this school were done from real life; they were worked up afterwards from the crayon drawings which are the typical form of French Renaissance portraiture. In one, two, or three chalks these drawings represent the best of the age, for this medium alone was thoroughly understood and best suited to the spirit of light, uncritical badinage which produced them. They always show wit and grace, but rarely do they show insight into intellect or temperament. They soon grew and multiplied by thousands in copies at second and third and fourth hand, as every noble family had to possess an album containing crayons of the King and the Court. Hundreds of these drawings must be lost or destroyed: there are still nearly two thousand scattered over Europe. Paintings, on the other hand, are exceedingly rare. By Jean Clouet, the founder of the school, only seven are known against a large number of drawings and several miniatures. This artist came from abroad, probably from Flanders, and soon became permanently attached to the Court as King's painter. At his death his son, François, instantly stepped into his shoes. François is considered as the light of this school, and he is a French-born artist, to be included even by the most pedantic in the French school. Round these two a host of minor artists grew up, borrowing their technique and imitating them in such numbers that modern research,\* knowing few of their

names, can distinguish over fifty separate personalities.

In England there are only two genuine Clouet paintings.\* The Claude d'Urfé, Seigneur de Châteauneuf, No. 322, at Hampton Court (see plate facing p. 49), is Jean Clouet's finest work. Its design and technique is based on Holbein, who is the outstanding influence on father and son. It can be described better as coloured drawing than as painting, for the head and hands are modelled with grey black shading, in the manner of a drawing, and coloured over evenly with pink: the dress is entirely black, and the background is filled in last with some thick resinous medium coloured a uniform blue, not the brilliant azurite of Holbein, but an opaque colour imposing only by its contrast with the rich black of the dress. The features are treated with so unusual a breadth that they arrest and astonish the observer. Here is one of the most poetical of small portraits. It is the same with the composition as a whole: the handling is timid and clumsy, but the design is broad and bold. It thus has a decorative success which is typical of this whole school of portraiture and makes up in its gay assurance for all manner of crudities to be found in the minor artists and in the Clouets themselves.

François Clouet's "Lady in her Bath" (p. 51), in the collection of Sir Herbert Cook at Richmond, is an even more important work but perhaps of less charm. It is one of two signed works by François and is his most ambitious effort, almost life-size and containing many figures. But these efforts betray François' weakness. The composition is too crowded, the perspective unconvincing, and the colour irrelevant. Yet it has the charm of the epoch in its appealing mixture of archness and simplicity.

In the Wallace Collection a third portrait (No. 532) of equal importance is almost undoubtedly of Protector Somerset, when First Earl of Hertford, and so represents the ancestor of the collector (p. 52). It is the finest example in England of a separate school of portraiture contemporary

\* In the National Gallery the fine portrait of a man given to F. Clouet, No. 3539, is not even French: the two attributed to his school, Nos. 660 and 1190, are not by any recognizable personality of the period. At Hampton Court the other portrait attributed to Clouet, No. 313, is a copy (probably German) of Titian's portrait of Philip II in the Corsini Gallery, Rome.

\* Louis Dimier. "Histoire de la Peinture de Portrait en France au XVI Siècle, 1924."

*French Painting in the Sixteenth Century*



*Sir Herbert Cook, Bart.*

LADY IN HER BATH  
By François Clouet  
French painting, sixteenth century

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with that of the Clouets, and often portraying the same persons, yet entirely distinct. This smaller group has also become centred round the name of one man, Corneille de Lyon, a native of the Hague, who settled in Lyons

and became attached to the French Court. The portrait in the Wallace Collection belongs to a group of paintings distinct from Corneille himself and superior to his works: this group centres round a portrait of M. de Rieux-Châteauneuf which was recently in England but is now in the hands of a dealer in Paris. The painters of Rieux-Châteauneuf and Corneille de Lyon painted their portraits direct from Nature, never from crayons: they thus surpassed the Clouets in vitality and characterization, but for the same reason they never achieve the

broad decorative design which makes the Clouets at their best so fascinating. These differences are due to their retaining their intrinsically Flemish character and remaining blind to the broader inspiration of Holbein and Titian.

The little pictures of this school are all that

could be wished for in the beginnings of a school of painting. Their slight archaism is due to a concentration on essentials, broad decorative design, simplified but vigorous plastic treatment, and avoidance for the most part of complications

in colour and lighting. Yet after the death of François Clouet, in 1572, French portrait painting collapsed. Pierre Dumoûtier used his crayon only, and Nanteuil the engraver's tool. Portrait-painting had to be reintroduced from abroad by Philippe de Champaigne.

The portraits are the least damaged survivals of this period, but they are a tiny part of the product of the French Renaissance. Of the decorations at Fontainebleau, which continued in execution during the whole of the last three quarters of the sixteenth century, the greater part have been demolished; the

remainder is only to be guessed at to-day beneath a series of drastic restorations. It is the work of Italian designers carried out almost entirely by Italian craftsmen, so empty of artistic ability did François I find France. Rosso was the first comer and the first director of the decorations. He was a Florentine, and



*Wallace Collection, No. 532*

*Panel 8½ x 5½"*

PROTECTOR SOMERSET AS FIRST EARL OF HERTFORD

*By the Painter of Rieux-Châteauneuf*

## French Painting in the Sixteenth Century

his subjugation to Michelangelo is typified by the copy of the latter's "Leda and the Swan" in the National Gallery (No. 1868); it takes a good artist to make a good copy, and so, perhaps, since the original is lost, this is the most valuable of Rosso's works. But Primaticcio, who appeared the year after Rosso and took his place after ten years, is the real centre of the Fontainebleau School. He was a younger man and worked in France for thirty years. So out of Mantegna, Giulio Romano, and Correggio, he was able to develop a style which fitted perfectly with French feeling. Curiously enough Primaticcio, like the Clouets, used drawings as his actual medium of expression: from these the decorations were executed by assistants. The surviving drawings are mainly found in Paris and Stockholm. There are eleven in the British Museum, but among them the sanguine of "Minerva Carried to Heaven" (p. 53) stands out. It is a design for a tiny part of the Gallery of

Ulysses, the most ambitious of all the Fontainebleau decorative schemes, and not surpassed by any other work of his. Unlike Correggio's ceilings, from which the idea is borrowed, the design is simple and absolutely clear, while the contours are clean and delicate as well as singularly inventive. It is a perfect decorative design.

The Italian Renaissance as typified by Florentine painting had created, by its very climax, new problems for the artist. Michelangelo, the summit of Florentine glory, attains such power in the rendering of the figure that

it can no longer be contained in a decorative whole. His figures of the Sistine Chapel have pent within them such colossal personal energy that they seem likely to split the walls they are painted on. Their individuality smashes the entity of the decorative scheme. The modern mind sighs for relief from such a vast world of half-suppressed intellectual force; most of us would like to bear away a single figure and examine it to the full in isolation, where concentration is possible. For the

modern is free to choose between two species of picture—Decorative and what, for want of a better term, I shall call Individualist. One is for the ballroom, the other for the boudoir. Such a splitting off of individual expression from a decorative whole was not possible with fresco; it was made possible only by the Venetian invention of the modern technique of oil upon canvas. But even in the Venetians the separation is not complete: the distinction is not finally made until



British Museum

PRIMATICCIO.—DESIGN FOR THE ULYSSES GALLERY  
AT FONTAINEBLEAU  
*French painting, sixteenth century*

the seventeenth century, when these two aspects of painting are divided between two strongly opposed nationalities. Rembrandt produced one great decorative picture, the "Claudius Civilis" at Stockholm. France has produced great easel pictures, but in the main the French stand as the foremost exponents of decorative painting; the Dutch typify the individualist idea. France has produced no painter who has approached the sheer individual force of Rembrandt, Hals, or van Gogh, but she has produced a decorative whole such as Holland could never dream of.

But nations can no more than individuals recognize their own bent at once. France chose to ignore the lesson of Venice and desired to absorb the very fundamentals of the Renaissance. Thus François turned for his artists, not to Venice, but to the Florentine tradition. Yet Primaticcio, fresco-artist as he was, prophesied the true future of French painting. Beside the giants of Michelangelo his figures are but little children with mature bodies. Yet for this very reason they are willing to surrender their personalities to a decorative whole, and Fontainebleau must have been a greater decorative success than the Sistine Chapel. Tacitly this seems to have been realized, for by the reign of Henri II Fontainebleau attracted as much admiration from critics as any Italian town. It looms

large in the pages of Vasari, and bands of young artists came there to study from Flanders. The spirit of Primaticcio was caught up after his death by French-born artists like Tousseint Dubreuil, who continued his decorative schemes. Yet, perhaps, the medium was not suited to the French; perhaps France was too exhausted and too preoccupied by the civil wars which ended the sixteenth century and the Valois dynasty, and set the Bourbon Henri IV upon the throne: for French decoration died during the first part of the seventeenth century, and Poussin, the first great painter France produced, withdrew himself abroad. Fontainebleau is less important for its influence on future French art than as an amazingly accurate prophecy of what that future was to be.

## LETTER FROM BERLIN

By OSCAR BIE

THE Nationalgalerie, under its present regime, is always cultivating international relations, being also desirous of re-erecting the bridges between the nations. It has already brought collections of modern Italian and Dutch art here, and now half the Kronprinzenpalais has been cleared in order to offer us a large Swiss exhibition. Most of the pictures are the ones that have already been seen at Carlsruhe but some new ones have been added. All the works are by living artists, thus after Hodler. The exhibition has aroused extraordinary interest and the opening was already a social event. It is wonderful that the Swiss should be able to cultivate an independent art between their influential neighbours. The Parisian influence is not greater than everywhere else, and naturally dominated to a great extent the outlook of this people. But the tone generally is more powerful, and related rather to German culture, which has succeeded in conquering the luminous tendencies of impressionism. One can distinguish two principal groups. The one still holds to the light, colourful Parisian school of some decades ago. Amiet, who still remains the strongest personality, belongs to this group, as well as the Genevese Barraud, Barth of Bâle, Chiesa of Lugano, Gimmi of Zurich, Hermann Huber, already so well known here, and the Bernese Surbeck. Each in a different way is interested in the play of light and in the colourful surface of appearances.

The second group follows the newer movement in Paris, of which Derain is the exponent. It cultivates the study of form as such and lays on colour more substantially. To this group belong the compositions of Altherr, and Auberjonois of Lausanne, with his chalky tones, and Blanchet, one of the chief representatives of this painting of form without atmosphere, as well as Hügin of Zurich, who almost establishes a link with Hodler, Heinrich Müller of

Bâle, who is allied to Gauguin, and Paul Robert, whose firm, ruddy nudes remind one more especially of Derain. But here, too, the individualities differ sufficiently to show within the group all the personal variations. True, personalities as such, are not very plentiful. A strong leader like Hodler is not to be met with. But this is a fate that Switzerland shares with many another country. What we do find everywhere is serious effort and the responsibility for conscientious art. And that must suffice. Perhaps Pelagrini of Bâle lays the greatest claim to a personal handling for he is fond of a monumental scale, as in his "Meeting," and knows also how to apply it to portrait as in "Lotte Printzel," and "Edwin Scharff." He leans a little towards cubism, one of the few cases of this, apart from the expressionist Moilliet. A picture of his is called "Early Spring in Locarno," and one would like to hang a green wreath beside it. A few scattered pictures in the older, darker manner, or under the influence of Kirchner, who lives in Switzerland, do not alter the general impression of the exhibition, the average of which is gratifying—a concentrated mirror of Europe.

Of unusual significance is an exhibition of Kokoschka which Paul Cassirer has formed, showing only his landscapes. One of the most powerful artistic talents of the present day reveals itself in a limited field far from all æstheticism in voluptuous colours, and equally far from that underlined objectivity which appears to find so much favour to-day, owing to the manner of Utrillo. Kokoschka is boiling over with artistic temperament and loves the restraint of objects in order that he may relish all the more fully the strife between passion and nature. This is the reason why nearly all his landscapes are viewed from a high point of sight, which gives them a richer, more objective content than would a co-ordinated vision. This is also the

## Letter from Berlin

reason why most of his landscapes contain architecture, for the arrangement of colour must then become more extensive in its unity. Kokoschka is not interested in the fluidity of air, in the play of reflections, in the thousand musical possibilities that impressionism offered to the painter. He loves nothing but the subjective enkindling of colour symphonies through reality. If he finds the lower portion of the picture too dull he begins to invent in the clouds. If the view appears to him too harmonious, he breaks it up into visions of colour that correspond far more to his inward needs than to the outward reality. The series of his landscapes is nothing else than a continually repeated attempt to reconcile the inner tone with external nature. This gives such a strong vitality to his creations, that their effect on our time may be greater than anything since Cézanne or Van Gogh. This room of Kokoschka is filled with an unparalleled stir.

The series begins in 1908 with a landscape that appears to be dotted with sharp colours on a coarse canvas. The Tirol landscape of 1913, with its heavy green strokes shows already an experiment in harmonious tonality, as does also the grey-blue port of Stockholm, of 1917. In the Dresden Bridges of 1922, the colour begins to gain strength independently, and in the Elbe landscape he emancipates it into glowing brilliant spots, which he daringly places side by side. In the pictures of the Lake of Geneva, of 1924, the synthesis begins to work, the spots disappear and tone melts away. The great journey begins. The grand opera in Paris, Venice, Florence, all sorts of architecture in Bordeaux, and again the Tuileries Gardens and the Louvre, the green sea of Biarritz, the tower of Avignon, the port of Marseilles, Monte Carlo seen behind a sea-gull, the carpet of Toledo, gay Madrid, the raised Tower Bridge in London, picturesque canals in Amsterdam, and his self-portrait by the sea, with a force as great as Corinth's—these are the fruits of two years' travel, and form with their green joy, high buildings, flat gardens, thronged streets, and fireworks in the sky, a diary of rare artistic significance. The style has grown quieter, but the inner image remains sufficiently alive and full of action to make every development possible. The two poles of art, personality and nature, have come here into such close contact, that the hot breath of their excitement strikes us in the face.

\* \* \* \* \*

The condition of our opera is now so far settled that we have a State opera with the affiliated institution of Kroll, and a municipal opera, but below the surface eddies naturally continue owing to our economic troubles, which strike most dangerously at the luxurious requirements of this art. The Government wishes to economize, and by doing so creates endless difficulties for the manager, who finds his funds insufficient to maintain the same artists, who are afterwards paid obviously far above the scale at the municipal opera. The deficit of the municipal opera is very heavy, but the city seems not to worry about that. Bruno Walter alone costs a small fortune every month, but he is kept all the more zealously since his acceptance of an invitation to Vienna is not yet out of the question. He will not break his engagement, but neither will he altogether give up his relations with Vienna, for one can never know what may happen. Recently he gave a magnificent performance of Iphigenia in Aulis, at which he enjoyed an indescribable triumph. Tietjen produced it, and wisely used as little scenery as possible. At the same time a certain restlessness was noticeable in the employ-

ment of curtains to shut off the distant prospects. A noble style and monumental unity were maintained by the ensemble of choruses, while a series of first-class artists combined with Bruno Walter to produce a musical effect which lent to this old composition surprising vitality. The cast included Dehman the new tenor, Schipper, who was impressive as Agamemnon, Olezewska, very dramatic as Clytemnestra, while for Iphigenia, who was to have been taken by Lotta Lehmann, the affectingly gracious Reinhardt had to be borrowed from the State opera. At such moments one almost thinks that the Government is secretly contemplating a combine of our opera houses, and perhaps places restraints in the way of its own management with that object in view. But it cannot be supposed that Tietjen, who would then have the principal management, favours such a plan. It would be a death-blow to art, and still worse financially, for the arrangement with Kroll which was set up during the period of the inflation has since turned out to be completely wrong.

In the meantime the State opera is preparing a new study of Palestrina for Pfitzner, who is in Berlin at the moment. His last string quartet in C flat has recently been played for the first time by the Amar Quartet, that honourable stronghold of modern music, and created a certain sensation in the otherwise sterile concert world. Pfitzner's chamber music is not caressing to the ears of the public, nor was it this time, although the Frankfurt musicians lavished an enormous amount of musical application on the performance. This quartet reminds one of Beethoven, not only in its key, but, I should like to say, that even its style is akin to that atmosphere of abstract sensations and uninterrupted subjectivity which distinguish Beethoven's last quartets. There are four movements: the Scherzo occupies the second place; the slow third movement is only a sort of sentimental intermezzo; and the last movement spreads itself in an untiring counterpoint, all of which is not unlike Beethoven. The old form shines through, the theme is built up consciously and deliberately, the dynamic development brings the tenderest dreams, and full sounding *crescendi*; now the instruments strike in wild unison, now they intertwine in the most audacious polyphonies, but if the hearer seeks pleasure, he may do so in vain in this music, which remains a profound picture of recent experience, neither old nor new in its style, but having that genuinely German timelessness.

The piano concerto which Richard Strauss wrote for the one-armed Wittgenstein, and which Furtwängler recently brought here, was certainly less problematic. I don't know if Strauss himself attached much importance to it; he has never yet heard it played with an orchestra. The judgment over this paragon is pretty firmly established. Certainly the virtuosity of Wittgenstein's left hand is sublime beyond all doubt. What Strauss wrote deliberately for one hand sounds, when he plays it, like a vision of both hands. He is to be congratulated, for his commissions for the left hand have enriched our musical literature once again since the time of Count Fichy with several works of art of this speciality. It was not Strauss but another to whom one of our best known musicians, no less famous for his wit than for his piano playing, addressed the malicious saying, "You must have been glad that nothing right need have occurred to you."

Sweet Lillebil Christensen, why did you not dance in the "Green Flute," which Reinhardt repeated here in

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the Lessing Theatre for the opening of the International Pantomime Society? You were so charming in it before, and came here specially for the purpose. But Matray wanted to have his Solweg. I speak to you of your theatrical career, you who have married the grandson of Ibsen, I speak of your "Hedda Gabler," and your "Dame aux Camelias." What would have been revealed of that in the dance! It is a pity! What is this International Society if it brings productions that are only old songs to Berlin instead of revolutionizing art with new works?

Blandine Ebinger gave again a recital, and again sang chansons with Friedrich Holländer. She remains one of the first artists of this *genre* in the precise movements of her body, in the modulation of the half-sung tone, in the plastic lyrics of these figures which spring from the proletarian atmosphere, the most original flowers of Berlin, and so characteristically traced by the music that France and Hungary can offer nothing better. How much more intense, fruitful, and genuine is this, than all the operettes that are imported from England and America. "No, No, Nanette," one of the draws of London and

New York, given there with acrobatic dancing, witty dialogue, and Tonman's music, which is the great attraction, played by a real jazz band, is transplanted here into the Metropole theatre in a deadly-dull re-arrangement and re-instrumentation. The so-called plot, the contrast between a rich amateur with a thrifty wife, and a poor devil with an extravagant wife, which only shimmers through as an excuse for burlesque dance, is here dragged out to a banal comedy. Comedians like Hirsch and Arno and Hansen belong to the customary style of operette, only Palasty swings her professionally-trained legs about far above the average to be found in musical comedy. But sufficient remains of the acrobatic *ensemble*, with its dancing and jumping, to have a stimulating effect on revolutionary spirits. Yet I believe that the revolution of the operette through jazz will take place when we can no longer hear this music. No, that was an unsuccessful undertaking. The same tunes can be heard from the foyer during the interval, and afterwards they are played on through half the night in the Mascotte. God help us! People sit over their champagne and caviare in the smartest throngs. We are bankrupt, of course.

## BOOK REVIEWS

DER TANZ, by OSCAR BIE. 394 pp., numerous illustrations in black and white and colour. (Berlin: Julius Bard.)

Dr. Oscar Bie stands in need of no introduction to the readers of *APOLLO*; but we are glad to have this opportunity of calling attention to the third edition, just issued, of his work on the nature and history of dancing, which has by now become widely known and appreciated on the Continent. In his characteristic manner—profound erudition and far-reaching research never for a moment interfering with the pleasantness of his exposition—Dr. Bie takes us across a very wide field, and we never weary of following him, all the more as his letterpress is supported by a selection of the most attractive, varied, and unfamiliar illustrations. Altogether a book to treasure, to read and re-read; or, indeed, one which simply as an atlas of pictures cannot fail to be a source of ever-fresh delight.

T. B.

POTTERY AND PORCELAIN. A Guide to Collectors. By FREDERICK LITCHFIELD. Fourth edition (Black). 35s. net

It is difficult to find anything very kind to say of this book. As an historical work it is somewhat summary and by no means up-to-date—little account, for example, seems to have been taken of the considerable research made in recent years by German scholars. It is completely lacking in a critical sense, and the alphabetical order of treating the factories, though convenient for people with no real interest in the subject, is fatal to any sense of chronological development. The seventy half-tone plates are very good, and the book generally is well produced, but it is also disfigured by numerous old and, in modern conditions of book-production, obsolete line blocks. The most useful part of the book is that which embodies Mr. Litchfield's practical experience as an "expert," and on such subjects as counterfeits and dealers he is genuinely informative; his explanation of the "knock-out" system in sale-rooms was much needed. The chapter on "Values and Prices" is adequate and up-to-date.

BRITISH ARTISTS (Edited by S. C. KAINES SMITH).  
RAEBURN. By E. RIMBAULT DIBDIN. (Philip Allan.)  
5s. net.

This book is a very welcome addition to the British Artists' series. Raeburn has a very secure place in the history of English art, and there is about his work a certain solidity and masculinity which is almost the distinctive quality of our national tradition. Mr. Kaines Smith, in his foreword to this monograph, calls it "practicality," and adds to this "shrewdness" and "a kind of dry, penetrative humour, characteristic of his race." There is a negative side to these qualities, and these have been expressed with an air of finality by Robert Louis Stevenson, who wrote of his portraits of young women: "In all these pretty faces you miss character, you miss fire, you miss that spice of the devil which is worth all the prettiness in the world; and, what is worst of all, you miss sex." It is natural that Mr. Dibdin should be somewhat revolted by Stevenson's strictures: this is the only fault we have to find with this monograph, which is otherwise a conscientious and illuminating little work.

PERSONALITIES IN ART, by ROYAL CORTISSOZ. (Charles Scribner & Sons.) 15s.

This is a collection of thirty-two short essays written by Mr. Cortissoz for "Scribner's Magazine," and dealing with a miscellany of subjects, e.g. "The Art Critic as Iconoclast"; "Religious Painting"; "Venice as a Painting-ground"; "Raeburn"; "Daumier"; "Purid de Chavannes"; "Early American Portraiture"; "American Industrial Art"; "Robert Blum"; "Zorn," etc. etc. Mr. Cortissoz is a man of erudition, long personal experience and glowing convictions; his essays are, consequently, readable, and in many respects instructive. In accordance with Keats's dictum—"When I feel I am right, no external praise can give me such a glow as my own solitary re-perception and ratification of what is fine"—which ends his introductory essay, "The Art of Art Criticism," he feels

## Book Reviews

very strongly that he is right, and "glows" on many pages. One wonders, nevertheless, whether, after all, this "feeling" has any validity for others. Of the late John La Farge's "Ascension" in New York he says, for example: "I would defy anybody to name any religious painting of its epoch anywhere in the world that is comparable to it in beauty and grandeur." Of Cézanne: "Cézanne stayed what he was at the beginning, a painter wandering about in worlds unrealized, too imperfectly equipped to say what he had to say, if, indeed, that was worth saying." Of Van Gogh: "A moderately competent impressionist, who was heavy-handed, had little, if any, sense of beauty, and spoiled a lot of canvas with crude, quite unimportant pictures." Of the late Julian Alden Weir he tells us that "he became utterly American." Utterly American—would that not be more in the Chippewayan or Apache direction?

DESIGN AND COMPOSITION IN LINE, FORM, AND MASS, by F. J. GLASS. (University of London Press.) 10s. 6d. net.

Mr. Glass divides his book into ten chapters: Lines, Shapes, Object Drawing, Nature Study, Figure Composition, Tree Studies, Landscape Composition, Some Heraldic Beasts, Poster Treatment, Reproduction and Printing Processes; the seventh chapter, Landscape Composition, being for some reason subdivided into Textures, Colour, Silhouettes, Japanese *motifs*. It will be seen that the arrangement is not a strictly organic presentation of the problem he has set himself. Nor is his commencement promising, for after quoting two excellent and very true passages from Emerson, he begins: "*Aims*.—The student of art and more particularly the teacher, will find it necessary to decide at an early stage which of the two goals shall be aimed at—the imitative or the æsthetic. Either we content ourselves with the representation of the external visible shapes and colours of things, or we probe deeper and endeavour to discover that which appeals to our sense of beauty, that which stirs an æsthetic emotion, making us exclaim, 'How beautiful!'"

There should be no "either—or" in this sentence. The "two goals" are not in opposition, rather is the one the preliminary stage of the other; we must first learn to understand "the external visible shapes and colours" before we can use them in order to create "that which stirs an æsthetic emotion." Nevertheless, Mr. Glass has many useful hints to give, and many true observations to make, e.g. "Art is not a hobby or a pastime for the leisured few, but a vital necessity in the lives of all. It is not merely a sort of 'extra' in the curriculum, but an essential factor in any scheme which would develop cultured, complete, sane, and well-balanced human beings, instead of commercial or industrial automatons."

It is a pity that his own illustrations are tainted with his initial mistake; they are neither sufficiently imitative nor sufficiently æsthetic to prove that he has passed through Nature into art.

UNKNOWN NORFOLK, by DONALD MAXWELL. Being a series of unmethodical explorations of the county, illustrated in line and colour by the author. (John Lane.) 15s. net.

The latest addition to the "Unknown" county series is no less delightful than the others by this author.

It is written with this author's usual whimsicality: "When I set out there was only one commodity known to me as belonging exclusively to Norfolk, and to Norfolk only, and that was a much-anticipated supply of dumplings,"

he says in his preface, and gives in the body of the book a stirring account of "the Battle of South Walsham Broad." But the book contains also much serious appreciation of the beauties of Nature and of art. The illustrations, done in Maxwell's excellent *ad hoc* manner, are a further source of pleasure. There is only one adverse criticism to make, and that concerns the unnecessarily, nay, disturbingly, coarse drawing of the otherwise useful map-sketches—but they really are, especially in opposition to his delicate pen-line illustrations and coloured illustration, as on page 50, an unmitigated eyesore!

THE ROMAN ALPHABET AND ITS DERIVATIVES: A REPRODUCTION OF THE LETTERING ON THE TRAJAN COLUMN, ENGRAVED ON WOOD, by ALLEN W. SEABY, Professor of Fine Art in the University of Reading, etc. (B. T. Batsford, Ltd.) 6s. 6d.

"The main purpose of this book is to provide an accurate and useful reproduction of the Roman Alphabet."

Professor Seaby seems to assume firstly, that a reproduction of the Roman Alphabet is necessarily useful, and, secondly, that woodcuts based on the design of the letters on the Trajan column can be described as accurate. A comparison of the extremely ugly N on page 31 with the reproduction of the cast taken from the column which serves as a frontispiece, and in which the N several times appears, will show that it is not accurate; neither is the D. The curve of the latter is nowhere straight, that is to say, top and bottom do not run parallel as they do in the woodcut, or for that matter, in most Roman founts, and the N is grossly exaggerated in its thick stroke, and consequently, both angles are objectionably pointed. The fact is, of course, that a flat black cannot render the beauty of that arising from the incised line, and, therefore, such "reproductions," even if they were more accurately designed, stand in relation to the original as an architectural drawing stands in relation to actual architecture. Professor Seaby also speaks of "printing," when he means writing in block or other capitals, and believes that long-hand "can never be written quickly, and when scrawled is a nuisance to all concerned." He recommends that a simplified shorthand should be taught in the classroom. To that it may be remarked that "shorthand," apart from other drawbacks, is even a worse nuisance "when scrawled," as it nearly always is; and, furthermore, it would be far more useful to teach children in the classroom a legible long-hand than to destroy the *character* of their "hand" by script, or to worry them with the study of an imitation of an imitation of Trajan's alphabet.

THE ART OF DRAWING IN LEAD PENCIL, by JASPER SALWEY. (Batsford.) 12s. 6d.

The second edition of this most useful and very well-illustrated book. The half-tone process lends itself especially to the reproduction of this medium, and, quite apart from the text, the illustrations alone provide a fund of instruction. The new edition is identical with the first except that Mr. Salwey has added "a short chapter on 'Lead Pencil as an Independent Medium,' in which he has endeavoured to demonstrate that the pencil *is* in itself an artistic medium of expression, and not, as a few unsympathetic critics have asserted, merely a convenient instrument for the execution of studies preliminary to work in any other medium such as painting or etching." The bulk of the illustrations, nevertheless, show that the author advocates a degree of high finish, which in many cases produces an effect of "sugariness."

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ANATOMY FOR ARTISTS, BEING AN EXPLANATION OF SURFACE FORM, by E. WOLFF, M.B., B.S. Illustrated by George Charlton. (H. K. Lewis & Co., Ltd.) 12s. 6d.

In his preface Mr. Wolff fairly sets out the particular advantages of his book; the volume "contains in as simple language as possible the explanations of the underlying causes of the surface form of the human body." The anatomical terms have been reduced to a minimum, and often the English equivalent has been used instead of the Latin name. Mr. Wolff further says: "So far as I am aware, no book in English, at least none accessible to the ordinary student, attempts to deal with the anatomy of fat. As this is second only in importance to the skeleton in determining the difference in form between the sexes, I have dealt with it at some length." The interested reader will by this realize that the text written by an expert, in his capacity as Demonstrator of Anatomy to the Slade School, deals with his subject in a most efficient manner, and his exposition is greatly assisted by another member of the Slade School staff, Mr. George Charlton, whose clear and workmanlike diagrams are highly instructive. The book is quite the best of its kind we know—both as regards text and illustrations, and its general make-up. There is only one defect which it shares with other similar text books: The muscular *forms* are generally discussed and always illustrated in an abstract state of rest. Artists would much welcome an amplification of Chapter IX, "Joints and Movements," showing the changes of form which the muscles undergo through movement; and another similar amplification might be made of Chapter XI, "Fat and Its Effect on Surface Form," since protuberances of fat are apt

to be mistaken by the uninstructed for muscles. These are matters which we think might deserve consideration in another edition of this very useful book which is likely to run through many.

THE TECHNIQUE OF WATER-COLOUR PAINTING, by L. RICHMOND, R.O.C., R.B.A., and J. LITTLEJOHNS, R.B.A. (Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd.) 21s.

"The object of this book is clearly defined by its title. It is concerned solely with the problems of technique, i.e. the manipulation of the materials." The authors have solved their thus-defined problem with great skill and conspicuous ability. They keep to their subject without literary frills or autobiographic falderals. They discuss in detail the questions of colours, brushes, papers, mediums: they hold no brief for any method, but explain all: "Outline and wash," "wash and outline," "transparent wash," "granulated wash," "wiping out," "paste methods," "scratching out" and "scraping out," "charcoal and water-colour," "body colour," "various devices," "lucky accidents," and "impedimenta." All these matters are not only discussed on the basis of experience, but the results of their experience and their experiments are fully illustrated by a series of thirty art plates in colour, containing demonstrations of the points made in the text. The book is quite the best "guide" that has so far appeared, and of equal value to the beginner and the mature student. The joint authors are to be congratulated on their success, and the publishers and blockmakers also deserve a word of praise for the manifest trouble they have taken with this publication.

## MUSIC NEWS AND NOTES

By PERCY COLSON

**Herr Josef Pembaur.**—It is long since I have enjoyed a pianoforte recital as much as I did that of Herr Pembaur, an Austrian pianist, who played at the Æolian Hall last month; not, I regret to say, from a musical point of view, for Herr Pembaur so distorts the rhythm and exaggerates the dynamic contrasts in everything he plays that the result is rather a caricature than an interpretation of the music; it was as a variety "turn" that he pleased me so: he looked the typical "Herr Professor" of the comic papers, dress suit, tie, hair, everything complete, and he has every trick and mannerism of a certain order of pianist more common thirty or forty years ago than to-day. He would be a huge success at the Coliseum, and would, I imagine, make more money on the music halls than by giving serious recitals.

**José Iturbi.**—The playing of José Iturbi formed a remarkable contrast to that of the artiste of whom I have just spoken. The Spanish pianist is as emphatically a product of our own day as is Herr Pembaur of a day that is past; his playing does not attempt to appeal to the emotions any more than does modern music; it is entirely a matter of clarity and rhythm, and in both of these respects it is admirable; he produces a very good tone from his instrument, and one which never degenerates into mere noise even in his most strenuous moments; his pedalling,

too, is excellent. While not to be classed among the great *virtuosi* of the pianoforte, he is certainly an artiste of real distinction. Mr. Iturbi was, as is not surprising, at his best in the music of his own countrymen, which he played delightfully. It throws a curious light on the modernity of his musical equipment that he played so well the "Fête-Dieu à Séville" of Albeniz, a piece which in certain directions makes considerable demands on the technique and intelligence of the performer, and then made such a mess of Chopin's infinitely easier "Black Key" study, which he gave as an encore. This same change in the musical idiom of to-day probably accounts for the fact that it is easy to find singers able to cope with such a work as Holst's "Keats Symphony," and almost impossible to find any who can either phrase, articulate, or vocalize a Mozart Aria even moderately well. This is tragic, as the slogan of to-day is "Back to Mozart," and all our young musicians profess a whole-hearted devotion to his music! Mr. Iturbi finished his concert with Balakireff's brilliant show-piece "Islamey," and got decidedly the worst of it in his struggles with its appalling difficulties.

**The Léner Quartet.**—It is not easy to say anything fresh of the Léner Quartet, which is, to my mind, infinitely the finest organization of its kind in existence. During their present visit to London they have played

## Music News and Notes

more beautifully than ever, their tone has gained in mellowness, and their *piano* has taken on a certain ethereal quality which makes it sound as if it came from far away. Such Mozart-playing is worth going any distance to hear. Many people seem to have the idea that great depth of feeling and high polish are incompatible; both these qualities are combined to the highest degree in the lovely "Andante" of the quartet in D minor. The programme of their "Brahms" concert included the "Pianoforte Quartet in C minor," the effect of which was quite spoilt by the mechanical and wooden playing of the pianist, Madame Loeser-Lebert. If Mr. Léner wishes to give works for pianoforte and strings he would do well to engage an artiste whose powers are more nearly on a par with his own and those of his associates.

**M. Marcel Dupré.**—I wonder if anyone has ever carried the art of improvisation to the point that M. Marcel Dupré has done? He has only to be given a theme and from it he will fashion with the most consummate ease and complete mastery chorales, sonatas, fugues, double fugues, anything you like; not, mind you, the "quasi fugato" of the sound cathedral organist, Mus.Doc., F.R.C.O., R.A.M., but perfectly thought-out works developed and brought to a logical conclusion with all the contrapuntal skill of Bach: works, too, which are not only interesting technically, but also exceedingly beautiful as music. To one who has the pleasure of knowing M. Dupré, however, as I have, it seems the most natural thing in the world that he should be able to do what he does, indeed, one would be surprised if he couldn't, for he is one of those very rare phenomenons, a born musical genius to whom everything in the way of music comes without effort and by the grace of God. He won a 1er Prix at the Paris Conservatoire for piano playing, and no one, I imagine, disputes his title to being the first living organist. Not the least of M. Dupré's gifts is his astounding memory; he has not only the whole repertory of both organ and piano from Bach and Debussy at his finger-ends, but he can play any part of practically any operatic or orchestral work for which you may ask him. It seems a pity that so brilliant a musical genius should not have been endowed with an original creative talent, but this is the rarest gift of all.

**Tonality.**—I recently came across an article by the well-known French writer, de Bosredon, which contained some curious and interesting reflections on tonality. It seems that in all times and in all countries composers have been guided in their choice of tonalities by the character that they wished to give to their music, whether gay or sad, reflective or energetic; you can feel this as much in the works of Palestrina and his predecessors as in those of the modern French impressionists, such as Debussy and Ravel. Lavignac, in his book "La Musique et les Musiciens," gives a list of the *colours* appropriate to each key, according to which B major is vigorous, B $\flat$  major noble, C major commonplace, and so for each key following chromatically a different characteristic. That there is a great deal in this theory of *tone colour* we can very easily prove for ourselves. If one takes, for instance, the Sixth Symphony of Beethoven, and plays the opening movement in E major, we see at once how much of its pastoral character disappears, and the same test applies to the lovely little theme with which Chopin's Second Ballade begins; it sounds entirely different played in G major. Try also

his "Polonaise in A major" in the key of G $\flat$  and see how it loses its martial ring. One could multiply these examples indefinitely, and with each one be more convinced that our theory is founded on reason.

Now, having been brought up in this comfortable conviction it comes rather as a shock to be obliged to realize that the number of vibrations in the "La d'accord," or the A used for tuning, has always varied and still continues to do so. A report made in the year 1650, which is preserved in the "Bibliothèque Nationale" in Paris, speaks of the state of the bells of "Notre Dame," and suggests that some of these should be changed in order to make it more easy to play *carillons*. This report takes the *gros bourdon* of "Notre Dame" as giving the A. There is also preserved a letter sent by a certain M. Montal, a professor of music in Paris in 1855, to the President of the Society of Pianoforte Manufacturers of France, in which we find that the same *gros bourdon* gave exactly F $\sharp$  according to the diapason then in use, a difference of a tone and a half. Careful investigations have proved that in France from the year 1699 to 1715 the A gave about 810 vibrations, practically the same sound as the present G; at the end of the eighteenth century its vibrations had risen to 818, about equivalent to G $\sharp$ , and it continued to rise gradually until 1858, when it gave 898 vibrations, and an official decree reduced it to 870. From these facts it would appear that we must place these interesting lists of *tone colours* among our lost illusions.

To illustrate the subject on which we have been speaking let us imagine a concert in London at which a "madrigal" by Palestrina, a "suite" by Bach, and a quintette by Mozart were performed, and at which the composers could be present. If the accuracy of their ears had resisted time as well as their works have done, Palestrina would be intensely annoyed that his "Madrigal in A $\flat$ " should be sung in B major, Bach would wonder how they dared to transpose his "Suite" from D major to E major, while Mozart would doubtless say that anything might be expected of artistes so unmusical as to perform his delightful "Clarinet Quintette" in B $\flat$  major when he wrote it in A! If this imaginary concert were to conclude with the first movement of "Scheherazade," which, as everyone knows is in E minor, the confusion would be still greater. To Palestrina they would appear to be playing it in G minor, to Bach in F $\sharp$  minor, and to Mozart in F minor. Each would leave the hall gravely doubting the mental balance of his companions, but all three united in their contempt for the state of music in England.

Perhaps the reader will say: "Why not play everything in the key which is the modern equivalent to the tonality intended by the composer?" A little reflection will soon convince him of the chaos which such a course would involve. It is quite possible to lower or raise the stringed instruments to the pitch required, but not two or three times during one concert, i.e. if one wishes them to remain in tune; one cannot, however, do this with the wind: the music would have to be transposed, and one result of the transposition would be that the musicians would be constantly asked to play notes not in the register of their instruments. Even with the strings, transposition would frequently entirely change the character of the music, as notes intended to be played on the open strings sound quite different when produced by the pressure of the finger, and double-stopping which is easy in one key is often impossible in another. Think, too, of a violinist being obliged to

tune his violin to one pitch to play a Bach sonata, and to raise it a tone for one by César Franck!

After all said and done I am inclined to think that, as regards the *colours* of tonalities which are fairly close to one another, imagination has a good deal to do with what we feel, or think we feel, about them. Our ears have become accustomed to the present system of tonality, and has formed its *colour-sense*, if so I may call it, according to that system. Any other would seem abnormal to it. When

a *prima donna*, whose voice is beginning to show signs of wear, has a Mozart Aria transposed half a tone lower we are apt to smile and shrug our shoulders, forgetting that she is singing it in precisely the same tonality in which the composer intended it to be heard. Everything is relative in life, and were the old composers to revisit these "glimpses of the moon" they would, no doubt, soon become used to musical pitch as it is to-day, and readjust their ears accordingly.

## ART NEWS AND NOTES

By HERBERT FURST

"The International" at Burlington House (Second Notice).

By the time these lines appear in print the International will, unfortunately, have closed its doors. If this notice is to serve any useful purpose it can, therefore, only deal with general aspects. More intimate acquaintance with the contents of this exhibition confirms the opinion that it is by far the most stimulating show London has had for many years; not, indeed, because it contains many "masterpieces"—it doesn't—but because it challenges comparisons both as regards times and places. It proves, I think, two very gratifying points: firstly, that on the whole the work done to-day is on an average better than the work of the Victorian and Edwardian eras, both here and abroad. Again, this is not to say that modern work is more masterly—it is technically, perhaps, on an average not so accomplished—but it is far less dull. In point of fact one asks one's self sometimes whether it ought not to be a little less exciting, seeing that, after all, some pictures are intended to hang on the walls of living-rooms, and for such purposes—whether the artist likes it or not—the room is of greater importance than anything, except the human beings, in it.

The second point is especially gratifying to British artists, and it is this—that they really have no need to be downhearted. The worst English pictures are far better than the worst foreign ones, and the best are at least as good; I am not sure that they are not better. Leaving the painters with long-standing reputations out of the question for the moment, there is Mr. Ernest Proctor, whose two pictures, "The Zodiac" and "Venus and Cupid," are quite outstanding achievements. "Venus and Cupid" is manifestly inspired by the National Gallery "Bronzino." It has not the old Florentine's "correct" draughtsmanship and meticulously high finish, but one need not hesitate to say that it is a better picture. It is much more luminous, light against light, and full of pictorial invention and gay entertainment for the eye. This quality of pictorial invention also distinguishes the same painter's "Zodiac," which, in fact, has it in a higher degree still. The only fault of this design is one for which the artist is hardly responsible: it is not large enough, and used as an actual mural or, rather, ceiling decoration.

Rightly considered there should be three acknowledged degrees of pictorial art: the lowest would embrace all pictures showing the painter's ability to "imitate nature"; in the second degree artists would demonstrate their

capacity for selection from nature of such facts as would give their "imitation" pictorial unity. To the third and highest degree would belong only such works which, like Proctor's, show pictorial invention. The pictures belonging to this category are always rare, and the last generation frowned upon them. This kind of invention is conspicuous also in Glyn Philpot's "The Black Mother," a kind of negro madonna and child enthroned, with black angels. This painting is a positive delight, not only because of its aesthetic inventiveness, but on account of its additional psychological justness: it is evident that Mr. Philpot "knows what he is talking about" when he tells us about niggers. Another good picture is "Venus and Cupid's" near neighbour, namely, Edmond Dulac's "The Birth of Eve," but its goodness is in its superficial pleasingness; it has little real design and no psychological truth. As one of the finest psychological painters the Russian Jacovleff reveals himself here. We had long known of him as an interpreter of Chinese life, and as a realistic draughtsman of magnificent powers, and his Chinese fancies here, of which "Chinese Theatre" is decoratively the best, are all interesting. His psychological powers, however, stand revealed in the Pirandello-like character of "Le Marchant de Pierrots," and especially in the "Au Café de la Rotonde," the portrait of a Jew, which seems to reveal the whole tragedy of the Ghetto.

The difference between pictorial invention and nature imitation is well illustrated in two works by a Czechoslovak artist, Max Svabinsky. His "Sun Bath"—two nude ladies, one of whom turns her back, inadequately shielded by a huge sunshade, upon the spectator—is as near the ridiculous and futile as the other one. "Two Portraits" is near the sublime. The realism of this picture, the truth in the old and the younger woman's faces and hands, the sincerity of the whole, are truly convincing, both in spirit and treatment. Foreign artists seem especially apt to give us this surprise of the incongruity of their vision. For example, Hodler, regarded as the founder of the Central European modern movement, surprises us: similarly, with the magnificent fierceness of "Le Guerrier Blessé," the touching, almost womanlike sentiment and timidity of execution of "Fatigué de la Vie," the solidity of the rocks of the "Jungfrau," and the meaningless vulgarity of the "Portrait de Madame Gunzburger." In the same way Gustav Klimt, whose work appears as an addition "by request," is represented by a portrait of a young girl and a picture of a baby; parts



"THE TEMPTATION OF CHRIST"

*By Titian*

*Recently acquired by the Minneapolis Institute of Arts. Formerly in the famous Palais Royal Collection of the Ducs d'Orleans, and later in the Thomas Hope Collection in England, and purchased from the Reinhardt Galleries, New York.*

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of the girl are like the curate's egg—excellent, but her middle disappears for no apparent reason in the background. The "Baby," however, is a ridiculous triangular mountain of piebald clothes peaked by the infant's head. This sort of thing, and it is only a mild example, is an attempt to create an effect without a cause. Exhibitions generally abound with this type of art which reminds one of the antics of a hoarse chanticleer: all tiptoed effort and only a raucous crow. The very opposite is true of such a painter as Jack B. Yeats, who does not seem to trouble in the least about effect. His "Island Funeral" is painted in a way that would not gain him admission to the Academy Schools, still less to the Slade; yet it is a little masterpiece of psychological insight and fervid love of life. A similar truth seems to speak from the Swede, Georg Olofsson's "Dimanche en Alaska," an unpretentious view of a subarctic township which looks like "Ultima Thule." Enough has, perhaps, been said to give an idea of the stimulating effect which this kind of exhibition has. It proves amongst other things that, in spite of superficial appearance, there are temperamental and technical affinities between all the nationalities. Mr. Rippl-Ronai, the Hungarian gold medallist's portrait, "Anella," might have been painted by many European artists within the last thirty years. Mr. Vaszary's "Buddha" might have come from Mr. Tom Mostyn's easel. On the other hand, there is nothing to show that the immensely competent Grigory Gluckmann, whose two pictures one had already seen in Paris, is a "Russian"; that Mr. Stoenesco is a Rumanian; or that the humorous "Owner of Donkeys, Morocco," was painted by an Englishwoman, Nora Wright. The sculpture, excepting Epstein's "Sybil Thorndike," and Kennington's "Baby," and the Hungarian Elek Lux's "Dancing Girl" bending back, did hardly strike one as impressive, but there are numerous good drawings, e.g. Orpen's and Lambert's and Bakst's, and several good black and whites, amongst them Veldheer's woodcut of a fish, remarkable for its technique.

One can only express the hope that the "International" will become a regular autumn event at Burlington House.

*Robert S. Austin's, A.R.E., Etchings.*

For those to whom the emulation of an old style, good draughtsmanship, and clean technique gives pleasure, Mr. Robert S. Austin's exhibition of etchings, at the XXI Gallery, Durham House Street, W.C.2, will have spread a rare feast. Mr. Austin's genius has been inspired by Dürer, Marc Antonio, and other fifteenth-century etchers and engravers, but he has not become a mere imitator. Amongst the twenty-seven works here shown there are at least a dozen which every lover of line would covet, and quite a few which people who "know nothing about art, but know what they like," would like; and when an artist can make these two qualities come together, as Mr. Austin has done in several, notably "A Roman Madonna," "The Blind Beggar of Tivoli," "The Stone-breaker," "Early Spring, Gloucestershire," "The Trace Horse," he has, perhaps, achieved more than one who can only please the connoisseur. Connoisseurs may be recommended especially to look at "The Sisters of Assisi," "Siena," and "Wherefore Plough," which represent interesting different examples of his technique. He is only thirty, a "Prix de Rome" man, and likely to reach the top rung of that ladder which spells financial success.

*The Leicester Galleries: William Caine.*

"De mortuis nihil nisi bonum": In daring to criticize this exhibition one feels almost guilty of an offence against the memory of one whom our famous humorist-draughtsman, Mr. Bateman, calls "a glorious friend, loyal, warm-hearted, helpful." I am quite willing to believe that my mind is at fault in that I somehow lack the sense of humour. Nevertheless, I cannot help feeling that all Caine's laughs are a matter of extraordinary difficulty. I admire laughter that makes the welkin ring, but Caine's gelastic dynamite dislocates the anatomy. To appreciate its full blast I feel as if I ought to have undergone a preparatory, acrobatic, bone-breaking training and a course of cranial ganglion twisting. The secret of all true art is the artist's power to produce in us a kind of ectoplasm that enables us to project ourselves into his work—to feel ourselves into the creations of his mind—that is the basis of true understanding. To do that in Caine's case would force us to become monstrous beyond a joke. I could manage "Oh, Christmas!" a man threatened with a new tie as a gift from a spinster aunt; I could even manage "Them Books," although it necessitated my becoming a "slavey" on the top of a ladder in a vast library; I could manage "An Amusing Little Thing"—a vast rock sculptured into semi-human form—not a very amusing experience; but when it came to "Wags to Beware Of" I struck; and when I arrived at "The Glutton's Mirror" I ran. "The Humorous Statuettes in the Glass Showcase" I could neither make head nor tail of—perhaps they had no such things—"and that's the humour of it!"

*Dod and Ernest Proctor.*

Ernest Proctor's contributions to this show disappoints a little, only because he has set his standard so high in the two excellent works at the International. "The Neglectful Shepherd," a frieze-like design in monochrome of two intertwined sleeping figures, a man and woman, nearly reaches their high standard, and "The Heavenly Twins," a study for "Gemini" of the "Zodiac" at Burlington House, is quite delightful. Several of the other pictures, such as the Burmese ones, one had seen before, and is pleased to see again. But whilst one can enjoy the delightfully humorous little "Europa and the Bull," a design in black and flesh colours, such things as the "End of the Party" and "The Death of the Lion Tamer" are hardly worthy of his great talents. Dod Proctor astonishes with a beautiful painting of "A Baby," startlingly plastic; and an equally plastic but more ambitiously composed "Girl in Blue." These two young artists are, I think, destined to go far: they are already frequently in the first rank.

*Léon de Smet.*

It is a pity that there is such a thing as the "modern movement," at all events so far as Léon de Smet is concerned. One has the impression that he would like to be in it, like the health-fiends who insist on their cold bath, but are happier out of it. Some of his pictures, such as "The Green Tray," "Daffodils," and the landscape "After Sunset," are excellent, and many of the still-lives, with the recurrent climax of red, quite delightfully decorative. It is apparently the "new manner" of drawing figures which makes him, and consequently us, a little uncomfortable.





# AN UNKNOWN PORTRAIT OF TITIAN'S MIDDLE PERIOD

By AUGUST L. MAYER

A RELATIVELY large number of paintings of Titian's late years have come to light recently, and it appears that in the next few years the full significance and great richness of this period of Titian's art may be even more impressively revealed through further examples than has hitherto been the case. The rediscoveries of Titian's work of his early and middle periods, on the contrary, remain, as before, few and far between.

Glancing over Titian's *œuvre* up to about the year 1545, one must admit that, obviously, only a small fraction of what he produced has come down to us. If, then, every new work of this period that turns up is important, it is all the more so when it bears a date. This is the case with the nearly life-size three-quarter length portrait of a man with a beard, that made its appearance a little while ago in England, and is now in the Arthur and Alice Sachs Collection, New York (canvas, 43½ in. by 35½ in.). The picture was dirty and had been overpainted, but when cleaned a signature was found, though in a somewhat rubbed condition, in the bottom right-hand corner. The date can scarcely be read otherwise than 1538, and this year would correspond exactly with the style of the painting. The only other reading that is possible is 1533.

There are remarkably few of Titian's paintings in existence that are definitely dated or datable with precision belonging to the 'thirties. If we look round for works that have a certain artistic connection with the newly-discovered portrait, then the earliest would be that of the Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici in the dress of a Hungarian magnate, which was probably painted in 1533 in Bologna. The handling of the costume shows a breadth similar to the dress of our portrait. The most important portraits of these years—that of Duke Francesco Maria of Urbino and of his wife, Eleonora, in the Uffizi—were painted for the most part in 1537 and delivered in 1538. The stress laid on beauty of material, and the execution of the armour as well as of the

clothing, shows a sensuous love of texture which we find again in our portrait in the treatment of the dress, of the carpet, and of the red hanging. The architectonic basis, the connection of the figure with the background, the manner of placing it against a light ground which, while it gives the necessary amount of plasticity to the figure, and accentuates its fullness of colour, is, on the other hand, not uniformly light, but is animated with landscapes, accessories, or hangings, and carries out the old Venetian charm of asymmetrical space-filling—all this connects the newly-found picture with the portraits of the Duke and Duchess of Urbino.

The thinness of the technique, the accentuation of the unblended brushstrokes, which can be observed already in the "Assunta" of the Church of the Frari, appear with increasing distinctness from the beginning of the 'thirties. In this connection it is interesting to recall the great "Presentation of the Virgin" of the Venetian Academy, which was produced between 1534 and 1538. The new portrait is in this respect a valuable witness, and can be compared with the famous Francis I, in the Louvre, which was completed at the latest in 1539. Our portrait also proves the correctness of a relatively early dating of the magnificent portrait of Giacomo Doria, in the collection of Lady Ludlow, in London, which was placed by Sir Herbert Cook, Dr. Gronau and formerly also Dr. Fischel about 1560, while Dr. Fischel has recently assigned the work to c. 1540. In its general conception and spiritual attitude this work shows the closest relationship to our portrait.

In trying to place this new painting in the series of Titian's works which stand nearest to it in date and style, we have already expressed ourselves with regard to its artistic and historical importance. Let us now consider the picture by itself. Unfortunately we do not know whom it represents. The books on the table lead one to presume that it is a scholar—perhaps a humanist. It reminds one a little of the type of Giovanni Francesco Leoni, in the

Museum at Vienna. In any case, Titian has succeeded in handing down the image of a notable, clever, and spiritual personality. The manner in which the man holds his fur-trimmed mantle close about him lends the whole a remarkable amount of vitality. One is almost tempted to take this gesture of holding the mantle closed as characteristic of the man's personality, which arouses one's sympathy by its deliberation and reserve. As usual, Titian has given this portrait the incomparable nobility of all his representations of human beings. This picture has something of that radiant harmony which after Giorgione belongs to Titian alone, for in Tintoretto it gives way already to a greater sharpness and precision. The whole silhouette breathes the

well-being of the Venetian High Renaissance. The carpet spread over the table shows quite remarkable beauty of painting. But however great Titian's love for the representation of textures may have been—we have already spoken of it above—he never made use of it as virtuosity, and this table cover suggests anything rather than the homely, matter-of-fact representations of similar motives in the works of the Dutch masters such as Metsu. On the other hand such a piece of painting, as well as the method of contrasting colours, calls to memory the art of that admirer of Titian, who saw in the great Venetian not only a model from the technical point of view, but also as a creator of noble men—namely, Velazquez.

## BYZANTINE SALONIKA

### *THE CHURCHES AS THEY ARE TO-DAY*

By BERNARD BEVAN

THE recent success of the American School of Archæology in securing the right to excavate in the centre of Athens is a reminder that Greece still has treasures of an Early Christian civilization, which in artistic value, and as examples of the art of a bygone age, are scarcely less interesting than her ancient temples.

Byzantine architecture did not flourish with the same exuberance in this country as at Ravenna or Constantinople, but in Salonika there is a group of buildings which fully equal, if they do not actually surpass, the churches of the late Turkish capital, always excepting the great cathedral of St. Sophia. This, begun by Anthemius of Tralles and Isidorus of Miletus in A.D. 532, was until lately considered the earliest example of its type, despite the magnificent proportions and grand scale, but it is now realized that St. Sophia at Salonika, whose ground plan is nearly similar, was built fully 100 years earlier. Although the length from east to west is only 140 feet, and the width 113 feet, the proportions are good and the interior most imposing, the

awkward construction of the dome (which rises from an octagon on four piers) being scarcely felt.

The church is remarkable for the mosaics which adorn both the central dome and the semi-dome over the apse, the earliest being those in the apex of the former, representing the Almighty with two angels, and dating from the seventh century, while below are the twelve Apostles, rich examples of eleventh-century workmanship.

The noble figures of the Virgin and Child in the apse were inserted by Bishop Theofilus between 785 and 797, in an older background, and are the result of iconoclastic troubles culminating in the Council of Nicea, the outline of the original decoration (a gold cross) being distinctly visible.

From 1445 to the close of the Balkan war, in 1913, St. Sophia was a Mohammedan mosque; a fate which it shared with all the other important Byzantine buildings in the town.\* But contrary to what might have been expected the mosaics were for the most part

\* St. Demetrius, St. George, Hagia Paraskevé, The Holy Apostles, St. Elias, St. Catherine, St. Bardias, and St. Pantélémon.

## Byzantine Salonika

left untouched, or if too Christian in character were merely whitewashed over.

In great contrast to this toleration is the present attitude of the Greeks towards the relics of Turkish domination. There is actually a scheme on foot to destroy all the minarets in Salonika.

It is true that since Turkish rule is now at an end there is no further need for them, but it cannot be denied that they form by far the most picturesque feature in this huge town, which, other than its fine situation at the head of the gulf, can boast of no beauty whatever. The destruction is not sanctioned by the educated classes, but appears to have been originated by the masses, who, it is only natural, wish to wipe out all remembrance of foreign dominion, and particularly of the Mohammedan religion. They even advance

the ridiculous excuse that Salonika is now a Greek city, and consequently must become like a western town. Neither London, Paris, nor Athens has minarets. Why should *they*?

A note of protest was at one time sent to the Metropolitan Bishop whose cathedral is St. Sophia, begging him to spare the minarets.

That night, however, a gang of roughs forced their way up the narrow staircase of the minaret, and, though they failed to overthrow it, succeeded in breaking off some 15 feet of the cone, which now hangs perilously at an angle, like the spire of Arras Cathedral during the war.



ST. SOPHIA. A BYZANTINE CAPITAL

Lately I have been assured by Professor Soteriou, the ephor of Byzantine antiquities, who kindly allowed me to reproduce his photographs of St. Demetrius, that only the minarets attached to churches actually used for religious purposes will disappear. Moreover, these will not be pulled down immediately, but, no money being spent on their upkeep, will gradually fall into decay.

As so many of the minarets were hit by enemy shells during the war this spirit of destruction is all the more to be

deplored. In a short time scarcely ten of these graceful white monuments to five centuries of Turkish occupation will remain.

But this loss is minute when compared with the disastrous results of the great fire of 1917, which blazed unchecked for three days, and rendered 12,000 people homeless.



*Photo: Professor Soteriou*

ST. DEMETRIUS. INTERIOR, LOOKING WEST

It was in the evening of August 18 that the alarm was first raised, in the lower part of the Turkish quarter, but the flames spread quickly to the Ghetto, the bazaar, and the commercial buildings along the sea front. The whole city was enveloped in huge drifting clouds of black smoke, accompanied by the noise of crackling timber and falling masonry.

When night fell the town was lit up with a lurid glare from the showers of sparks and cinders, as well as from sheets of flame as fresh houses caught alight.

The entire native populace turned out into the streets to pray to St. Demetrius the Patron Saint of Salonika. To the faithful it seemed quite impossible that their saint should allow his church to be burnt, especially since it had come unscathed through the previous air-raids and bombardments. Consequently no one lifted a finger to quench the fire as it

approached the church until it was too late. In the early hours of the morning the wooden roof suddenly caught alight, and, blazing furiously, collapsed into the body of the church. The heat was so great that most of the monolithic columns were split into fragments, and some completely calcined. The catastrophe must have been like the destruction of San Paolo-fuori-le-Mura in 1823, and, as can be seen from the accompanying photographs, only the shadow of the church remains. Where once stood one of the noblest buildings in the world, there now remain two rows of shattered columns with their arches, and the blackened walls—the home of ants and green lizards.

In this way was the greatest basilica in the Near East lost to the world—an edifice which, built in the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries, combined the austere stateliness of our Norman

## Byzantine Salonika



ST. DEMETRIUS. INTERIOR, LOOKING EAST

cathedrals with the rich colouring of St. Mark's and the churches of Ravenna.

Only the fountain for ablutions stands intact, together with the miracle-working tomb of St. Demetrius in a little chapel by the narthex.

The mosaics were nearly all ruined beyond repair, excepting the splendid life-size figure, dating from the first half of the seventh century, of Demetrius with the founders of the church. This group and the scanty remains of others on the four piers of the crossing are now protected by wooden shutters. Every care is being taken to preserve the ruins. Iron bands have been fastened round the columns and sculptured fragments put under shelter.

The disaster of 1917, however, resulted in the interesting discovery that under the entire

eastern portion of the church lay a spacious crypt. The Turks, evidently having no use for such a place, had allowed it to silt up. When completely cleared out and examined by Professor Soteriou it was found to contain in almost perfect preservation one of the earliest baptismal fonts in existence (see illustration). The capitals of the columns and the exquisite decoration in the spandrels of the arches cannot fail to strike the most casual observer.

The crypt is constructed of flat Roman bricks and large rectangular blocks of stone, the latter probably taken from the ancient Stadium or Thermæ, both of which stood near this site.\* The oldest church in Salonika is

\* For a full description of the discovery and contents of the crypt see ΠΑΡΑΡΤΗΜΑ ΑΡΧΑΙΟΛΟΓΙΚΟΥ ΔΕΛΤΙΟΥ ΤΟΥ ΤΠΟΤΡΕΙΟΥ ΤΩΝ ΕΚΚΛΗΣΙΑΣΤΙΚΩΝ ΚΑΙ ΤΗΣ ΔΗΜΟΣΙΑΣ ΕΚΠΑΙΔΕΥΣΕΩΣ. Vol. 4. 1918.



Photo: Professor Soteriou

ST. DEMETRIUS FROM THE SOUTH-EAST  
Destroyed by fire in 1917



Photo: Professor Soteriou

DEMETRIUS

The fifth-century font discovered in the crypt after the fire



Photo: Professor Soteriou

THE ROTUNDA (ST. GEORGE)

A Roman Pantheon, showing one of the few minarets that will remain

undoubtedly St. George, also known as the Rotunda or Ortadji—Sultan-Djami. This was the work of the Emperor Galerius, who erected the triumphal arch in the Via Egnatia to commemorate his victories and those of his father-in-law, Diocletian, over the Persians. The Rotunda he built as a Pantheon—a temple to all the gods, and for this reason it is circular. To support the dome (whose apex is 120 feet above the pavement), the walls are 20 feet thick, and in them are hollowed out eight niches or chapels notable for their mosaics of birds, chiefly peacocks, in square panels on a grey ground. For sheer decorative purposes these have no rival. Those in the dome are amongst the earliest Christian mosaics in existence, and date from the time of Theodosius II (403-450), who transformed the temple into a Christian church and built the apse.

In eight compartments are seen sixteen saints, arrayed for the most part in white dalmatics and standing in attitudes of adoration. The background consists of colonnades and porticos, thoroughly pagan in conception, and of a debased type of architecture, bearing, to quote Murray, about the same relation to the Pompeian frescoes as Jacobean art does to Classical.

The exterior of St. George (see illustration) has little claim to beauty, resembling as it does a gigantic white gasometer. During the war, excavations were carried out by the French, who discovered a remarkable head of Pan, now reposing in the Louvre, a plaster cast only being left in Salonika; while the deep pits in and around the church have not yet been filled up—a forlorn aspect being thus produced.

The most fascinating of the smaller churches is that dedicated to the Holy Apostles—lately the Saouk-Sou-Djami, meaning the "Mosque of Cold Waters." Standing in a peaceful little square in the upper town, surrounded by poplars, planes, and fig trees, this little gem of fourteenth-century Byzantine architecture shines forth with pristine glory. The work of clearing away the dirty hovels which clung to it like parasites is now completed, so that the magnificent brickwork of the east end is seen to full advantage, and recalls some of the Romanesque churches of Auvergne.\*

\* Particularly Brioude, Issoire, St. Nectaire, and Le Puy.

## Byzantine Salonika



HAGIA PARASKEVÉ (ESKI-DJOUMA)

*A fifth-century basilica now occupied by refugees from Asia Minor*

Last, but not least in the list of Salonika's Byzantine relics, comes Hagia Paraskevé, built early in the fifth century, and a splendid specimen of the Syrian type of basilica. The origin of the name is most curious. Originally dedicated to the Virgin Mary, this was the first church to become a mosque, from which it gained the name of Eski-djouma, meaning "Old Assembly." But Eski-djouma also means Friday, and by a singular mistake this was translated literally into Greek, so that the building now bears the name of Hagia Paraskevé, i.e. St. Friday.

Well restored in 1912 by the French architect, Le Tourneau, this is now the most impressive church in Salonika, possessing something of the solid grandeur yet cold mellowness of Sir D. Y. Cameron's "Interior of Durham Cathedral."

Unfortunately the exchange of populations

has rendered the housing question so acute in Macedonia that fifty refugee families from Asia Minor have been living in the upper galleries since 1922, and Eski-djouma has suffered much in consequence. In its present state of filth and neglect it presents a disheartening aspect, and is rapidly falling into decay.

It has been rumoured also that a road is to be built through the west end, destroying the narthex, but this is vehemently denied in official quarters.

A note of satisfaction is struck by the fact that the authorities are fully aware of the sad condition of these unique churches. As soon as money is forthcoming—and this is an exceedingly difficult problem in Greece—the Rotunda is to become a museum of prehistoric and classical archæology, while Hagia Paraskevé will serve a similar purpose for Byzantine art.

# MUSIC IN A LIFE

By FILSON YOUNG

## VII.—OPERA IN ENGLAND

AS the most luxurious and elaborate form that music can take, opera has a special fascination, not only for all musicians, but for many to whom music pure and simple is incomprehensible unless it is accompanied by the life-size illustrations of the operatic stage. The first Grand Opera I ever saw was *Carmen*, at a performance in Dublin by the Carl Rosa Opera Company. Its effect upon me was almost painful in its emotional disturbance. Music acquired a new intensity when it was thus accompanied by an acted drama in the magic toyland of the theatre. The emotional innocence on which this romantic representation made so profound an effect soon wore off; and as I became more familiar with opera I discovered in myself what I thought to be an inability to sustain musical interest throughout three long acts; but I afterwards found it to be a quite sane boredom and impatience with the frequent dull intervals of padding, which abounded in the pre-Wagnerian opera, and of which the master himself was by no means innocent. From the very first I could never bear to listen to *Trovatore*, *Maritana*, or indeed any of the popular Italian repertoire. Their falseness to life, as I knew it, affronted me, and they sowed in me an aversion to *bel canto* and the whole Italian school of music that has, I am sure, since deprived me of much pleasure; although the feeling is definite and has become part of my musical being. Italian music (such must be my painful confession) ends for me with Lulli and does not begin again.

Just as *Faust* and *Carmen*, two operas of which in those early days I never tired, killed *Trovatore* and *Traviata* and the rest of them, so *Tannhäuser*, when it came along, put *Carmen* and *Faust* into the category of the obsolete; and when *Tristan* and *Meistersinger* were encountered, *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* became almost old-fashioned. But *Carmen* and *Tannhäuser* have come back and held their place as musical creations which really fertilize the spirit, and which I can enjoy from end to end.

I cite my experience, not because I think it is unique, but because it is probably a very common one in England. And this brings me to the whole question of opera in England, which has been brought to the front again by a rather melancholy statement issued by the British National Opera Company, and by the much trumpeted efforts of a group headed by names of high social prestige, but not particularly interesting to the world of music. This is a proposed national trust or fund which will subsidize that marvellous native talent for opera of which Lord Londonderry, in his speech at a function of the supporters of this fund, so quaintly announced the existence. We are told (a) that there is a widespread demand in England for opera and the best of it; (b) that England is rich in native talent, both composers and singers; and (c) that opera does not pay, and that the composers and singers wilt away for lack of encouragement.

Now it is very important that this statement should be carefully examined. It is people like the readers of *APOLLO*, collectors interested in the fine arts and in the rarer and more sumptuous manifestations of artistic genius, who will certainly be appealed to and told that it is their duty to subscribe to a fund for establishing national opera. I certainly have no objection to their doing so, provided they clearly understand the conditions in which their money will be spent, and what they themselves and the country at large are actually to get in return for it. As to the first proposition, that there is an insistent and widespread demand for opera in England, I greatly doubt it. That there is an intense thirst on the part of a restricted musical public for opera is undoubtedly true, and the thirst is all the more intense and clamorous because it is only intermittently gratified. But that is a different thing from a steady demand on the part of the public as a whole. There is no real evidence that such a demand exists. What evidence there is goes to prove quite the contrary. The B.N.O.C. has made a most gallant attempt

## Music in a Life

to provide this alleged public, not only with opera, but with good opera well produced and performed. Their standards of production vary; and naturally so, because they are for ever engaged in a financial struggle; but their aim is high and has been consistently and diligently pursued. They have toured England and Scotland, they have had seasons at Covent Garden, they have undoubtedly encouraged and developed the taste for opera throughout the country, and what is the result? They are at the end of their resources. When they have made profits at one performance, they have had to be set off against losses on another. The artists most gallantly put themselves on a co-operative basis, and I am sure that, in consequence, their labours were very inadequately remunerated. There has been enthusiasm among themselves and enthusiasm on the part of the outside public towards them, but they have failed. They have not taken enough money to pay for their performances because not enough people wished to hear them. That is the bald truth.

As to the second theory, that England is rich in operatic talent, and that there are many operatic composers and dramatic artists languishing unknown throughout the towns and villages of England, this again I believe to be untrue. Opera is essentially a product of the Latin temperament, to which all forms of dramatic expression are native, and to which no adornment or intensification of dramatic situations can be too elaborate. German opera was a different thing; it was a new art founded on something much deeper than the mere temperamental desire to sing while you are acting and act while you are singing, which is the foundation of Italian opera. For one may say what one likes, but the music of Germany, if it was an art, was also a science, while in Italy it could hardly be described as either, but rather as a gift. One does not talk about the art of the lark or the thrush, or even of the nightingale; they just sing. Russian opera was merely an offshoot of, or at any rate a parallel development with, German; and it has not really produced a body of characteristic music or created any great national taste, but has merely been the dramatic exercise of Russian composers who have excelled as composers pure and simple.

But what is English opera to-day? Nothing. Miss Ethel Smythe's operas belong entirely to

the German school, and when I think of modern English operatic composers no other name occurs to me. Numbers of English musicians have written operas, but they have not produced opera in England, and none of them has ever paid the expenses of production. Edward German, an essentially English composer, is not an operatic composer, or in so far as he is, he is a descendant of Gilbert and Sullivan rather than of Purcell. Purcell's operas after all were merely dramatic entertainments with songs and choruses; a form of entertainment that has always appealed to the English, as witness the popularity of the *Beggar's Opera*, and Gilbert and Sullivan, and the inartistic, if cheerful, entertainment known as Musical Comedy. But Grand Opera in the state to which Wagner brought it, or the later French development so tantalizingly foreshadowed by Claude Debussy in *Pelléas et Mélisande*, remains an exotic in England. It does not correspond to anything in our life and temperament, any more than does the exuberant Italian opera. Our national life is sombre and austere; joy and real jollity are not part of its natural make-up, and most of its emotions do not call for music, decoration, and dance, to express them. The history of our race and its genius are epic and heroic rather than dramatic. Art with us takes a sober form, and reaches its highest point in literature.

People are much deceived, it seems to me, by the discovery that there was a real period of dance and music and jollity among the people of England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, or earlier; they seem to have founded upon that the theory that we must have a native genius for music because our folk songs and country dances are so charming. All folk music is charming, because it is natural and simple; but Morris dances and country dances generally have nothing whatever to do with art. They are much more in the nature of games; and in the long, vacant stretches of rural life and labour they represent not so much art as a combination of recreation and exercise. That they are good in themselves and not bad is in the nature of things. Everything that has not been spoiled is good; and it is no more surprising that the spontaneous music and games and dances of an incomplex civilization should be beautiful, than that the trees and flowers and sunsets, or the life and love of men and women, should have been

beautiful. Our whole attitude towards art is so modern and self-conscious, that we forget that beauty is not so much a positive as a negative thing. The God who looked upon what he had made, and saw that it was good, was probably right, and ugliness is only something that has been spoiled.

As to singers and performers, there I am not quite so sure. I think we have a considerable native talent in this direction; but it is largely a matter of training and tradition. We have no tradition, and our training is none of the best. But you cannot teach people things which they have not an innate desire to do; and you will never create a body of opera singers in a country where there is not such an atmosphere of familiarity with opera as to create in many a mind, almost unconscious of the emotion, a desire to sing and act in opera. Among miners children grow up (incredible as it may seem) ambitious to be miners too. People who live among colonies of painters are inspired with the desire to paint; and so on. Where opera is not part of the national life, or expression of the national temperament, it seems difficult to see how there should be any great outflow of talent in the direction of operatic performance.

And so we arrive at the third of the conditions stated by the enthusiasts—opera does not pay. Opera in England has always been assisted in some way or other. We had years of very creditable and sometimes splendid productions at Covent Garden in the summer seasons, which were fashionable society functions. That was the way we got good operatic music, not because people wanted to go and listen to it very much, but because they desired to possess the glittering *rendezvous* in social life, of that peculiar nature which only opera can provide—a place and occasion in which the elements that feel themselves to be important in the social world can assemble and meet together, see and be seen, and have social intercourse on a scale far larger than is otherwise possible. But always somebody paid for this. The subscribers felt that it was worth while for their amusement that there should be opera, so opera there was, at their expense. Other people got the benefit of it, enjoyed the music, developed an appetite. But if the society guarantors got weary, or for any reason found it inconvenient to have an opera season, the people whose appetite had been developed

at their expense began to complain that there was no opera, and indeed to revile their benefactors.

Hence grew up the myth about a great taste for opera in England. Various enterprises, like that of Sir Thomas Beecham, took good opera about in England; and on a smaller scale he did what the Covent Garden guarantors had done. And everywhere he left a trail of exactly similar results—people with an appetite for opera, whetted so long as it was supported and paid for by someone else, and who, when that someone else, having lost all the money he was prepared to lose, went away, set up a loud clamour that they had no opera; that there was a widespread demand for it, etc. etc.

We cannot escape from the fact that opera is an entertainment, and if people will not pay for it there is no particular reason why they should have it. I know that some of my readers will be shocked at this attitude, and say that it is not the point of view of an artist. I do not agree with them. The artists who perform the operas have to live and to be paid, and the people who ought to pay them are the people who want to hear them. The Carl Rosa Opera Company did humble work for years and years in taking opera about England; sometimes they made money, and sometimes they lost it; but their standards of performance were inevitably adjusted so as to give the best that they could according to the money they could earn; and whenever they got more money they gallantly put it into better production. But I think that the managers of that company could tell us all about the demand for opera in England, and assess its value within a few hundred thousand pounds a year. Nobody suggests that golf, football, rink skating, or a dozen other of the entertainments for which there is a widespread demand should be subsidized. There are lots of people who would like to play golf or hunt who cannot afford to. Hunting on a large scale is very like Grand Opera in England, if you can afford to do it well. The majority can neither afford to do it nor wish to do it. It is admittedly a very exhilarating and educative pursuit, educative particularly in matters of eye and nerve and physical judgment, an invaluable education for many kinds of work. But no one suggests that hunting should be endowed because of its educational value.

## Music in a Life

If Lord Londonderry and his friends succeed in raising a fund what can they do with it? They would, no doubt, try to subsidize things like *The Immortal Hour*—one of the few English modern operatic entertainments which needs no subsidy whatever, but stands and is produced on its merits, because enough of the public like it to support its production for long runs. Enough people like shabbily-produced opera to go to the "Old Vic" year in year out, and see limited productions of certain operas. Sometimes they make money, and sometimes they don't; but as a rule they do, because the coat has been cut according to the cloth. Wherever you find anything in the nature of success it has been because the alleged demand on the part of the public has expressed itself sufficiently in pounds, shillings and pence. If anything is to

be subsidized, let it be some travelling company like the B.N.O.C., which might receive specific grants for the purpose of giving a certain number of performances of some opera for which there is a demand, but which it does not pay to produce. But in any case, the fund out of which the grants are provided must be subscribed by enthusiasts who wish to make possible this delightful but expensive form of entertainment. I cannot see any excuse for supporting opera in England out of *public* money; because it is in no sense a part of our English national life.

Nevertheless, I hope the fund will succeed, that large sums of money will be subscribed and spent on enabling us who like opera to enjoy it to an extent which we cannot for ourselves afford.

(To be continued.)

## THE FIRST PINE-APPLE GROWN IN ENGLAND

By LIONEL CUST, C.V.O.

IN the famous collection of pictures and other works of art found by Horace Walpole at Strawberry Hill, there was a curious and very interesting painting of a man kneeling and offering a pine-apple on its stalk to King Charles II. Walpole, writing to his friend, Rev. William Cole, on March 6, 1780, says:

"Mr. Pennicott has shown me a most curious and delightful picture. It is Rose, the Royal gardener, presenting the first pine-apple raised in England to Charles II. They are in a garden, with a view of a good private house, such as there are several at Sunbury and about London. It is by far the best likeness of the King I ever saw; the countenance cheerful, good-humoured, and very sensible. He is in brown, lined with orange, and many black ribbons, a large flapped hat, dark wig, not tied up nor yet bushy, a point cravat, no waistcoat, a tasselled handkerchief hanging from a low pocket. The whole is of the smaller landscape size, and extremely well coloured, with perfect harmony. It was a legacy from London; grandson of him who was partner with Wise."

The picture was presented to Horace Walpole by the Rev. William Pennicott, who was rector at Long Ditton, Surrey, from 1758 to 1811. In the *catalogue raisonné* of the Strawberry Hill Collection, compiled by Walpole and completed in 1784, this picture is described as "a most curious picture of Rose, the Royal gardener, presenting the first pine-apple raised in England to Charles II, who is standing in a garden; the house seems to be Dawney Court, near Windsor, the villa of the Duchess of Cleveland. The whole piece is well painted, probably by Dankers."

The picture passed with the Strawberry Hill Collection through various hands to the sixth Earl Waldegrave, and was sold at the disposal of this collection in 1842, passing eventually into the collection of Henry Labouchere, Lord Taunton, at Quantock Lodge, near Bridgwater. Since the sale of the Quantock heirlooms at Sotheby's on July 15, 1920, it has passed into the possession of Sir Philip Sassoon, M.P.

While the picture was in Lord Waldegrave's Collection it was, in 1823, engraved in line by Robert Grave from a copy by

E. Harding, with a dedication to Richard, Marquess of Chandos, and a title, "This Plate of King Charles II receiving the first pine-apple cultivated in England from Rose the gardener at Dawney Court, Buckinghamshire, the seat of the Duchess of Cleveland . . .", thus repeating as fact the conjectural statements in Walpole's catalogue, and including as well the attribution to Hendrik Danckerts.

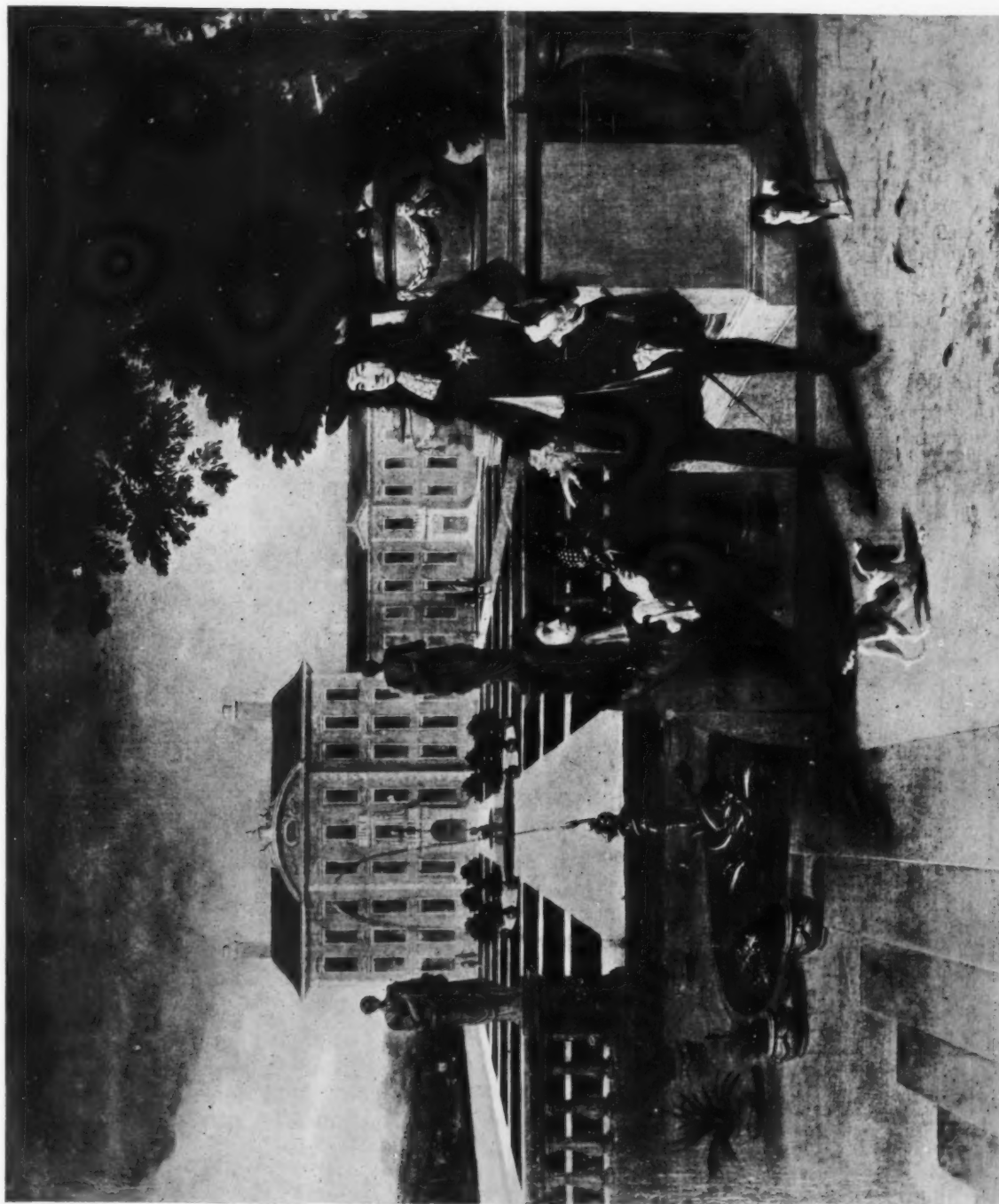
At least two other versions of this picture exist. One is at Ham House, Petersham, the seat of the Earl of Dysart. In view of the close relations between Horace Walpole and the Dysart and Waldegrave families, it is probable that the picture at Ham House is a copy made for Horace Walpole's niece, the Countess of Dysart. A third version was formerly in the collection of the Marquess of Breadalbane, and passed by inheritance with the bulk of the Breadalbane Collection to the Hon. Thomas Morgan-Grenville-Gavin. This picture was sold at Christie's in March, 1925, and has since passed into the possession of H.M. the Queen, with whose gracious permission it is reproduced in this article. The discrepancies between this version and that formerly at Strawberry Hill are very slight. In the sale catalogue the picture is described as Charles II receiving the first pine-apple cultivated in England from his gardener, at Wooton. On the strength of the Strawberry Hill picture, and the engraving taken therefrom, John Rose, a well-known gardener of his time, has been credited with having been the first person to raise the pine-apple to fruit in England, and it has been assumed that this took place at Dorney Court. There seems to be no other foundation for this statement.

The Rev. William Pennicott, who gave the picture to Horace Walpole, makes no allusion to Dorney Court, but states that the picture was a legacy from Mr. London, whose grandfather had been partner with the famous gardener, Mr. Wise. Henry Wise is honoured with a notice in the "Dictionary of National Biography," from which we learn that he was born in 1653, and died in 1738, and that he was gardener to William III, Anne, and George I. He studied horticulture with George London, with whom he became a partner in the great nursery garden at Brompton, which is one of the landmarks in the history of horticulture in England. Posterity has not done justice to the memory of John Rose, who was the master

and predecessor of George London, and in his day the leading consulting gardener to the King and the chief noblemen in and near London. John Rose was born at Amesbury, Wilts, and was employed by the chief horticulturists of his day, by Sir Thomas Hanmer, who, in 1655, sent through Rose a newly-grown tulip from his garden at Bettisfield, as a present to John, Lord Lambert, and by Arthur Capel, Earl of Essex, who employed Rose at Cassiobury. The Earl of Essex also sent Rose, about 1662, to Versailles to study gardening under the famous Le Nôtre, and it was through Rose at first the gardens were laid out in England from the designs of Le Nôtre, who does not appear to have ever visited England in person. Rose was also associated with John Evelyn, as will be noted hereafter. In 1666 Rose published a book entitled "The English Vineyard Vindicated," with a preface by John Evelyn, which was issued more than once as a supplement to a work by Evelyn himself, entitled "The French Gardiner," first published in 1658. On the title page of Rose's book he describes himself as "Gardiner to His Majesty at his Privy Garden in St. James's, formerly gardiner to Her Grace the Duchess of Somerset." The Duchess of Somerset was Frances Devereux, sister of Robert Devereux, second Earl of Essex, from whom she held a long lease of Essex House in the Strand, where John Rose was employed as gardener, and where there was a collection of the "choicest greens" under Rose's care. The Duchess's son, Lord Beauchamp, married the sister of Arthur Capel, Earl of Essex, who employed Rose at Cassiobury.

There is nothing to connect Rose with the Duchess of Cleveland, nor with Dorney Court, near Taplow, except the casual note in Horace Walpole's catalogue. Barbara Villiers, Countess of Castlemaine, was not created Duchess of Cleveland until 1670. In 1668 Charles II bought Berkshire House, St. James's, adjoining St. James's Palace, for Lady Castlemaine, who took up her residence there as the King's accredited mistress. At this date also she was finally and formally separated from her husband, Roger Palmer, Earl of Castlemaine. Dorney Court is the ancient seat of the Palmer family, and still inhabited by them. Roger Palmer was born there in 1634. He was married in 1659 to Barbara Villiers,

*The First Pine-apple Grown in England*



JOHN ROSE, GARDENER, PRESENTING A PINE-APPLE TO KING CHARLES II  
From the painting attributed to Hendrik Danckerts, formerly in the collection of Horace Walpole at Strawberry Hill, and now in that of Sir Philip Sassoon, Bart., M.P.



JOHN ROSE PRESENTING A PINE-APPLE TO KING CHARLES II

*From the painting attributed to Danckerts in the possession of H.M. the Queen*

who a year later became the mistress of Charles II, the newly-restored king. Forced to accept the title of Earl of Castlemaine in Ireland to suit his wife, Roger Palmer, in 1662, quarrelled with her, and spent some years in travel, returning to find his wife the ruling Sultana at Court. This led to the formal separation. It may be doubted if Barbara Villiers had any connection with Dorney Court. It is quite certain that the house depicted in the picture of the pine-apple is not Dorney Court, for although one side of this house was rebuilt or re-faced in the style of Inigo Jones, not unlike that in this painting,

this was done in the eighteenth century, and has since been removed.

The history of the pine-apple itself is of more immediate interest.\* Francis Bacon has been cited to prove that the pine-apple was known in England early in the seventeenth century. In his essay on "Plantations" he mentions "Chestnuts, wall-nuts, pine-apples, olives, dates, plummets, cherries, wild honey and the like" as "Victuall to heed in Plantations," and in his essay on "Gardens" he speaks of pine-apple trees as evergreen all winter. It

\* See also an article in the "Gardeners' Chronicle" for Jan. 15, 1621.

## *The First Pine-apple Grown in England*

is quite clear, however, that Bacon is alluding to pine-trees and their cones, some of which, as pine-nuts, are edible. Indeed, it appears to be the superficial resemblance of the fruit of the ananas to the fir-cone, which accounted for the gradual transfer of the name pine-apple to the new fruit, though only in England, despite the fact that there is no botanical relation between the pine or the apple and the ananas. The *Ananas Sativa* is a West Indian plant. There does not appear to be any record of this plant and its fruit having been introduced into England until the first actual mention made by John Evelyn in his "Diary" for August 9, 1661, who says: "I first saw the famous Queen Pine brought from Barbados and presented to his Majestie; but the first that were ever seen in England were those sent to Cromwell foure years since." This entry fixes 1657 as the date of the first appearance of this fruit in England. Nothing more is heard of it until 1668, when on August 19 Evelyn writes in his "Diary": "I saw the magnificent entrie of the French Ambassador Colbert, receiv'd in the Banqueting House. I had never seene a richer coach than that in which he came in to White-hall. Standing by His Majesty at dinner in the Presence, there was of that rare fruit call'd the King-Pine, growing in Barbados and the West Indies, the first of them I had ever seene. His Majesty having cut it up, was pleas'd to give me a piece off his owne plate to taste of, but in my opinion it falls short of those vanishing varieties of deliciousness describ'd in Capt. Ligon's 'History,' and others; but possibly it might, or certainly was much impair'd in coming so far. It has yet a gratefull acidity, but tastes more like the quince and melon than of any other fruite he mentions."

John Evelyn seems to have forgotten in 1668 that he had already seen a pine-apple in 1661, for assuredly the Queen Pine of 1661 and the King Pine of 1668 are specimens of the same fruit. It is quite clear from what Evelyn says that the pine-apple in each case was an imported fruit. It may be surmised that Capt. Richard Ligon, who in 1657 published "A True and Exact History of the Island of Barbadoes," was the first to import specimens of the new fruit, as the date 1657 accords exactly with Evelyn's statement in 1661. To whom would Capt. Ligon have entrusted so

precious a plant but to John Rose, already noted as the keeper of the "choice greens" at Essex House. John Evelyn used to visit Rose at Essex House, and assuredly it was on such a visit on August 9, 1661, that Evelyn saw the Queen Pine for the first time, and was informed by Rose of its origin. John Rose is stated by Samuel Felton, in his "Portraits of English Authors on Gardening" (1785), to have brought to great perfection dwarf fruit-trees in the gardens at Hampton Court, Carlton House, and Marlborough House.

In the pine-apple painting King Charles II is represented at an age near to the date of his Restoration. This would agree with either of the dates mentioned in Evelyn's "Diary," on both of which John Rose was the most likely person to have offered the new and strange fruit to His Majesty. In the painting, John Rose is shown kneeling on the knee and offering to the King by its stem a fruit of the new pine-apple. Behind Rose is a fountain, round which are placed dwarf fruit-trees in pots, one or more of which seem to be plants of this pine-apple. In the further background is another fountain surrounded by orange-trees in tubs, these being themselves a somewhat recent introduction to English gardens. It can hardly be questioned that the incident depicted is that of 1661 or 1668, probably the former of these two occasions. Had either of these pine-apples actually been raised to fruit in England at Dorney Court or elsewhere, it is hardly conceivable that fifty or sixty years later an actual claim to this distinction should be raised by a gardener at Richmond in Surrey.

It is probable that the first pine-apple to be raised to fruit in Europe was raised in Holland by a M. Le Cour, at Leyden, a specimen of this fruit being brought over to England by William Bentinck, Earl of Portland, in 1690. Sir Matthew Decker, a wealthy and bounteous Dutch merchant in London, who, in July, 1716, was created a baronet by King George I, had a mansion and large garden on Richmond Green. Here his gardener, Henry Talende, or Tollende, succeeded in raising the pine-apple to fruit for the first time in England.

Sir Matthew Decker, in 1720, entertained the King in person at Richmond, when the newly-grown pine-apple was one of the special dainties set before the King. It is not the first time that King George I made acquaintance with this fruit, because Lady Mary



THE FIRST PINE-APPLE RAISED TO FRUIT IN ENGLAND AT SIR MATTHEW DECKER'S HOUSE, RICHMOND  
Painted by Theodore Netscher, in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge

Wortley Montague, writing to the Countess of Mar in October, 1716, describes how, in addition to oranges and lemons, two *ananas* had been served at the table of the Elector of Hanover, otherwise King George I of England, at Herrenhausen. She describes the fruit as perfectly delicious, and as coming from Brazil. The fact of this pine-apple having been actually brought to fruit in England created so much interest that Sir Matthew Decker employed Theodore Netscher, a Dutch painter then working in England, to paint a portrait of the fruit. This painting is now in

the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, and bears a tablet inscribed :

PERENNI MEMORIÆ  
MATTHÆI DECKER BARONETTI  
ET  
THEODORI NETSCHER ARMIGERI  
STROBILUS HIC  
REGIO CONVIVIO DIGNATUS  
JSTIUSIMPENSIS RICHMONDIÆ CREVIT  
HUIUS ARTE ETIAMNUM CRESCERE VIDETUR  
*R. Watkins inscripsit, A.D. 1720.*

The fact that the plant was still strange to





## *The First Pine-apple Grown in England*

English botanists is shown by its being called *Strobilus*, which means a pine-cone, whereas the proper botanical name for the pine-apple is *Ananas sativa*.

During the fifty years which elapsed between the partaking of a pine-apple as a new delicacy by one King of England in 1668 and another in 1720, the whole system of greenhouse horticulture had been greatly developed, and new methods of heating introduced. Even with these improvements it took two or three years to raise a fruit from the ananas tree, so that the fruit for a long time remained a luxury.

When the steamship traffic to the West Indies came into practice, the growth and export of pine-apples became a frequent feature of West Indian trade, developing even into a success which exceeded the powers of consumption in the mother country. This does not detract from the special interest attaching itself to John Rose offering to King Charles II the first pine-apple fruit seen in England, or to Sir Matthew Decker offering to King George I the first pine-apple fruit actually grown in England.

Attempts have been made to identify the building in the background of the painting of John Rose, but without success. It certainly does not represent Dorney Court, as Horace Walpole thought, and as certainly it does not represent Wotton, the family seat of the Evelyns, as indicated in the sale-catalogue of the Breadalbane Collection at Christie's. If

it represents any real house at all, this should be Essex House in the Strand. The house is in the style of Inigo Jones and in the fashion of the time. In view of the fact that the two portraits of the King and John Rose are the essential subject of the painting, it seems to be quite probable that the painter, after depicting his group in the foreground, filled up the background with imaginary details, including specimens of the choice dwarf green plants under John Rose's care at Essex House. It can hardly be supposed that Rose, who was a special pupil of the great French gardener, Le Nôtre, would have laid out so dull and monotonous a *parterre* as that shown in this painting.

The painter has been supposed to be Hendrik Danckerts or Danckerts, a Dutch painter of topographical and architectural landscapes, much in favour with Charles II, and employed on many such paintings in the Royal palaces, some of which remain to this day. Danckerts was not employed as a portrait painter, while the two portraits in the painting are evidently the work of a practised hand in this line of painting. The landscape background is also unworthy of so skilful a painter in this line as Hendrik Danckerts. It is possible that the figures of the King and John Rose were painted by Michael Wright, a portrait-painter much in vogue in London at this date, and a personal friend of John Evelyn, through whose agency the painting may have been made for John Rose.

## THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS OF CANADA

By LEONARD RICHMOND, R.B.A., R.O.I.

THE Rocky Mountains of Canada are one of the magnificent sights of the world, especially that section so ably served by the Canadian Pacific Railway. The Trans-Canada Train, in the summer and autumn, leaves Windsor Station, Montreal, for the benefit of visitors from Europe and other parts of the world, and the comfort of the luxuriously fitted sleeping berths, combined with the excellent catering in the restaurant cars, leaves nothing to be desired.

My first journey into the heart of Canada was towards the end of March, 1925. Leaving Calgary, the nearest big city on the east side

of the Rockies, I eagerly awaited my first glimpse of the mountains. As the train advanced from Calgary, the "Foothills" of the Rockies gradually emerged in view, suggesting the appearance of a body-guard, or sentinels, guarding the sterner mountains beyond.

It is not expedient or desirable for me to describe in detailed words (even if it were possible) the emotional ascending scale that my feelings experienced as the train approached the actual Rockies themselves. It is enough to state that my highest imaginative thoughts had never visualized so much impressive force and

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dignity as those austere mountains conveyed that late afternoon in March.

Snow was practically everywhere, but the great mountains forged triumphantly upwards, exhibiting many splashes of natural rock colour along their vertical sides. Some of the mountains reached right up to the higher clouds, thus connecting the snow and ice world with the celestial regions above. The delicacy of tone against tone in the heights made it difficult to discern which was mountain and which was cloud—all helping to stimulate the imagination.

The general colour on that particular afternoon was monotone in effect. I have not seen any Japanese wood-cut print that equalled the superb draughtsmanship of the finely designed groups of pine trees which were almost black in tint, contrasting sharply against the virgin snow.

The trees in the Rockies have a precarious livelihood. Every year, in the summer and autumn months, there are forest fires which burn for days at a time despite the efforts of hired labour to combat them. The smoke wends its way for hundreds of miles, but it is quite harmless after moving for a certain distance from the conflagration, and from an artistic point of view makes the difficulties of the painter less, as so much detail in Nature is obscured, leaving the larger and more impressive natural shapes in full possession of the scene.

On normal days the clarity of the Canadian air is most baffling to anyone fresh from Great Britain. I remember one morning, when staying in Lake Louise district, starting off fairly early with the intention of climbing to the top of a mountain adjoining the lake, and also with the intention of making a sketch in pastel from the highest point. It looked about a two hours' trip to reach the highest pinnacle. I arrived home at dusk, and no sketch in pastel was born that day. All my time, with the exception of a light lunch, was spent in walking and climbing.

The mountains of Canada suggest many forms of expression for artists. In that respect they are probably unique. The intellectually endowed modern painter has scope enough to create works of art, based on the innumerable suggestions of dynamic force, grim tragedies of form caused by ancient volcanic eruptions, and occult feelings, too, can be awakened by

close contact and communion with the soul of the mountains. "Cathedral Mountain," near Field, British Columbia, is aptly named since the title exactly describes the general formation, or structure. This mountain, during the warmer season, displays carefully constructed horizontal bands, of a yellowish tinted pattern, standing out strongly on a huge pile of rocks rising sharply upwards. The silhouette forms of these gigantic rocks standing out vividly against the sky show the shapes of spires and minarets, thus causing the appearance of an ecclesiastical pile. This natural geometric design has no affinity with any suggestion of prettiness. An artist of little mentality, but endowed with copying ability, could produce a picture of interest by merely imitating in his, or her, painting this fine display of natural rock formation. That type of artist may not, of course, care for this style of subject.

The Canadian Rockies are an object lesson in logical structural formation. Their massiveness can only be rendered with any sense of proportion in large dimensioned pictures; that is, if any justice is to be given to the feeling of size and weight.

It is impossible for any artist to sketch more than a fraction of such a vast area of varied subjects, extending so many hundreds of miles, although a whole lifetime might be devoted towards that purpose. Once the artist is situated right in the mountains there is no occasion to seek for subjects or to walk any distance for desirable views. There is something interesting to paint from any angle. Many times after finishing a sketch I had only to turn my camp stool round for another subject.

Some of the most interesting pictures that I have seen recently of the Rockies are those where the artist has improvised in colour and form on the original theme in Nature. By this means Nature can be made to look more natural in a picture, and the artist's thoughts can be crystallized into positive expression. It is sometimes difficult to see the subject because of the picture.

Lakes Louise, O'Hara, Moraine, and Emerald are now famous in the lake world of Canada. I was much intrigued by the smaller sisters, Lake Mirror and Lake Agnes, known as the "Lakes in the Clouds," above Louise. Canada has large numbers of big and little lakes. The Red Indians, with their sense of

*The Rocky Mountains of Canada*



CATHEDRAL MOUNTAIN FROM THE YOHO VALLEY



THE YOHO VALLEY



THE YOHO ROAD, YOHO VALLEY



SHADOW LAKE, YOHO VALLEY

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poetical mysticism, are responsible for many existing titles of rivers, lakes, and mountains. Lake Louise on a calm day has a good habit of constantly changing colour in its reflections. I have seen several changes in less than one hour, somewhat like the old style of brilliantly coloured transformation scenes in the stage effects relating to the pantomimes of many years ago. Nodull pigment can convey the water effect of Lake Louise. Its brilliancy is almost uncanny and sometimes difficult to account for.

The Yoho Valley has a little place within easy walking distance of the C.P.R. bungalow camp, entitled "The Hidden Lakes." They are enclosed in the forest, rising from the valley below. It is a lonely, but interesting spot, and full of artistic possibilities for painters. Each lakelet is surrounded by a belt of tall dark pine trees, standing in a stately manner immediately behind the circular formation of silver sand and mud adjoining the water. At one or two points the gloomy form of ponderous Mount Wapta appears above the trees (adorned with a necklace of snow pearls), and looking downwards into the privacy of these gem lakes.

About six miles up in the Yoho Valley, from the bungalow camp, are Duchesnay Lake and Shadow Lake. What a feast of lakes Canada offers to those who look for them; and placed, too, in perfect settings.

Life in a log cabin is truly delightful. The delicious smell of the wood fire at night, when the weather is cold; the old-fashioned oil-lamp



WOODS, NEAR LAKE LOUISE

or candle; the fresh air coming through the little windows, and, finest of all, the feeling of freedom from all civilized conventions. Doctors would lose a lot of business if log-cabin life became more general.

The Canadian Pacific Railway, with their usual clever foresight, have made log-cabin life very comfortable indeed for those who want all the pleasures of this existence without any of its penalties (if any). They have excellent camps at Lake O'Hara, Lake Moraine, Wapta, Yoho Valley, and many other delightful places. I remember at Lake O'Hara camp the huge bonfire lit each evening, and how we used to sit around it after the evening meal with the firelight painting soft touches of orange tints on each face exposed to its glare. The cowboys and visitors related yarns with much humour thrown in. Men and women were real people under these conditions, and most of us felt how empty civilization is, with its inevitable path of discontent.

Towards the end of September I spent a short time alone in a log cabin at Lake Moraine. The bunga-



SNOW, NEAR LAKE AGNES





## *The Rocky Mountains of Canada*

low camp was officially closed in the middle of that month, and snow was constantly falling, a fact that I much appreciated for artistic reasons. I did my own catering. The food consisted chiefly of bread, butter, bacon, eggs, and canned fruit. I lit outdoor fires near my cabin and successfully burnt the bacon at each meal, but I generally saved the eggs from the martyr's stake. I fetched the water from the lake, hoping it was genuine drinking water. It was real exercise breaking up wood with the hefty Canadian axe, and how delicious any sort of food tasted, and how quickly I lost my table manners in grabbing eagerly at something to stay my hunger.

The second night, I believe, there was a

conspiracy amongst the neighbouring wild animals to come along and serenade me with an all-night sitting (or standing). I only know that at three a.m. the various noises were so strong that some drastic action on my part was necessary, also there was some big creature clawing in the roof, in addition to the company below. Well, I tried what I thought was diplomacy! It is true my voice is untrained, but I commenced singing that ancient song entitled "Killarney." The first verse was successful, as the animals were probably too astonished to resist, but that was the end, since the continuous encore prevented me from continuing. As dawn approached I walked away into the shadowland of dreams.

## GABRIEL METSU

By TANCRED BORENIUS

**T**HOUGH the eminent position held by Gabriel Metsu in the Dutch seventeenth-century school has by now long been universally acknowledged, yet his work and career are still on several points somewhat puzzling to the student. Precocious he certainly was, though, perhaps, not quite to the extent indicated by the idea current until recently that, as a boy of fourteen, he was one of the signatories petitioning in 1646 for the establishment of a new painters' guild at Leyden. In the newest edition (1921) of his volume on the Dutch and Flemish painters, I find that Dr. von Bode assigns to Metsu a slightly more advanced age—sixteen—on the date in question. As to the chronology of Metsu's pictures it is, undoubtedly, very difficult to establish accurately, seeing how very small a proportion of his paintings bear any dates. And it is also curious to find how the earliest works by Metsu—mainly subjects from sacred history, to which he hardly ever turns in his later years—in their style by no means bear out the statement of Metsu's early biographer, Houbraken, that the artist studied under Gerard Dou, then the leading master at Leyden.

Yet, though many points must still and, perhaps, for ever remain obscure and uncertain, the main divisions of time in Metsu's work are by now patent enough: and so are also the external influences under which his

style was formed. First and foremost the influence of Rembrandt, which Metsu, indeed, felt long before settling at Amsterdam about 1655; and other names to be mentioned in this connection are those of Frans Hals, Nicolaes Maes, and Vermeer of Delft. The works by Metsu which most strikingly recall the last-mentioned artist—in the range of colour no less than in the characteristic scheme of lighting—are the two charming companion pictures in the collection of Sir Otto Beit in London—"Writing the Letter" and "Receiving the Letter"—which mark one of the highest levels of artistic achievement ever reached by Metsu.

It is the pictures of this type, with figures on a scale much smaller than life, which form the bulk of Metsu's work. The artist was, however, by no means averse to painting figures on a life-size scale, and, though rare, there exist works of this type which can be assigned to a succession of stages in Metsu's career. Quite an early example is the picture known as "The Temptation"—an old woman offering a girl some money—in the Academy at Vienna; and somewhat later in Metsu's development comes a picture of a fish market, in the collection of the Earl of Lonsdale at Lowther Castle, which Dr. von Bode regards as the earliest work by the artist that discloses an acquaintance with the art of Frans Hals. Yet another picture belonging to this category of figure subjects on a large scale is the one—



*Detroit, Mich., Collection of Mr. Julius Haass*

THE LOVE LETTER  
*By Gabriel Metsu*

## Gabriel Metsu

now in the collection of Mr. Julius Haass, of Detroit, Mich.—of which a reproduction, by the owner's kind consent, is here for the first time made public.

The story, the pointed anecdote, is ever to the fore on Metsu's art, and, taking a general view of it, one realizes what an important part the episodes of courtship play in his subject-matter. The love-letter in particular is a much-exploited motive: here we have it again—the young woman, who has gone asleep with her head resting on her right hand, is being stealthily approached by an old woman, who carries a *billet-doux*, but hesitates before disturbing the fair sleeper. In colouring the picture is very sober and dignified, quiet browns and greys predominating and serving as an admirable foil for the luminous flesh tints of the young woman. In the quality and exquisite delicacy of the chiaroscuro, the influence of Rembrandt is very clearly seen,

and the head of the old woman is quite extraordinarily Rembrandtesque: at the same time there is in the principal figure something which suggests an approach to the manner of a pupil of Rembrandt whom I have already had occasion to mention as being one of the artists who influenced Metsu—I mean Nicolaes Maes. But whatever Metsu may have learned from other artists, the stamp of his own individuality is also unmistakably present, and whether we consider the felicitous arrangement of the composition, or the exquisite harmony of colour and modulation of tone, the picture deserves to be chronicled as an extremely important accession to the list of Metsu's work. It is particularly interesting, too, because it shows that the breadth and freedom of his touch, which one so constantly admires in his small "cabinet" pictures, did not desert him when, exceptionally, he chose to paint on a very different scale.

## THE NEW ART OF THE THEATRE

By HUNTLY CARTER

THE twentieth century promises to be a century of many changes in the theatre. For example, the form of the Art of the Theatre, which was going at a great pace before the war, is already in full retreat and a new form is advancing.

During the war the old Art of the Theatre passed into the hands of commercial theatre managers, who found it extremely profitable to apply its principles to revue and spectacle. After the war not much of the original æsthetic impulse remained. It is true that the business of making settings attractive survived, but that of designing a series of scenes with costumes and properties to match, in a logical order of form and colour to obtain æsthetic unity and continuity, had disappeared. The ambition to make objects and agents of representation as important as the play was no longer manifested except by a few noteworthy managers, including Sir Barry Jackson, Mr. Nigel Playfair, Mr. Basil Dean, and Mr. Charles Cochran. Each of these, with the exception of Mr. Dean, has published an illustrated book. "The History of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre" (written by Mr. Bache Matthews), "The

Story of the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith," and "The Secrets of a Showman," which, together with a bulky volume on "Max Reinhardt and his Theatre," and an equally bulky volume by M. Constantin Stanislavsky, entitled "My Life in Art," telling the fascinating story of the Moscow Art Theatre, sum up the work of the explorers and missionaries in the old, or medieval, realm of scenic æsthetics. By medieval, I mean that occupied by artist-craftsmen, as opposed to the new realm wherein resides the artist-mechanic. The one reveals a passion for manual production; the other, for machine production.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the present-day European theatre is, that there is very little of the old Art of the Theatre left. The reason is that many vital circumstances have arisen to contribute to a new conception of the nature and value of the theatre, of the play, and of the setting. Probably the foremost is the need of reconstruction and the consequent introduction of a new age of scientific industry in which electrification and the machine are marked out to play leading parts. Other shaping circumstances, including the natural



THE THREE-DIMENSIONAL SETTING AS USED FOR "LYSISTRATA" AT THE GROSSE  
SCHAUSPIELHAUS, BERLIN

curiosity of the public as to the nature and aim of reconstruction, and the replacing of self by the ideal social self, have brought the theatres of Europe into direct contact with life itself on the threshold of scientific civilization, and faced them with the question of the representation and interpretation of this civilization, the question of a new form of play, of new principles of acting and system of training, of a new method of staging and of new and appropriate scenery, costumes, and accessories. So we find art turning towards industry no longer in the old abstract and manual way, but in the new material and mechanical way. We find the Art of the Theatre turning from the abstract to the material forms of the scene, and the "decorator" treating the production as a mechanical problem, not as an æsthetic one.

So comes a new terminology of the scene. "Decoration" is replaced by "construction,"

"scenic architecture," "the material forms of the action," and so on. The "decorator" emerges as "artist-mechanic," "constructor," "builder," or what not. Construction or building, as an architect or engineer understands the term, takes the place of composition or modelling, as a painter understands the term.

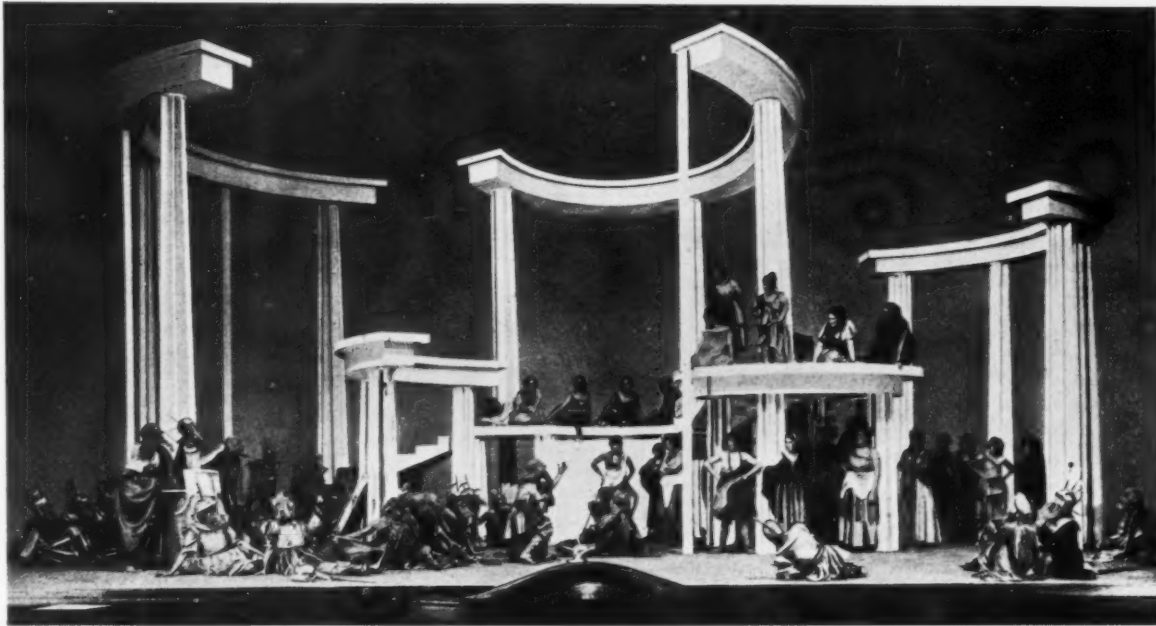
Probably the two most important things in the change are the influence of the machine, and the idea of unity embodied in the theory of construction. It is worthy of note that the new "decorators" are already being called the romantics of the machine. They are concerned with machine structures, and they use the language of the machine so different, and some would say opposed, to that of art.

The theory of construction is that acting comes first. The setting is evolved by the acting. Its sole function is to serve. Thus, every part of a setting is designed to be used by

## *The New Art of the Theatre*

the actor, unlike the old setting, many parts of which were merely ornamental. Logically, the new setting cannot be detached from the actor, any more than the beak from a bird, or the teeth from a tiger, except by accident or operation entailing loss of function. It will be gathered that the difference between the old and new theory and practice of unity is that, whereas the old was got by unessential accretions that could be detached without affecting the acting, the new is got by essentials which

highly organized and sternly disciplined movements. To the trapeze artist the trapeze is an essential tool to his evolution as a performer. This has been noticed by the new decorators who are turning increasingly to the circus and music hall for inspiration. Thus, in the theatre whatever construction is used as a setting must be an essential tool or weapon by which the actor can extend his acting. Apparently the aim of the constructivist movement is to break down and remove the obstacles scenic aesthetic;



THE NEW THREE-DIMENSIONAL SETTING AS USED AT THE MOSCOW ART THEATRE  
IN THE PRODUCTION OF "LYSISTRATA"

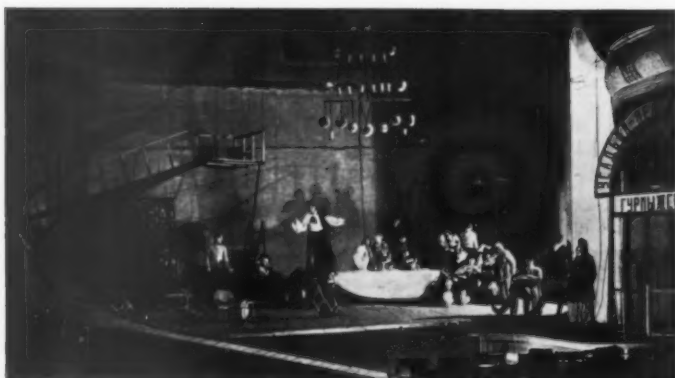
*Designed by Rabinovitch*

cannot be detached without the acting being seriously affected.

The new concept of scenic unity assumes that there are certain natural aids to acting which, although apparently separated from the actor, are organically connected with him. These appear in settings, or tools and weapons, which form an extension of the actor's body and power of acting, and enable him to attain extended or fullest expression, in the same way as a painter does by the use of brush and pigment. The circus provides many examples of the use of essential and serviceable "tools." Each performer has his tool or weapon, which is so organically connected with himself that it enables him to give fullest expression to his

opposed to the fullest communication of the drama, to remove, that is, distraction and those hindrances to concentration on the acting, which unessential and dissipated form and colour set up.

The new cry of the scenic artist, then, may be said to be "Art must organize and construct the scene, not merely ornament it." Accordingly settings are making their appearance, some entirely new, others of a transitional character. The first aim is to suppress æsthetic and "decoration," and to rest solely on principles of construction as applied by the engineer and architect. A setting is conceived as a construction on an architectural plan in a form that most perfectly fits the requirements



THE NEW TYPE OF CONSTRUCTIONAL SETTING AT THE MEIERHOLD THEATRE, MOSCOW, AS USED IN A CLASSICAL PLAY, "THE FOREST," BY OSTROVSKY

*Note the vertical dimension left and the devices by which the stage is joined to the Auditorium*

*Designed by V. Chestakoff*

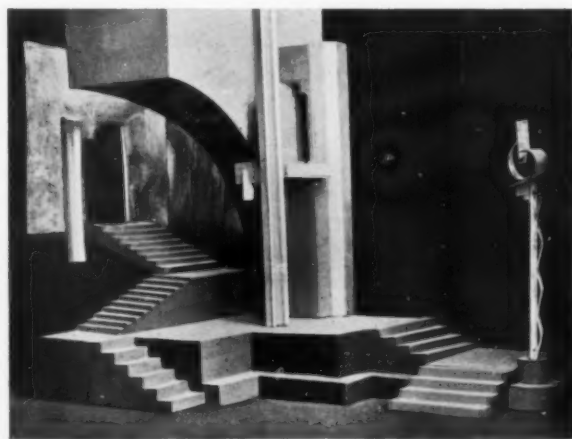
of the actor and the stage crowd. The second, or transitional, combines the principles of construction and of scenic æsthetics. Though the setting may reveal the influence of constructivism, the general aim is to obtain not a scientific result but an artistic one.

The scientific setting, as the constructivist setting may be called, has made its appearance in Moscow, Leningrad, Prague, and Vienna. The transitional has appeared also in these cities, as well as in Warsaw and Western Continental cities, German and other. The strict constructivist setting takes the form of a three-dimensional structure having depth, width, and height. It varies in shape and size according to specific purpose. In some cases it rises from the centre of the stage like an Eiffel Tower and has a clear space all round. In appearance it resembles a mass of scaffolding and comprises a system of platforms, gangways, ladders, and moving surfaces, which are sometimes arranged to form several stages upon which many scenes are played simultaneously. An excellent example of this type of setting was used for the production of the adaptation of Mr. G. K. Chesterton's "Man who was Thursday" at the Kamerny Theatre, Moscow. Another type of the constructivist setting consists of a simple industrial structure, or a tool, say a large reaping machine, used symbolically, and placed in the centre of a naked stage. This type was used in the production of Crommelynck's "Magnificent Cuckold." A third type consists of a simple structure with

adaptable parts, resembling a mechanical toy that can be taken to pieces.

Complicated though some of these settings appear they are perfectly adapted to the character of the exhibition and to the requirements of the actor. The vertical dimensions, for example, which are extremely original, are capable of being used to the greatest advantage. The Russian theatre attaches the utmost importance to acting. Acting, indeed, comes first, and it is the actor, the acting potentialities of his entire body and all the elements of expression of which he is capable, that are at the bottom of the theory of construction. The new possibilities of acting have, in fact, evoked the new setting, or, as some would say, the new stage mechanics.

At the same time, the new setting has called forth important questions of technique. There is the question of the systematic, scientific instruction of the artist-mechanic who is to take the place of the old artist-craftsman; of the scientific training of the actor to enable him to make the fullest use of the constructivist setting; for it is a device that demands continual movement, as a circus apparatus does. Then there are questions of the orchestra and lighting necessitated by the doing away, in some theatres, with the orchestra pit and the proscenium arch and drop curtain, and by



CHAMBER THEATRE, MOSCOW. SETTING FOR "URIEL ACOSTA," ACT II. SPACE CONSTRUCTION  
*An architect's and engineer's conception of scenery, showing the scene conceived of as a thing of space, volume, and levels*

*Designed by N. Altmann*

## *The New Art of the Theatre*



STATE JEWISH THEATRE, MOSCOW

*An example of the transitional setting, construction, and æsthetics used in the production of "200,000"*

*The parts of the setting are adaptable*

the renewed search for unity of stage and auditorium.

These new principles, architectural and engineering, of the scenic structure are said to have originated with what is now termed the left wing of the theatre. This is not quite accurate. Max Reinhardt has for some time been experimenting with three-dimensional settings in his Great Theatre at Berlin. He has also paid much attention to vertical dimensions. Still, his conception of stage mechanics is far different from that of the new men of the theatre. In his later stages he has employed all the devices of up-to-date engineering to get his effects, and has introduced great masses of machinery to the stage, which make it resemble a vast factory. His aim has been to present imposing spectacles and not to make the setting an essential tool for acting. Moreover, he has continued the æsthetic tradition, seeking beauty by means of colour and line, and not by service. Into his

arsenal of hoisting and stage machinery he has brought the painter-designer to provide costumes and accessories of the traditional art character. It is instructive to compare Max Reinhardt's setting for "Lysistrata" with that of the Moscow Art Theatre First Studio's setting. The one is the limit of unessentials in overwhelming stage mechanics; the other is the extreme of simplicity and beauty of essential and serviceable material form. Both, however, have transitional elements.

These elements are found in the Russian academic theatres, and the progressive theatres of Western Europe. Probably the most significant and provocative are those contained in the work of the Moscow Kamerny (or Chamber) Theatre, and the Moscow Jewish Theatre. The director of the Kamerny Theatre, M. Alexander Tairov, has conceived a theory of neo-realism. According to this theory everything in the theatre must serve not actual life, but all that is included in the term Art. The



A TRANSITIONAL SETTING FOR "CITRA"

*By Tagore, at the National Theatre, Prague*

actor himself must be an embodiment of the spirit of Art. Everything in a production must be made to serve this end. Thus arise endless experiments with the principles of Art applied to material forms in order to realize that inner idea of a character with which the actor seeks to clothe himself. It is metaphysico-psychology carried to an extreme with the aid of Art.

For ten years or more M. Tairov has fitted a steady procession of classics with changing types of setting. He has passed from the static cubism of "Thamir," in 1916, to the extreme urban constructivism of "The Man who was Thursday," in 1924. Under his direction the scenic artist has changed from decorator to constructor-architect.

The Jewish Theatre, of recent birth, has, under the direction of M. Alexander Granovsky, also done remarkable work of a transitional character in "Uriel Acosta," 1923, "The

Sorceress," 1923, and "200,000," 1924. This theatre is an exponent of Jewish nationalism. The settings, though designed on constructivist lines to give full play to the acrobatic and athletic movements of the actors, yet have a decided character of their own. They are adaptable structures capable of being used as interiors or exteriors through the rapid adjustment of platforms, ladders, and other parts. Much attention is, however, paid to pictorial effect, and by the ingenious use of colour and line in conjunction with the "scaffolding" exceedingly pleasing designs are obtained.

During my travels in Europe I have seen many examples of the transitional setting. In particular there was a very telling Hell setting in the production of Molnar's "The Red Mill," at the Burgtheater, Vienna. Hell was constructed to look like the interior of a vast munitions factory, thus showing the influence

## *The New Art of the Theatre*



*Photograph by Valery, Paris*

A NOVEL SETTING FOR M. JEAN COCTEAU'S VERSION OF "ROMEO AND JULIET"  
AS PRODUCED IN PARIS

*The perspective is painted on a screen. Designed by M. Jean Victor Hugo*

of the industrial idea on scenery. I noticed certain productions at the famous Polski theatre, Warsaw, in Prague, in Germany, and in Paris at Pitoëff's Theatre. For instance, there were the machine plays by Karel Capek, Georg Kaiser, and Ernst Toller, all of which showed clearly that the scenic artist is more and more turning towards the machine for inspiration.

Those who are interested in the new principles which I have described may find traces of their application in London. For instance, the latest development of the Diaghilev Russian Ballet, as seen especially in "The House Party," "The Blue Train," and "Les Matelots," is towards a naked stage and "naked" dancers. In these ballets the scenery consists merely of a backcloth painted by a well-known artist, say, Marie Laurencin. The dancers wear bathing costumes or shorts. Gone are the elaborate settings by Bakst and

other Russian giant decorators. Gone are the traditional ballet costumes. The dancers are acrobats and their movements are those of the machine. Likewise in Mr. Charles Cochran's "On with the Dance" revue at the Pavilion Theatre there are similar features—naked scenes, and dancers clad only for the sake of decency. In its way, "On with the Dance" is the most remarkable entertainment in London to-day. It is a panorama of modern dancing and shows how the dance has evolved from the pure æsthetic form, with its beautiful Hogarthian line, as in "Les Sylphides," to the mechanical form with its zig-zag machine line, as illustrated by Massine in his dance of the chauffeur—an item not included in the revised version of the revue. From these and other exhibitions one concludes that the Art of the Theatre is strongly influenced by the materialistic and mechanistic conception of civilization and the theatre.

## THE COURTAULD COLLECTION

By J. B. MANSON

**I**T is a remarkable fact that not many years ago there was hardly a modern foreign picture in a public gallery or private collection in England.

French Impressionism and, more especially, its later development, the school of painting, which has had the greatest influence on modern art in England, as elsewhere, was practically unrepresented here.

There had been an Impressionist exhibition at the Grafton Galleries in 1905, and a fine show of Post-impressionism at the same gallery five years later, but these were greeted as matters of wonder and amusement rather than as serious achievements. It used to take about fifty years for a new art movement to reach London from Paris, and it was not until 1924 that French Impressionism (and its principal heir, Paul Cézanne) was really discovered in Bond Street. That was the year of the exhibitions at the galleries of Messrs. Agnew and Knoedler. These synchronized with the announcement of Mr. Courtauld's splendid gift to the nation—a gift by means of which a gap, almost an abyss, in the representation of modern art in England is being filled.

Now, while the new Modern Foreign Gallery is nearing completion, nearly every aspect of the most remarkable period of artistic activity and development in France—the latter half of the nineteenth century—is

represented by good and characteristic examples.

Degas, one of the greatest artists of the century, is seen in his earlier manner in "Les jeunes Spartiates," when he was emerging from classicism into something more personal. His remarkable picture of "Miss Lola at the Cirque Fernando" shows him much farther advanced. This picture was in the fourth Impressionist Exhibition in Paris in 1879.

Its striking originality of conception and design is probably without a parallel in the history of art. It is an almost incredible piece of realism, and judged merely as a painting

it is not surpassed by any other work. The figure suspended from the roof hangs completely in mid air, an effect obtained with masterly ease simply by the exquisite truth of its colour values. The drawing, as in all the work of this master, is faultless. The colour is a most unusual harmony of warm tones of a subdued orange-red with a relief of dull green,



CÉZANNE CHAUVE

By Paul Cézanne

*The Courtauld Collection*



LA SERVANTE DE BOCKS

*By Edouard Manet*

and the design is absolutely unique. Although the subject was an extremely difficult one to undertake, its achievement is something more than a stupendous feat—a *tour de force*—it is a magnificent work of art.

The stalwarts of the Impressionist movement are nearly all represented, though in varying degrees of adequacy.

The triumphant "Servante de Bocks," of Manet, is an obvious *tour de force* of direct

and virile painting, but the only example of the veteran, Claude Monet—the doyen of Impressionism—is a small but remarkably clever and brilliant picture of a scene on the *plage* at Trouville. Though fascinating in its breadth and audacity, it is not at all characteristic of the master in the full development of his power.

C a m i l l e Pissarro, who will, probably, in time—the best fruit is said to ripen latest—be regarded as the greatest of the French Impressionist masters, is seen in a remarkable painting of atmosphere, “The Boulevard des Italiens at Night.”

This work is more particularly characteristic of his method of painting than as a picture. The effect is obtained entirely by delicate truth of values—there is not a line anywhere. The wonderful effect of gradation and recession is got by a super-subtle perception of colour values which, perhaps, only a painter who has closely studied the methods of this particular school can fully appreciate. Pissarro was infinitely varied in his interests—he painted every kind of thing—so that he cannot adequately be represented by one example.

Renoir, who was at times the most charming painter of the school, is represented by the best example of his early work, “La Première Sortie,” a picture unsurpassed for delicacy of feeling and perception. The

“Nu dans l’eau” is somewhat later, and is a very delightful, though not faultless, example of his painting of the nude.

Another painter, Alfred Sisley, whose work has a delightful freshness, is invariably criticized with greater severity than other masters of the school—presumably because he was partly English. His early study of a landscape under snow, “L’Abreuvoir,” about 1874, has an obvious charm and delicacy, if it lacks something of the sterner quality—the breadth and grip—of his later work, the pictures belonging to the period when he settled and painted at Moret and along the banks of the Loing.

These are the examples of the original Impressionist school.

Traces of the immediate development of that school—pointillisme—are evident in the important example of the work of Georges Seurat, a gifted artist who died at the age of thirty-two. “La Baignade”

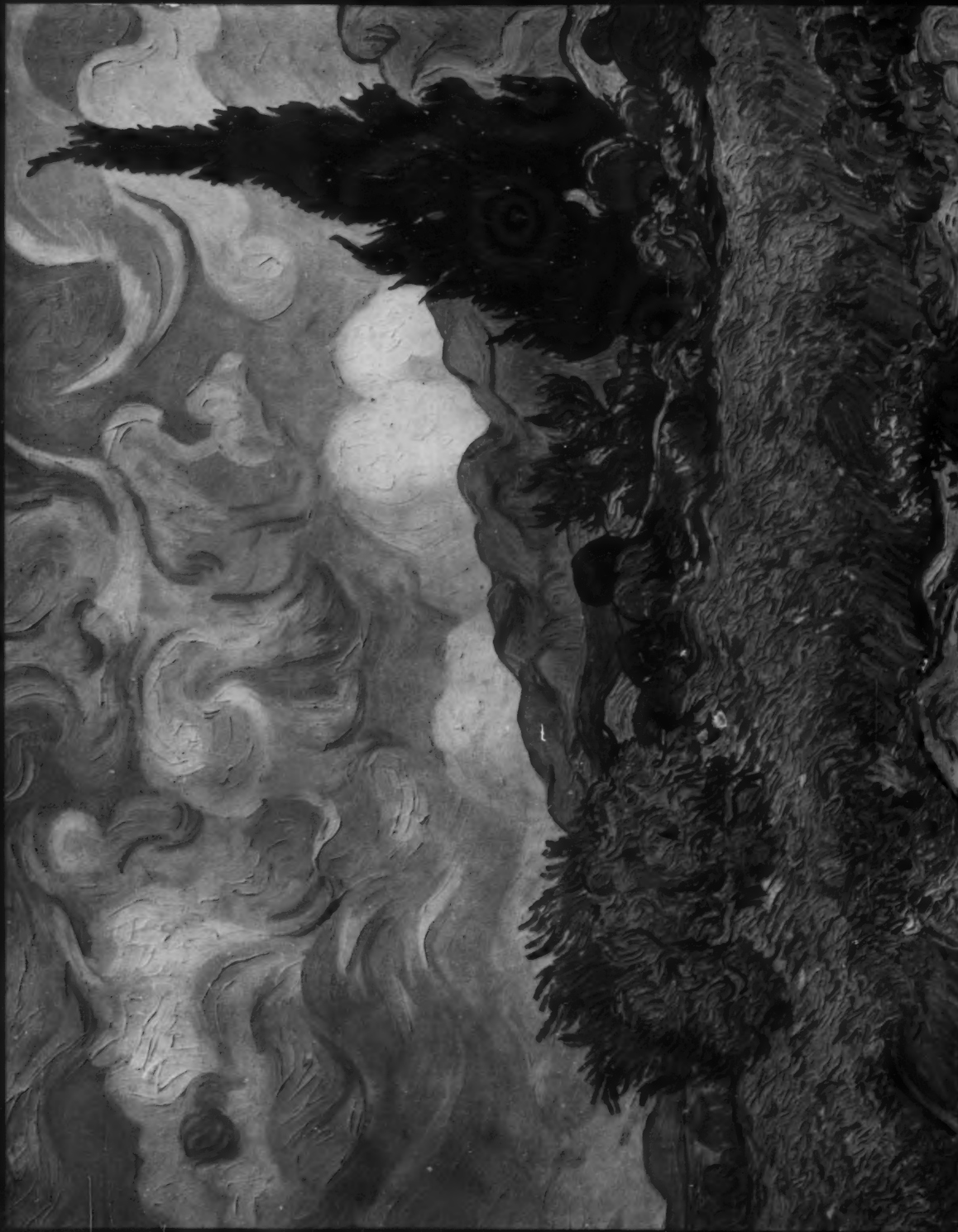
is one of his best works—a picture painted just before his full pointilliste method. The picture was reproduced and discussed in *APOLLO* for May, 1925.

The most interesting figure of modern art is Paul Cézanne, who is represented by two very fine examples: his own portrait, “Cézanne Chauve,” and “Aix: paysage rocheux.” Cézanne, feeling the weakness in structure of the Impressionist paintings,



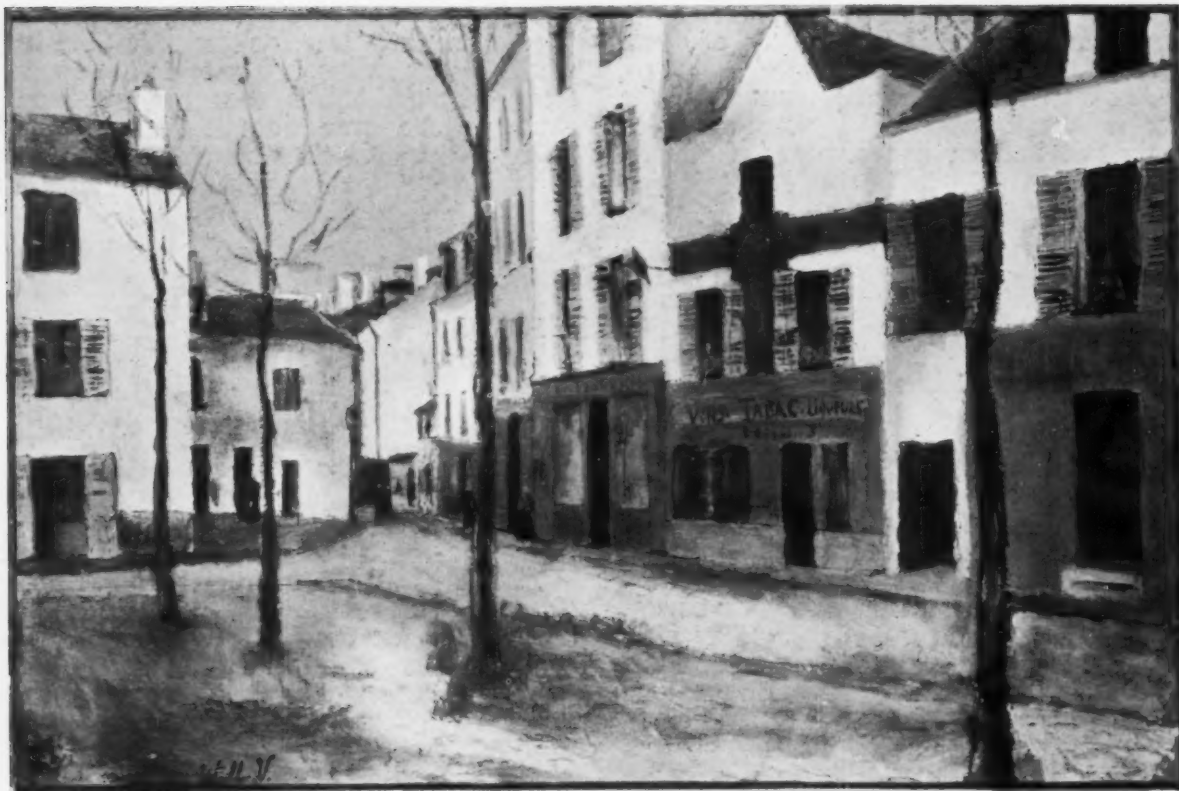
NU DANS L'EAU

By P. A. Renoir





*The Courtauld Collection*



LA RUE DU TERTRE

*By Maurice Utrillo*

attempted to produce work which would combine solidity of structure with the sparkling quality and fresh colour of Impressionism. Like that of the original masters of the school, his work is based on a subtle perception of colour values—a fact which is ignored by his so-called followers in England who paint in the colour of mud while meticulously outlining the objects in their pictures. "Aix" is a successful example of his work. It is convincing in its truth to colour and atmospheric effect, while it lacks nothing in solidity.

His portrait "Cézanne Chauve" is a very pure example of expression. It is a model of subtle analysis.

Cézanne has had a greater influence on modern art than any other painter, although posterity will probably be more discriminating than some of his present admirers.

There are, in the collection, three moving examples of the work of the very remarkable painter Vincent Van Gogh, who must be

considered as an independent, although in feeling he is essentially impressionist. He cared nothing for abstractions or for theories; but he reacted strongly to certain aspects of Nature and he felt a passionate need for expression. The method mattered little so long as he could liberate his soul by concrete expression of the perceptions which tormented him by their acuteness. Vitality is the first essential of a work of art, and no picture in existence—not excepting El Greco's—possesses more of that quality than his "Landscape with Cypress Trees"—a picture which has almost more vitality than life itself. "Sunflowers" has something of his burning appreciation of the vital quality of things—it is instinctively decorative. "The Yellow Chair" expresses much the same thing—the intensity of his reaction to life—life expressed, as it was for him, in the simplest and most ordinary objects.

"La rue du Tertre," by Maurice Utrillo,

cannot be said to belong to any school. It has the charm of affected simplicity and truth.

Latest in date is a lovely example of the recent development of Impressionism—an intimate lyrical joy in the colour of Nature.

"La Table," by Pierre Bonnard, is a sort of poem of colour. It is Impressionism, but its method is somewhat different; it has learnt from Cézanne, but it does not insist on structure, and even discards it in certain passages where it is not vital to expression.

## THOMAS HICKEY

By THOMAS BODKIN

SIGNS of increasing interest in the productions of the minor eighteenth-century painters who worked in England are multiplying apace. The purchase of the Highmore portrait for the National Gallery is a welcome portent. The extraordinary brilliance of Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney dimmed for too long the light of lesser stars; but when the eye becomes accustomed to their splendour their satellites loom out into notice and invite our admiration and study. Nathaniel Hone is now winning his way into well-deserved good repute. Another Irishman, Thomas Hickey, is likely to follow close on his heels into the public favour.

Considered merely as a personality, Hickey presents a character of extraordinary fascination. The more we learn of his amazing career the more we must desire a close acquaintance with his meritorious painting. A great deal of fresh information about his many activities and adventures has recently been disinterred. The time seems opportune to set it forth concisely in hope that it may stimulate critics and archivists to further effort in research.

In Mr. W. G. Strickland's monumental "Dictionary of Irish Artists," published in 1913,\* all the then available information about Thomas Hickey was, for the first time, duly collated and set forth. Recently Mr. W. G. Constable, writing for Thieme-Becker,† supplemented the information given by Mr. Strickland with many interesting fresh particulars. Important gaps in the account of Hickey's life still remained to be filled. For

example, Mr. Constable felt at liberty to doubt the accuracy of the allegation that he was in India about 1788, which allegation was based on the attribution to him of a "History of Painting and Sculpture," published in Calcutta in that year. Careful search failed to disclose his name either in the lists of permits to visit India given about that time by the Courts of Directors of the East India Company or in the contemporary lists of residents in Calcutta.

I have lately been fortunate in discovering a fine copy of that rare and curious book. The title page reads as follows:

STORIA DELLA PITTURA E LA SCULTURA  
DA I TEMPI PIÙ ANTICHI  
TOMO I

Ὁ μὲν γὰρ τὸ Επειδ, πανί ἀρχαίων, ὅς ὁ μόνον τεχνήσασθαι τοῖς Ἀχαιοῖς τὸν ἵππον, ἀλλὰ καὶ συγκαταζῶναι αὐτῷς ἐς αὐτὸν λέγεται.

*In Lucian. Hipp. seu. Baln.*

THE HISTORY OF PAINTING AND SCULPTURE,  
FROM THE EARLIEST ACCOUNTS  
VOL. I  
CALCUTTA:  
From the Press of JOSEPH COOPER  
MDCCLXXXVIII

The dedication is to the Right Honourable Charles Earl Cornwallis, then Governor-General in India and Commander-in-Chief, and is signed and dated by the author at Calcutta: August the 12th, 1788. The interest of my copy of the book is greatly enhanced by the fact that it contains a long autograph letter, sent from 17 Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, on August 12, 1797, by Thomas Hickey, to the Right Honourable Henry Dundas, whose book-plate, as first Viscount Melville, is also inserted.

\* "A Dictionary of Irish Artists," by Walter G. Strickland. Dublin, 1913. Vol. i, pp. 482-85. I take this opportunity of acknowledging my indebtedness to Mr. Strickland for much of the new matter in this article.

† Thieme-Becker. *Lexikon der Bildenden Künstler*, vol. 17, p. 47.

## *Thomas Hickey*

When Hickey addressed him he was President of the Board of Control for Indian Affairs, and the painter sought his patronage on the eve of making a fresh journey to the East, his mind "impressed with the reflection of the vicissitudes to which such a profession as mine is exposed . . . at my period of life who am now in my fifty-sixth year." He recounts the main facts of his existence till that time, and so enables us, at last, to complete his biography in sequence.

He was born in Capel Street, Dublin, in 1741, the second son of Noah Hickey, a most prosperous confectioner. Noah's will, proved in 1766, was preserved in the Irish Record Office in Dublin till destroyed at the burning of that office during the troubles of 1922. Fortunately, Mr. Strickland made a copy of the document a short while before, which he has kindly lent me. From this it appears that Thomas, who was left £100, was the second son; John, a sculptor of repute in his day, was the third. It is usually asserted that John was the elder brother.

Thomas, as a boy, studied in the drawing schools of the Dublin Society, where between 1753-56 he won several prizes. He soon acquired a reputation for portrait drawings. Three of these, in black and white chalk on grey paper, representing Charles Lucas, M.P.,\* Sir Fielding Ould,† and Henry Mossop,‡ are now in the National Gallery of

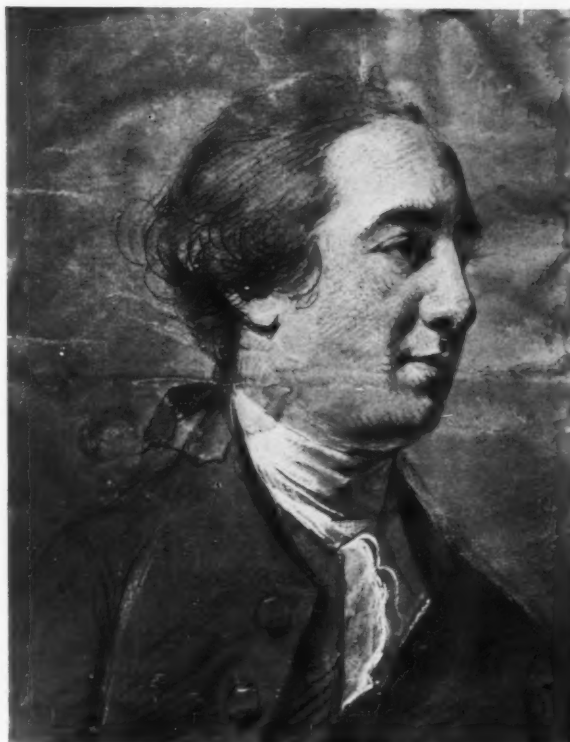
Ireland. The former two are signed, are life-sized, and are dated, respectively, 1758 and 1759. Hickey soon after doing them went to Italy, remained there nearly six years studying painting and became, according to his own account, "somewhat versed in the literature and accustomed to the practice" of the Italian language. He had previously acquired a good knowledge of French.

The Dublin news-sheet, "Falconer's Journal," on May 16, 1767, announced that

"Mr. Thomas Hickey arrived from Italy from the pursuit of his studies in the art of painting." He took up his residence in Little Britain Street, and during the next three years exhibited portraits at exhibitions of the Society of Artists in William Street. In 1769 he painted the signed and dated portrait of the Lord Lieutenant, George, first Marquess Townshend, now in the Mansion House at Dublin. In the same year he did the charming picture of two children now in the National Gallery of Ireland.\*

Not receiving the success he had hoped for, he went to London. His name appears as an ex-

hibitor in the Royal Academy exhibitions between 1772 and 1775. Among his more notable works of the time were the portrait of Mr. Justice Parke, now in the Magdalen Hospital; Dr. Dodd (1772), also in the Magdalen Hospital; Daniel Race (1772), chief cashier of the Bank of England, which was engraved in mezzotint by James Watson; Sir Armine Wodehouse (1773), now in the National Gallery



CHARLES LUCAS, M.P.

*By Thomas Hickey*

\* The National Gallery of Ireland Catalogue, 1914. No. 3437. Measures 1 ft. 6 in. high by 1 ft. 2 in. wide.

† Catalogue No. 2154. Presented by Lieutenant R. F. Morrison in 1888. 1 ft. 6 in. high by 1 ft. 2 in. wide.

‡ Catalogue No. 2588. Oval. 7 in. high by 6 in. wide. Purchased in 1906 for 10s. 6d. from J. Rimell. Engraved in reverse in "Exshaw's Magazine," February, 1775.

\* Not yet catalogued. Bought in 1925 for £100 from Captain Langton Douglas. Canvas measuring 39 in. high by 31 in. wide. Signed and dated.

*Apollo: A Journal of the Arts*

of Ireland;\* Gerard de Vismes (1773); the Duke of Cumberland (1775); Mrs. Abingdon, the actress (1775), which Mr. Constable conjectures is the picture now in the Magdalen Hospital, but which may be the one, as Lady Bab Lardoon in "The Maid of the Oaks," now

the Master of Ceremonies in Bath, engraved by J. Collyer in 1778, and one of William Dawson, the Master of Ceremonies in 1779, also engraved by Collyer. At this period he did occasional subject pictures, one such being inspired by the sixth stanza of the seventh



38½" x 31½"

TWO CHILDREN

By Thomas Hickey

in the Garrick Club; and the Duchess of Cumberland (1776).

In 1777 or 1778 he moved to Bath, where he did portraits of many other well-known people, among them one of William Brereton,

book of Tasso's "Jerusalem," another, the so-called "Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy," signed and dated 1781, now in the National Gallery of Ireland.\*

\* The National Gallery of Ireland Catalogue. No. 653. Bought in 1913 from Algernon Graves for £25. Canvas, 30 in. high by 25 in. wide.

\* Not yet catalogued. Purchased in 1925 for £220 from Captain Langton Douglas. Canvas, measures 40 in. high by 50 in. wide. Signed and dated. As Garrick died in 1779, the central figure can hardly represent him. It appears to be drawn from a smaller man.

## Thomas Hickey

In 1781 he became restless, and embarked for Bengal in the *Royal George* East Indiaman. He was captured along with the East and West India fleets, at the outset of his voyage, by the combined fleets of France and Spain, and transferred as a prisoner to the Spanish man-of-war, the *Galicia*. On board he found a Spanish grammar, and, during the three weeks he remained at sea, made such progress in the language as enabled him to become the interpreter for several other prisoners who suffered from "want of language to communicate their grievances."

From the *Galicia* he was brought to Xeres, in Spain, and in the following month was enlarged on the frontiers of Portugal, whence he found his way to Lisbon. Here he settled down and practised his art for upwards of three years, during which time he learned Portuguese.

When William Hickey, the famous Calcutta attorney, arrived in Lisbon, in 1782, one of his first visitors was Thomas, who had been acquainted with his family, though he was no relation. The meeting is described in the second volume of William's fascinating memoirs.\* According to him, Thomas then occupied four handsome rooms on the ground floor of Mrs. Williams's Hotel. He undertook to paint the portrait of William's mistress, Charlotte. William says:

He made a good likeness, though strongly marked with the melancholy depicted in her countenance at the time she sat, from the thoughts of parting. As she insisted upon having my portrait to take with her, I sat, he making an admirable representation of me.

The passion for wandering soon again seized Thomas, and he set out from Lisbon in a Portuguese ship, arriving, after a seven months' voyage, in Calcutta, in 1785. William Hickey records† his arrival:

In March, my namesake, Mr. Thomas Hickey, the portrait painter whom I left in Portugal, arrived in Bengal with an intention of following his profession, and afterwards did so with considerable success. The first sight of him renewed my grief in all its force for the loss of my darling Charlotte, by bringing to my recollection a hundred different circumstances that had occurred when we were living in the same hotel at Lisbon. Mr. Hickey took a large, handsome house in the most fashionable part of Calcutta. Soon after being settled therein he proposed painting a full-size portrait of my lamented love, observing he thought he could execute it so as to gratify me, partly from the small picture done while we were at Lisbon but still more from

his perfect recollection of her features and figure. He accordingly executed a whole-length which, although undoubtedly a likeness, was by no means a favourable or pleasing one. I paid him for it two thousand sicca rupees, or two hundred and fifty pounds sterling.

Later in the same volume\* William describes, in characteristic fashion, how a pendant portrait of himself came to be painted:

My namesake, who frequently called upon me, observed it was a pity that the whole-length picture of Mrs. Hickey had not a companion. This I perfectly understood, but was determined not to take the plain hint. His persevering attention to his own interest, however, was more than a match for my prudential reserves. He at last in direct terms said I ought to sit for my own portrait to match the other, and I was blockhead enough to comply, paying another two thousand sicca rupees for my folly. He made a very correct likeness with which everyone seemed pleased.

It is greatly to be regretted that this portrait of such a remarkable character has so far eluded the research of Mr. Spencer.

The price paid indicates that Thomas Hickey practised his art with considerable monetary success in India. He painted during his various sojourns there portraits, among others, of Mr. Ferguson of Monkhood, signed and dated 1787, which was sold at Christie's on May 26, 1906; The Hon. George Livins of the Bengal Council, sold at Christie's on December 9, 1911; the Rev. H. Martin, Chaplain-General to the Honourable the East India Company in Bengal, which was engraved in mezzotint by W. Day; The Marquess Wellesley, subscribed for by the public, and now in the Banqueting Hall at Madras; Sir Eyre Coote, now also in the Government House, Madras; Benjamin Roebuck, Paymaster-General in Madras, engraved in stipple by A. Cardon; Governor Harrison, and a companion piece, Norah Harrison; seventeen relatives and officers of Tipu Sultan, now in the Government House, Delhi; and Colonel Colin MacKenzie, the Surveyor-General of India, with "three distinguished Brahmins," which he himself engraved in Madras when in his seventy-sixth year, and which is now in the India Office.

Yet he was not, apparently, at first fully occupied: and so "to amuse my leisure hours wrote in Italian and English a volume of the 'History of Ancient Painting and Sculpture.'" This is the work which he sent to Melville. It never progressed beyond the first volume.

\* "Memoirs of William Hickey," edited by Alfred Spencer. London, Hurst and Blackett. Vol. ii, p. 386.

† *Opus cit.* Vol. iii, p. 202.

\* *Opus cit.* Vol. iii, p. 210.

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Its main interest is as a piece of local printing admirably done, with broad margins, on fine paper. The Italian text is faced on alternate pages by an English translation.

After a lengthy introduction, Hickey discourses, in the sententious manner of the age, on the origin of ancient painting and sculpture and, in particular, on the life of Phidias. A quaint chronological table, somewhat in the fashion of Archbishop Usher's, completes the first part of the book. Then follows an introduction to the second part, an introduction to the life of Polygnotus, and the lives of Polygnotus of Thasos, Mycon, Timarete, Panoe-nus, Aglaophon, Cephisodorus, Phrylus, Evenor and Apollodorus in one compartment. The whole work concludes with the life of Zeuxis.

As an art historian Hickey is distinctly, though unintentionally, comic. As a literary artist he is, frankly, contemptible. The opening paragraph of his preface affords a fair example of his style in English :

The nature of the subject comprized under the title of this book, however novel the publication may appear in a soil like this, will not be considered as unconnected with the pursuits of the author's leisure, and the perusal will discover that its ultimate tendency is not confined to the banks of the Ganges.

His style in Italian may, perhaps, be best judged from his statement that "from the time that I had been in any habits of writing or conversing in the Italian language, a space of thirty years had elapsed when I wrote it in that little work at Calcutta."

He was back again in London in 1792, living in Margaret Street, Cavendish Square. In that year he sent to the Royal Academy his last exhibit there, a "Portrait of a Nobleman."

It must have been in that year also that he painted the portrait of Thomas Davis, the actor-bookseller, which was engraved in stipple by L. Schiavonetti in 1794. For in 1792 he was attached to Lord Macartney's expedition to China as official portrait-painter.

Judging from his letter to Melville, Hickey richly enjoyed his experience in China; but he admits that his official work was slight. A portrait which he did of Lord Macartney, engraved by J. Hall, forms the frontispiece of the second volume of Sir George Staunton's "Lord Macartney's Embassy to China."\*

A drawing in pen and water-colours of a Chinese scene with numerous figures, now in the British Museum, is the only other piece of available evidence of his artistic activity on the expedition. He filled a book with landscape sketches on board *The Lion* on the outward voyage. Many years ago this was in the possession of Mr. Francis Edwards, of High Street,

Marylebone: I do not know where it may now be found. Farington records, in his Diary for November 20, 1796,† a conversation with William Alexander, who also accompanied Lord Macartney to China as an official painter, which explains, in part, Hickey's inactivity. He says: "Alexander told me that Lord Macartney did not take either him or Hickey into Tartary when His Lordship visited the Emperor of China. They were left in Pekin in a house surrounded by a high wall, and they were not permitted to walk in the city."

On his return from China he revisited

\* London, 1796. The bust only was also engraved by R. de Launay.

† The Farington Diary. Vol. i, p. 171.



GARRICK (?) BETWEEN TRAGEDY AND COMEDY  
By Thomas Hickey

## Thomas Hickey

Dublin after a twenty-five years' absence. It was probably in Dublin, in 1796, that he painted the picture of Samuel Guinness, now in the possession of Mr. Henry Guinness. His resumed career "continued in amazing progress until the period of threatened invasion from the French, which gave an instant turn in every thought directing it to national defence, and converted into martial enterprise and ardour the spirit that had been attracted to the encouragement of the arts." Thomas, however, was too old for fighting, though he did not deem himself too old to make yet another journey to India.

In 1799 his name first appears in the list of inhabitants of Madras, where, after visits to Seringapatam, Bangalore, and Vellore, he settled down, save for a stay from 1806 to 1812 in Calcutta. Melville had done nothing for him; but long after Melville's death he was granted, in 1822, a pension by the Madras Government. He died on May 20, 1824, and was buried in St. Mary's Cemetery, Madras.

I owe to the kindness of Mr. Constable the following extract from the *Government Gazette*, Madras, published on Thursday, June 17, 1824:

On the 20th ultimo, in the 84th year of his age, Thomas Hickey, Esq. This venerable Artist preserved his faculties to the last moment—indeed, we have heard it with confidence asserted that the Portraits he had finished only a few days prior to his dissolution bore every appearance of his wonted vigour, genius and skill. As he lived respected, so has he died lamented. The respectable and numerous friends that attended to pay the last and melancholy duties,

but too plainly proclaimed that—"His was the hoary head found in the way of righteousness and truth."

In addition to the various pictures mentioned above, the following should be recorded: Sir Nathaniel Barry, now in the College of Physicians, Dublin; Charles Lucas, M.P., sold in Dublin in 1832, possibly the portrait engraved in line by Patrick Halpin; Thomas, Viscount Northland, and Anne his wife, both

now in the collection of the Earl of Ranfurly; Richard Roberts, D.D., Master of St. Paul's School, engraved in mezzotint by W. Say, in 1814; John Webb, dated 1784, sold at Christie's on March 28, 1909; John, first Earl of Sheffield, and Colonel Ridley, sold at Christie's on December 11, 1909; a lady with her son and daughter, signed and dated 1781, sold at Christie's in May, 1900; Captain Mark Troughton, signed and dated 1786, at one time in the collection of the late Mr. John Lane; and two crayon drawings, both signed and dated 1758, of Sir Edward and Lady Loftus, now in the collection of Major Loftus of Mount Loftus, Kilkenny.

Two portraits

attributed to Hickey in the latest catalogue of the National Gallery of Ireland, one, good, of Thomas Leland,\* the other, very bad, of Samuel Madden,† are now believed by the Director or by Mr. Strickland to be from his hand. In this opinion I concur.

There is another picture in that Gallery,

\* The National Gallery of Ireland Catalogue. No. 655.

† *Opus cit.* Catalogue No. 397.



CHARLES JAMES FOX AND EDMUND BURKE

*By Thomas Hickey*

the charming conversation piece of Charles James Fox and Edmund Burke,\* at present ascribed to Angelica Kauffman, which must, I think, be awarded to Hickey. Mr. Strickland, in this connection, has drawn my attention to the following passage in William Hickey's *Memoirs*:†

Mr. William Burke also gave me a picture painted by Thomas Hickey, being a small-sized, whole lengths of Mr. Edmund Burke and Mr. Charles Fox, in which the former was represented as reading the famous India Bill prepared and brought into prominence by the latter. It was but an indifferent performance, yet valuable to me from the transcendent abilities of the two Statesmen.

The picture does not deserve William's strictures. True, the drawing is faulty; but the colour-scheme is very pleasant. Burke wears a mulberry coat, grey waistcoat, and green breeches: Fox, a blue coat and nain-sook yellow waistcoat and breeches. The countenances of the two are depicted with vitality. William Burke presented this delightful little picture to William Hickey in 1789. The India Bill had been brought in by Fox in 1783 and defeated. At that time Thomas Hickey had long been absent from England. So we must assume that it was painted before his departure. There is nothing in it to indicate that the two statesmen were actually discussing the India Bill in question. That suggestion was probably a happy after-thought of the donor's.

The National Gallery of Ireland possesses

\* The National Gallery of Ireland Catalogue. No. 258. Purchased in 1886 from Henry Graves for £95. Canvas measures 2 ft. 5 in. high by 1 ft. 10 in. wide.

† *Opus cit.* Vol. iii, p. 349.

yet another picture on the same scale which is also ascribed to Angelica Kauffman, the admirable portrait of Joseph Hickey, Goldsmith's attorney of the "Retaliation."\* The Director of the Gallery inclines to the opinion that this may also prove to be the work of Thomas Hickey. I agree with him in thinking that it is not by Angelica. It is far above the general level of

her achievement. Yet I feel it is too well drawn and too crisply handled to be the work of Thomas either. Draughtsmanship was his weak point. His full length figures are shaky about the legs. The "Comedy" of the "Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy" is a typical example of his incapacity in that respect.

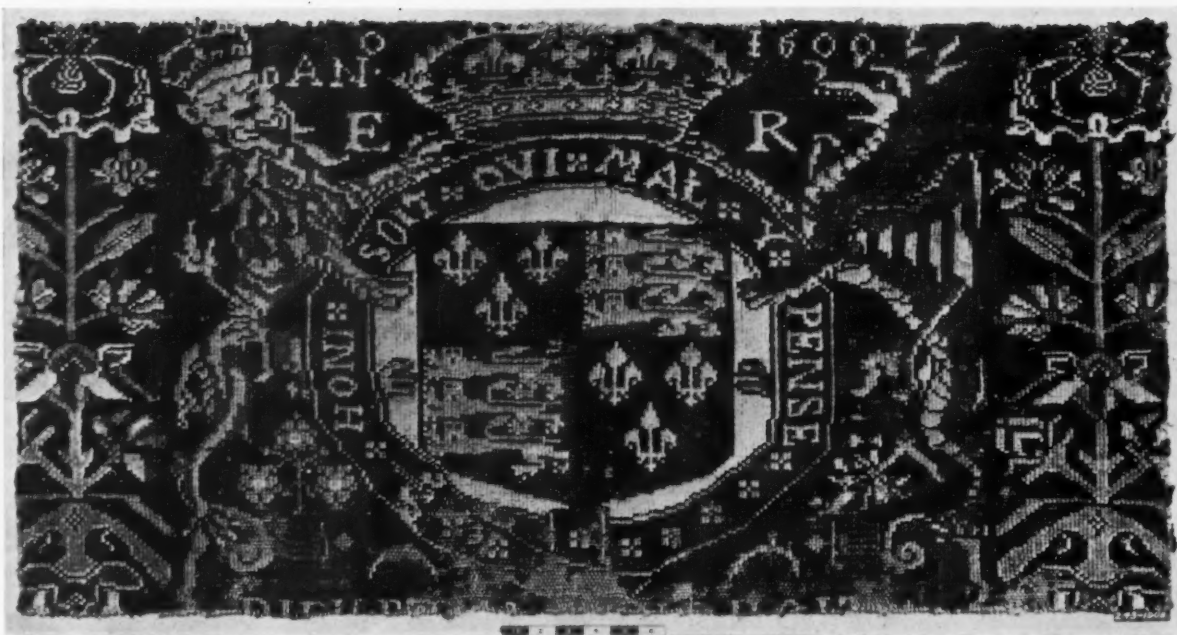
Nevertheless, Hickey's work is so varied and so scarce that positive opinions on such questions should not rashly be uttered. His habit of signing and dating his pictures enables us to credit him with a fair number of works which otherwise could hardly be attributed to the same origin. Like most minor painters, in an age of profuse

and masterly production, he falls between many stools. Now he is obviously trying to imitate Romney; again he apes the manner of Reynolds; next he betrays the influence of Hogarth or of Zoffany. His own personality seems to shine out principally in occasional charming effects of delicate secondary colour.



JOSEPH HICKEY  
*Attributed to Thomas Hickey*

\* The National Gallery of Ireland Catalogue. No. 310. Reproduced as the frontispiece to the second volume of William Hickey's *Memoirs*.



*Presented by Major Turner*

ARMORIALS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH, 1600

*Victoria and Albert Museum*

## ENGLISH CARPETS

By W. G. THOMSON

**T**HAT he used fragrant rushes to strew upon the floor of his chambers and that he caused the same to be changed too often—to wit, daily—were charges made against Cardinal Wolsey. Flowers were used for the same purpose; Bradshaw describes how at a feast :

All herbes and flowers, fragraunte, fayre and swete  
Were strewed in halles and layd under theyr fete.

From early times rushes were plaited into a veritable carpet or mat. The Cardinal's extravagance in rushes did not imply any lack of fine carpets of which he was a zealous collector. By political pressure he secured a present of a hundred Oriental rugs from the Venetians at one stroke, while he acquired others from various sources as stated in his inventory, which mentions several of English making. His rugs were small, generally about 7 ft. by 4 ft., and were probably used for display as hangings, table and cupboard covers, as well as for temporary use under his feet. Long before he was born carpets were used in

England, and many appear in bequests to be laid before the altar in churches. One known as the "Pass" in Westminster Abbey in the fourteenth century was of such length that the Abbot could walk on it from the door of the vestry to the High Altar. A secular carpet of English or French origin is depicted in an early fifteenth-century illuminated manuscript of the Poems of Christine de Pisan and is illustrated herein. Upon its fawn ground are hexagonal stars constructed of a pair of triangles in blue and yellow, alternating with red roses having green sepals, in repetition—perhaps the earliest representation of a Western carpet.

Beginning in the fifteenth century, in England the passion for Oriental rugs set in strongly in the reign of Henry VIII. Several of Eastern type are shown in the foreground of his portraits, while he possessed specimens described as Turkish, Venetian (that is Oriental imported through Venice), Overseas, and English. The last were of various designs;



*Victoria and Albert Museum*

BIRDS, FEATHERS, FLOWERS, AND FRUIT

heraldic, like one at Nonsuch, which had his arms, garter, and mottoes or "wordes"; others were pure ornament—blue knots, roses, and fleurs-de-lis, and such-like. Under Queen Elizabeth an interesting attempt to foster the industry was made. A dyer was sent to Persia in 1579 to study the methods of the East. Hakluyt states that he was also instructed to bring home "a singular good workman in the art of Turkish carpet-making," which was to be introduced here.

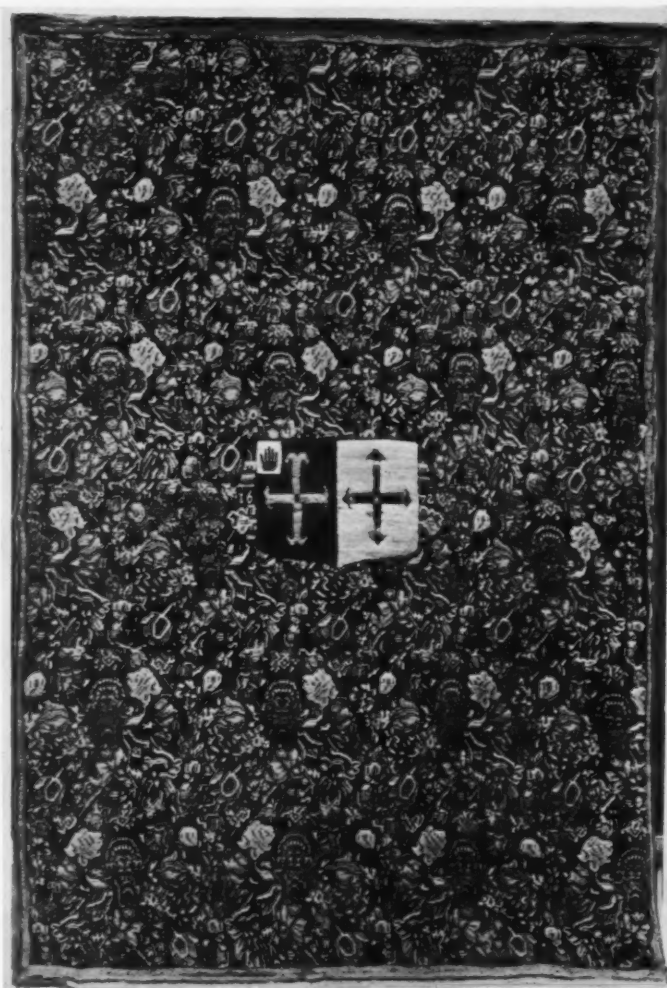
Whether this singular good workman was procured or not there exists proof that pile carpet weaving was well understood in this country before 1570. It is in the form of a beautiful carpet belonging to the Earl of Verulam. The ground is dark blue on which is a pattern of carnations; in the centre are the royal arms of Queen Elizabeth, with the date 1570, flanked by the arms of Ipswich and Harbottle. The design and work are pure English. It is the earliest of a series of English pile carpets. We illustrate a small specimen with Queen Elizabeth's arms, initials, and the

date 1600; a most valuable gift of Major Turner to the Victoria and Albert Museum.

The English, like the Spanish, weavers deftly copied the fashionable rugs of the Orient, and so well did they do it that for some years one of their essays, catalogued as Oriental, was hung in a museum till Mr. Kendrick put the description right. Illustrated here, its dark ground is relieved by arabesques in white and pink, and octagonal crosses in blue and orange within a border of knots, bearing the arms of Apsley impaling Elmes. At the lower edge there runs a yellow band inscribed: FEARE . GOD . AND . KEEPE . HIS . COMMANDEMENTS . MADE . IN . THE . YEARE . 1603. The series is continued by the very beautiful floral table-carpet with a green ground bearing the date 1614 which Sir Edward Hulse has lent to the museum; two undated specimens of the Early Stuart period at Knole, one of which bears the arms of the then Earl of Dorset and his Duchess, Mary, daughter of Sir George Curzon of Croxall, who were married in 1612. This is very gorgeous, the ground of the field being reddish-brown,

## *English Carpets*

that of the border brilliant crimson, though faded on the surface. Another member of the group, now in the Victoria and Albert Museum, is here illustrated; its main decoration is strings of flowers and fruit with ostrich feathers and birds on a light green ground. By great good fortune there recently has been acquired for the museum a "Turkey work" carpet of great importance bearing the date 1672, evidently made in commemoration of the marriage of Sir John Molyneux, Bart., of Teversal (1623-1691) and Lucy, daughter of Alexander Rigby, of Middleton, Lancs, a Baron of the Exchequer. It is reproduced here for the first time. The ground is dark brown, the colours of the wools are exceedingly bright and pure; rose and yellow preponderate in the scheme. More than any other English carpet it has the characteristics of the Stewart pile furniture coverings and is a very valuable addition to the museum collection.



Victoria and Albert Museum  
RECENT ACQUISITION (TURKEY WORK). ARMORIAL,  
DATED 1672

To these we might add several "Turkey carpets of English making," which appear in inventories. They bear no evidence of the place of manufacture, but the majority of existing specimens have some connection with the south-eastern counties. Kentish carpets are mentioned in sixteenth-century inventories. Apparently throughout England from the reign

of Henry VII, "Turkey work" was practised to a great extent judging from the numerous specimens yet with us. It was used mainly for furniture coverings and must have been very common. In a place like Caerlaverock Castle, Dumfriesshire, there were five dozen Turkey

work chairs in 1640. Occasionally one finds pieces on the chairs they were made for, but very often the carpet-work has been borrowed from a disabled or cheaper piece of furniture. Whole carpets, too, have been cut up to cover chairs and stools—a piece of rank vandalism and murder of good design. To any private owner, firm of decorators, or dealer in antiquities, we respectfully point out that, before they cut up an old English carpet for furniture coverings, they might consider the option of presenting it to our National Museum. That is a sure way to confer immortality on the firm—an everlasting advertisement and a service to art—worth

a thousand times the sordid profit made through the destruction of a thing of beauty.

The change in the style of furniture that set in during the reign of Charles II and his successors probably caused a great decline in the production of Turkey work covers. The cane chair-seat and back were antithetical. The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes no

doubt brought skilled French weavers to our shores, and to two of them tradition ascribes the origin of the long-lived carpet manufactory at Wilton in the first years of the eighteenth century. Of infinitely greater importance as far as visible results testify was the arrival of French weavers about the middle of the century. The encouragement given to the industry by money grants from the Royal Society of Arts about that time proved a powerful factor in its development throughout the country. No faint praise damned the work of its protégés, and by 1783 the Society claimed that the manufacture of carpets was established in different parts of the kingdom and brought to "a degree of elegance and beauty which the Turkey carpets never attained." We must make allowance for natural elation and for the want of the fuller knowledge of the Turkish carpet in this statement by the Society if we are to judge by existing specimens.

To the transactions of the Society we are indebted for information about workshops which otherwise might have rested unknown. Two were in the West Country, one being Jesser's at Frome; the other, and more important, was at Exeter under the direction of Passavant, a name surely of French origin, who received a grant from the Society in 1758. Several carpets made at Exeter are still with us. One with a blue ground and dated 1758 is at Petworth, and we illustrate a somewhat similar one of fine colour, also with a blue ground but dated a year earlier. These perhaps are the best type of carpets of their time made by native hands. There is a freedom in design lacking elsewhere. Who was responsible for the quaint idea of the centrepiece of Fido

basking on his hassock? There is, too, a good deal of French influence in detail, and there may have been some connection between Exeter designs and those of the Fulham workshop of Peter Parisot, originally of France.

Towards the middle of the century he had a carpet manufactory at Paddington and was asked to help two French weavers who had run away from the Royal Savonnerie Works at Chaillot, and began a large carpet in a room at Westminster. He brought them under the notice of the Duke of Cumberland, who gave a commission for the carpet, and they were given

space to carry it out in the Paddington establishment. The carpet was presented by the Duke to the Princess of Wales. The weavers' terms were so exorbitant after this, that Parisot dismissed them and brought others from France. He moved into a new workshop for tapestry and carpets at Fulham with high hopes and ambition, but in 1755 the enterprise came to an end, and the plant

with stock, including eight carpets and carpet furniture-covers, was sold. It is said Passavant bought the plant and transferred it to Exeter. That may explain the French influence in these Exeter carpets.

The manufactory set up in the Court House, Axminster, by Thomas Whitty, in 1755, had the benefit of a grant or award from the Society in 1757. It had a long and prosperous career, and early in the nineteenth century some very large carpets designed in the Chinese taste were woven for the Pavilion, Brighton. A part of one of the Pavilion carpets is preserved in Buckingham Palace.

The most successful of the eighteenth-century establishments in England, in a worldly



WOVEN AT EXETER, 1757  
By courtesy of Lionel Harris, Esq.

## English Carpets



*The gift of Mr. Thomas Glass*

CARPET BY WILLIAM MORRIS

*Victoria and Albert Museum*

way, was that of Thomas Moore, Chiswell Street, Moorfields. Its prosperity was due to Robert Adam, the architect, whose designs for carpets in many of the mansions he erected were carried out there. His main idea was to treat the design of the floor-covering as a reproduction, more or less complete, of the ceiling, and to use a very wide range of colours. To a modern mind the result is generally appalling. The house is Adam, the ceiling is Adam, the walls are Adam, the furniture Adam, and to complete and rivet in the architectural tyranny the carpet is him also.

The foregoing are all pile carpets. There were others of plain surface such as the "Kidderminster," which was reversible like a damask, and first appeared about 1735. It was a favourite method in Scotland, being known sometimes as Scotch carpet. In 1745 the

invention of a more mechanical Wilton pile carpet followed, and before the middle of the century a carpet of looped pile—the Brussels—came into vogue. These were assisted in speed of production by the Jacquard appliance and, later, the power loom accelerated the process. The result was the almost complete suppression of the hand-knotted pile industry as a commercial craft. It seemed dead and buried except at Wilton. When the Pre-Raphaelite school of painters awakened interest in the old artistic crafts there came a revival of the hand-knotted pile floor-covering. William Morris took it up with enthusiasm at Hammer-smith and afterwards at Merton Abbey, using patterns of his own designing and producing works equal to those of the old masters of the craft. Through his example the carpet loom, if but a small one, is familiar to nearly every student of art.

# THE PLAIN MAN AND HIS MUSIC—V

By ERNEST NEWMAN

## TECHNIQUE AND ÆSTHETIC

THE gist of the long argument that has been developed in the four preceding articles on this subject is that "musical appreciation," informative as it is in many respects, does not teach the plain man to appreciate. It may teach him to understand a little better, just as a comparative anatomy course may teach him to understand that it is in virtue of a certain bony and muscular structure that the sheep walks like this and the ape like that; but it will no more help him to decide why one composer is better than another than a course in comparative anatomy will enable him to decide *a priori* that spring lamb has a better flavour than roast monkey. The proof of this is the way the professors of musical comparative anatomy disagree with each other when it comes to a question of æsthetic values, although their theoretic principles may be identical.

The plain man must reconcile himself to permanent exclusion from some of the sources of musical pleasure that are open to the trained musician. Just as the painter's eye sees in an object or a landscape all sorts of shades of colour, all sorts of variety of planes, and all sorts of depths of distance that are not visible to the casual observer, so, when a symphony or an opera unrolls itself, as it were, before the ear, the listener who has been professionally absorbed in music all his life will perceive all sorts of subtleties that go unperceived by the plain man. On the other hand the plain man is often conscious—in, if I

may so express it, an unconscious kind of way, by which I mean that he probably could not formulate his perception in words, and is unaware that it really does him great credit—of niceties that pass over the head of the professional musician. But the plain man of rather more than ordinary æsthetic sensitiveness has two advantages over the professional of less sensitiveness. In the first place, he could soon pick up, with comparatively little effort, enough technical knowledge to perceive most of the specialities that the professional musician's training puts within his reach, while if God has not given the professional the æsthetic sensibility of the plain man there is no means known to us by which it *can* be given him. In the second place, it is doubtful whether the plain man really loses very much, in many cases, by not being able to hear as the professional hears. I am not denying the reality of the latter's pleasure in these cases, but only doubting whether it is always an æsthetic pleasure, and therefore whether the other man loses very much by not catching the composer's technical point.

Take, for example, the matter of hearing contrapuntally. Every reader of this article knows the famous passage, towards the end of the "Meistersinger" overture, in which Wagner combines the three chief themes. As the majority of the readers of APOLLO may be assumed to be more familiar with the plastic arts than with music, I shall, I hope, be forgiven for quoting the passage here, familiar as it is :

(I have skeletonized the passage to throw the themes into high relief.)

1st Violins

2nd Violins and Woodwind

Basses, Bassoons, and Tuba

108

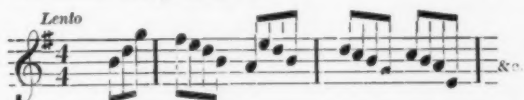
## The Plain Man and his Music

We have all pointed out this passage to our non-professional friends, and told them to concentrate on it each time they listen to the overture, and see how many of the themes they can follow simultaneously. At first they are a bit baffled; if they fasten on one of them, they are apt to lose the others. In time they learn to take in two of the themes at once, but rarely do they manage to combine the three. On inquiry among my more or less professional friends—excluding, that is, the practitioners of counterpoint, but including those who are always listening to music or playing it for themselves—I have learned from the more candid of them that rarely are they perfectly comfortable with more than two of the melodies: they generally fasten on the top and bottom lines of the quotation I have given. These two themes, it will be seen, run at the same pace and with much the same gait, and make an obvious two-part harmony together, while the one line is thrown into great prominence by the first violins, first clarinet and 'cellos (assisted to some extent by the first horn), and the other is positively forced on the attention by the thick tone of the tuba (to say nothing of the double basses and bassoons). That Wagner himself has been a little anxious about the business, and none too confident that the various strands of the polyphony will be self-evident to the average listener, is shown by the fact that while the whole of the remainder of the orchestra is marked *p*, the basses, bassoon and tuba are directed to play *mf*; and one result of this excess of care on his part is that in many performances this lowest line of all is thrown out much too thickly. This, however, by the way; the point is that dozens of "professional" people whom I have questioned have admitted to me that when they concentrate on this passage they can easily follow the top and the bottom lines together, but that the middle line becomes blurred for them here and there; in trying to follow this also they find they are becoming a little muddled about one of the other lines, hastily pull themselves together, concentrate on the top and the bottom, and are content more or less just to *sense* the middle line as a melody which they feel to be the theme they already know, but not every little note of which is picked out with dead certainty by their ear.

The trained musician who knows his Wagner by heart can hear all three themes; many a regular concert-goer can follow easily

only two of them; the plain man, listening to the overture for the first or even the second or third time, is fully conscious only of the top melody, all the rest being for him not counterpoint but just harmony. The question then arises, Is the plain man any worse off for his ignorance? Hardly at all, I venture to say. If a practical knowledge of counterpoint were necessary to the appreciation of contrapuntal music, the circle of its lovers would indeed be a small one. Counterpoint, in fact, like every other device in art, is not an end in itself but only a means to an end; and while, with an æsthetic dullard, professional knowledge of the means would not necessarily assure a perception of the end, in the case of a man of naturally good æsthetic instincts the general end would be perceived without any technical understanding of the means. That is to say, a teacher of the technique of fugue might not know a good fugue (æsthetically speaking) from a bad one, while a really musically-minded man with the minimum of technical knowledge would recognize at a single hearing of two fugues that one was significant *qua* music and the other insignificant. Beyond doubt, the ideal thing is to have your technical knowledge and your æsthetic perceptions running foot by foot together. But though there is a great pleasure in knowing how a thing is done, it is decidedly open to discussion whether the pleasure is, in the true sense of the word, an æsthetic one.

The reader may remember the opening phrase of the fifth section of Brahms's "German Requiem":



A little later in the movement the composer combines the theme in its original form with the same theme (in the voices) in notes of twice the length—in augmentation, as the technical term is:



(The passage is again skeletonized, of course.)

I once knew a distinguished provincial organist who knew the "Requiem" well and had played in several performances of it, but who, strange to say, had never noticed this piece of counterpoint by augmentation. He was delighted when I pointed it out to him, and I have no doubt that in future performances the perception of it gave him great pleasure. But if anyone were to ask me whether, *æsthetically*, the passage was any more vital to him after the acquisition of this knowledge than it was before, I should hesitate to say "Yes." Rather would I say that the plain man can take heart of grace with the assurance that there are many thousands of works, or passages in works, that will yield up to him all their æsthetic significance without any technical knowledge on

his part of how the thing has been done. Often, indeed, the perception of technique may lead the professional to overvalue a work. This is what happened to Villiers Stanford, I think, in the case of Brahms's song, "An ein Bild"; delight in its cunning school-technique made him overrate it *as a song*.

To sum up, the plain man would no doubt find an added enjoyment in much of the music he hears if he were to study technique; but then, of course, he would no longer be the plain man to whom these articles are addressed! The question with which we have to deal is this—being what he is, how can he be helped to get more and more enjoyment out of his music? How can he be taught real "appreciation"?

## TWO PICTURES BY MR. McEVROY

IN contemporary England there exist, on the whole, but very few counterparts to a character which figures very largely, and creditably, for instance, in the annals of modern French painting, namely, that of the collector who concentrates his attention mainly upon one living artist, gradually building up a selection of his works in which the various stages of his career and the different aspects of his achievement can be exhaustively studied and appreciated. Among the rare collections of this type, which, nevertheless, in recent times have been formed in England, a very distinguished place is held by that belonging to Mr. Claude Johnson, and illustrating with unique fullness and in an absorbingly interesting fashion, the work of Mr. Ambrose McEvoy.

Several of the finest of the pictures by Mr. McEvoy in this collection are illustrated in the monumental monograph on the artist, which was privately printed a few years ago by Mr. Johnson. By the owner's kind permission APOLLO has, however, been privileged to give the first colour reproductions ever published of two remarkable examples of Mr. McEvoy's art.

One of these, "Winter," was reproduced in our last (January) number (plate facing p. 16) as an illustration to Mr. Charles Aitken's article on the Slade School, of which Mr. McEvoy, as is well known, is one of the most distinguished

scions. It is a landscape, painted now some twenty years ago, and thus belonging to a comparatively early stage of Mr. McEvoy's career. In the reserve and restriction of the scheme of colour, no less than in its exquisite sensitiveness of tonality, the picture admirably typifies the class of work with which Mr. McEvoy first made his mark on contemporary English painting. And no one could for a moment mistake the typically English note of the art here seen; one has but to think of the manner in which in France the late M. Cazin has expressed himself, in a vaguely similar way, to realize how definitely characteristic of their respective origin and environment both artists are.

The other picture, here reproduced, is a portrait of Miss Claudia Johnson, painted some twelve years later than the landscape. With equal sensitiveness the artist has here expressed himself in a scheme of colour and lighting of much greater positiveness; and as an interpretation of the charm of childhood, this picture must surely take high rank even in the work of an artist who so often has acquitted himself brilliantly in the same direction. We feel certain that our readers will appreciate the opportunity of acquainting themselves with these two examples of the work of one of the living English masters, whose fame the future will doubtless prove to rest on the surest of foundations.







Fig. I. EWER

*Chinese—T'ang Dynasty (A.D. 618-906)*

VASE

## AN EXHIBITION OF CHINESE BRONZES

By LEIGH ASHTON

THERE can be no denying that London is looking up. A few years ago it would have been impossible for an exhibition of such outlandish works of art as bronzes from China to be shown, and for anyone to take anything except the most casual interest. Now anyone who boasts of the slightest feeling for art may be seen weighing the comparative merits of "Chou" and "Han," or juggling with "Wei" and "Six Dynasties." But it is a step in the right direction, for the objects shown in this exhibition are of incomparable quality. There has never been seen, in London, a collection of such size or merit. The group of ritual bronzes is amazing, each piece satisfying both for its obvious genuineness—not always easily recognizable in Chinese bronzes—and for its intrinsic, æsthetic value. One of the finest is a small covered wine-jar resting on animal

feet (Fig. II), the body engraved with an elaborate key pattern over which animal motives are cast in relief; a delicate almond-green patina sets off the contrast in levels admirably.

The largest vase in the exhibition, an ovoid covered jar, is more clumsy, but, as decoration, is very imposing. There is an enchanting fairy-tale ox in bronze (Fig. IV) of the Chou Dynasty (1122-257 B.C.). The heavy stupid animal, with its waddling gait and inane mouth, is transformed into a superbly stylized beast of static force. The sculptural quality of the legs is particularly ably carried out by geometric formulæ.

There is a very complete group of bowls and vases of the delicate silverware associated with the T'ang Dynasty (A.D. 618-906). This group, sixteen pieces in all, came from a tomb in Shensi, and one of the pieces, which is



Fig. II. COVERED WINE VESSEL, YU  
Chinese—Chou Dynasty (1122-257 B.C.)



GOLD PLAQUE, TWO OHI-LIU  
Chinese—T'ang Dynasty (A.D. 618-906)



Fig. III. GOLD PLAQUE, TWO FENG-BIRDS  
Chinese—T'ang Dynasty (A.D. 618-906)



Fig. IV. OX  
Chinese—Chou Dynasty (1122-257 B.C.)

dated A.D. 877, is the only known dated piece of T'ang silverware which has so far come to light. Among the many small pieces of jewellery displayed, two gold plaques from a casket are especially noticeable, decorated in repoussé with pairs of confronted animals (Fig. III). Two vases (Fig. I) are also of extreme interest. The ewer on the left displays Sassanian influence in its purest form, the shape being completely Iranian in line. The vase, though less noticeably so, has the same foreign indications in its outline. The decoration is, however, Chinese in feeling and charmingly executed.

There is an admirable series of small Buddhistic statues, in particular a Trinity with a large flame-shaped aureole. Also three fine Japanese statuettes, the largest of which is an excellent specimen of the rare bronze-work of the Suiko period (A.D. 593-713). In addition there are innumerable examples of the exquisite small bronze objects so much used in the intimate life of the refined Chinese civilization, mirrors, sleeve-weights, buckles, etc. Messrs. Yamanaka are to be highly congratulated on the splendid quality of the objects displayed, and also on the wealth and numbers of the collection.

## A GOSSIP ABOUT PRINTS

By MALCOLM C. SALAMAN

A LINE-ENGRAVING  
REVIVAL AND MR.  
ROBERT AUSTIN

THE noble art of line-engraving is coming once more expressively into pictorial practice. Up to a few years ago, the reproductive line-engraving with its basis of etching having gone out of fashion, one saw the medium used for original design only in the bookplate, though there were masters, such as Sherborne and Eve, using it splendidly for that purpose. But for great accomplishment with the graven line in imaginative design we, in England, must look back to the days of Blake, and be eternally grateful for the inspiring possession of his "Job." Lately, however, there has been a disposition among a few young English engravers to take burin in hand and seek inspiration and example from the German and Italian masters of the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries, feeling, no doubt, that they would find in that gracious tradition of the pure graven line an expressive discipline to impose upon designs which might not reveal the full beauty of their intention to the impulsive freedom of the bitten line or the dry-point's. Mr. J. F. Badeley's noble "Lucifer" was a surprising and memorable achievement. One



CAT AND MANDOLIN  
By Robert Austin



COMARE GIULIA  
By Robert Austin

knew, of course, his distinguished bookplates, but his purpose was to urge a revival of the line-engraver's art for original expression, and the "Lucifer" was a beautiful beginning. "Line-engraving is not as laborious as you suppose," Mr. Badeley said to me, "when you understand what you are doing, and can appreciate the value of each line you cut." He was referring, of course, to creative work, not to those elaborate reproductive plates which used to be so popular and are now a drug in the print-market; such as Seymour Haden had in mind when, in his enthusiastic advocacy of the etcher's art, he pleaded the inferiority of the engraver's. "The properties of the etching line are almost wholly mental," he said; "those of the engraved line wholly, or almost wholly, mechanical." But that great etcher evidently thought that original line-engraving

was dead, killed by the freedom, expressiveness, and vivacity of etching. He did not live to see Mr. Badeley's "Lucifer" and its successor, the fine "Prodigal Son," justifying the method which he had depreciated. The graven line of Dürer, Marcantonio, Mantegna, was bound to prove again inspiring, and some six years after Mr. Badeley had led the way, another talented exponent appeared in Mr. Stephen Gooden,

whose fine sense of design and pure handling of the burin have already given us such distinguished prints as "Absalom," "The Rider of the Lion," and a noble series of plates for the decoration of the "Nonesuch" editions of Anacreon and the Bible. Now, to justify still further the influence of the great early tradition, comes Mr. Robert Austin, fresh from his experience as a *Prix de Rome* student, with a group of exquisite engravings. Born at Leicester in 1895, Mr. Austin had his first training in the art school of his native city, whence he proceeded to the Royal College of Art. There, in the famous Engraving School, under that supreme teacher, Sir Frank Short, he learnt all the methods of the copper-plate. Although his proficiency in these won him the prize which afforded him the inestimable advantage of three years' study and practice in Italy, he has found, amid his Italian influences, his feeling for definite form and design expressing itself most sympathetically, perhaps, in the graven line. And with his engraving that line is, with all its firmness, never severe, but delicate, expressively caressing the pictorial conception and the thought that informs the design.

Mr. Austin's etchings and engravings have recently been exhibited at the Twenty-One Gallery, and to their exquisite quality, their sincere art, personal distinction, and high promise, my colleague, Mr. Furst, has already in these pages paid appreciative tribute. It is now my privilege to present to APOLLO readers three or four examples of Mr. Austin's line-engravings, differing as they do in manner from the more robust use of the burin recently seen

here in plates by Mr. Job Nixon and Mr. Stanley Anderson, both of whom are playing their parts in the revival, but without resorting to the models that have inspired Mr. Badeley, Mr. Gooden, and Mr. Austin. Here, for instance, in "Woman Milking Goat," what tender grace in the design, and how charmingly the eye is carried away by the distant landscape, and then lured back to enjoy the plastic treatment of woman and goat! "Cat and Mandolin"—what a delightful arrangement, and

what an exquisite accomplishment in the rendering of textures! Could the etching-needle of a Bracquemond or a Jacquemart have been more convincing? Then, "Comare Giulia"—with how much enjoyment the young artist has plied his graver in the drawing of that patient old woman with her stock of little Madonnas and Crucifixes, waiting for the chance purchaser who may casually visit the church. This old woman with her sunken cheeks, so typical yet so individual a figure that time and custom would seem to have embodied with the sacred building itself, is an instance of Mr. Austin's genius for vitalizing the essential significance of his design. Another

notable example is "The Stonebreaker," where idea of insistent work that has no joy in it is the expressive in the figure of the man with his mallet, sitting against the little shrine on the hill above the sleepy old town, with the hills beyond all clear in sunlight. Then, there is the charming "Sisters of Assisi," with its vivid interest of delicate design making a work of art of the presentation of these two nuns selecting the earthenware pots for their soup. A very remarkable and ambitious achievement is "The



THE WARRIOR  
By Ten Klooster

## *A Gossip about Prints*



THE HARBOUR  
*By Ten Klooster*

Flight into Egypt," which, being still in the state of "trial proofs," I hope Mr. Austin may render yet more satisfying in its beauty by a little reconsideration of the Virgin's face and the drawing of her arm. The graceful vitality in draughtsmanship which responds to the pictorial conception in Mr. Austin's etchings and engravings happily lends charm also to his work as illustrator, notably in the two volumes, "Some Tuscan Cities" and "Some Umbrian Cities," written by his wife, who retains for her authorship the name, Ada M. Harrison, which she bore when she and Mr. Austin met, two scholarship students in Rome, collaborated as writer and illustrator, and married.

### SOME JAVANESE-DUTCH WOODCUTS

In the land of Rembrandt, beyond the masterly work of Marius Bauer, a really great etcher, there is little important etching being done; but the woodcut appears to be flourishing

exceedingly. It runs to size, for the juxtaposition of black and white shapes in impressive design affords prints admirably suited for wall decoration, and these can be purchased cheaply. The woodcuts of L. Wenckebach, B. Essers, and Dirk Nijland have been seen, admired, and reproduced over here, and now some very remarkable prints are forthcoming from Mr. Ten Klooster, a Dutch artist who is, I believe, partly of Javanese origin. A painter, he was sent out to the Dutch East Indies on some government survey work, and it was only, I understand, while so engaged that he was impelled to the woodblock by the black and white suggestions in the character of the native subjects ready to his hand. Striking and definite as are his prints in design, they suggest to me that Mr. Klooster has used his knife with a good deal of imaginative improvisation, so full are they of original interest and vitality. I have chosen for reproduction "The Warrior" and "The Harbour," as being simplest in

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their mass effects; but I would like to show also two triumphs of creative wood-cutting in "The Victor" and "The Bamboo Creek," and a series of three prints illustrating the quaint rhythmic graces of the native dancing in Java. All these, however, will before long be available

at the British Museum and the Victoria and Albert, where, I learn, Mr. Klooster's work is appreciated to the extent of purchasing it. This implies a good deal, considering the niggardly means at the disposal of the directors of our national collections.

## CORRESPONDENCE

41 Bryanston Square, W. 1,  
Dec. 28, 1925

*To the Editor of APOLLO.*

SIR,—I think the impression of want of principle and co-ordination which you express in your December notice of the International Society's Exhibition at Burlington House was really owing more than anything else to the very imperfect first issue of the catalogue, which was compiled under exceptional difficulties, and uncertainty as to the rooms available, in four days.

You will find that as a matter of fact the other sections are hung as cohesively as those of Germany and Hungary, but that the omission of the individual clues of artists' nationality—rectified in the later issues—created a false impression. Room 10 was intentionally a "mixed grill," drawn from the four Paris Salons chiefly, and unconnected with the specially convened national sections.

The principle of the exhibition is identical with that of all preceding it—representative contemporary international art, within the limits of space and material obtainable.

Cubistic and antic works are rarely capable or amusing enough to achieve invitation or acceptance. Degas and a few original and deceased members were included because of their unextinguished modernity, and for purposes of instruction and comparison.

If any of last year's fashions were intentionally omitted it is because they were momentary, and are *démodé* failures. In their place are more recent and serious developments based on renescent technical proficiency and cultural foundations, exemplified by Kitt Faistauer and Laske of Austria, Rudnay and Perlmutter of Hungary, and many others.

They have already been perceived in the studios, and will sooner or later be heard of in the offices of the morning and evening journals and at the Café Royal.

I am, Sir,

Yours truly,

FRANCIS HOWARD,

*Hon. Secretary, International Society.*

# THE SLADE SCHOOL APPEAL

*The present appeal is made with the object of raising the sum of £30,000 for the needs of the Slade School, and we warmly commend it to the support of our readers. Full details were given in our January number. Donations will be acknowledged in APOLLO, and should be sent to the Treasurer of the Slade Appeal Fund, C. Koe Child, Esq., University College, Lower Gower Street, W.C.1.*

*First List of Donations.*

[illegible]

\* Part of a Donation of £100.

## LETTER FROM PARIS

By LOUIS DUPRÉ

AT midnight on Friday, November 13, at 13 Rue Bonaparte, the exhibition of the Surrealists was opened with a great and international confluence of people. The police were there to prevent, on the one hand, the overcrowding of the first floor, which might have caused the visitors to fall down to level earth, and on the other hand to see that Aragon's cheers for Germany, which had been taken note of in official circles, did not lead to further breakages of eating and drinking vessels.

It is said that the title Surrealism can be traced back to Apollinaire. But the Surrealism of to-day is far more than the name of an art-current. It is the faith of a new generation grown up as a result of the war around André Breton and Louis Aragon, which, under the apparent allures of a mystical Dadaism, but with a sacred earnestness rare in France, and which can never be understood in France, cries out with the weapons of the spirit against the Church and the State in order to save man from the immorality of his thought and action, from the confessional of his dead belief, and the treadmill of his paralysing earnings, to be a pious beholder of the eternal secrets.

One must read such books as Breton's "Manifeste du Surrealisme," Breton and Soupault's "Les Champs Magnétiques," Paul Eluard's "Les Nécessités de la vie et les Conséquences des Rêves" and "Les Animaux et leurs Hommes," Max Ernst's "Les Malheurs des Immortels," Pierre Naville's "Les Reines de la main garbe," and the magazine "La Révolution Surrealiste." This is not literature, nor are the pictures to be valued as paintings. The flight of ideas and the succession of pictorial impressions are the fundamental conditions of every Surrealistic manifestation. But it must not be confined to the successes of pictorial impressions, it must also be found in the expression. The picture must realize an ensemble of intellectual conceptions. This should be done without technique. Technique is the invention of the critics, but must be freed from everything that has been known so far, from everything objective, from everything intellectual, everything symbolic, everything imitative. If the exhibition is viewed in this correct focus then smiles congeal, doors fly open, and a spiritual wind tears the brain into phantasmagorical

dreams. One is struck with the unfamiliarity of plastic riddles, with surprise and with the fatal character of things. Beside the work of Max Ernst, Arp, Paul Klee, André Masson, Joan Miro, Picasso, and Pierre Roy, it is especially Man Ray and Giorgio de Chirico that grip one. Man Ray has already shown a rare power to take away the substantiality of things and show only the form in his earlier photographic attempts.

Chirico, whose works are also to be seen at the Galerie de l'Effort Moderne and at Paul Guillaume's, produces an effect in his almost classically treated juxtaposition of cannon, artichokes, a factory chimney, an office door, the face of a clock, a railway, and a sailing boat; he terrifies us with a black void of a square cut out of the female torso in painted plaster in the place where in the living body the heart should beat, and he synthesizes in the *mannequin* who is descending the steps of the exchange. Though following a different path, yet ultimately the precursor of this "ism" is also Picasso.

This brings me to another exhibition of curiosities in this leafless rain-drenched month—the salon of writers—from Victor Hugo to Jean Cocteau, at the Grande Maison de Blanc. The mediæval, dramatic, and politico-satirical drawings of Victor Hugo are already well known from the Place des Vosges; a "Palestrina en habit-noire," by Baudelaire, reminds one of the art of E. T. A. Hoffmann; Verlaine, who gave drawing lessons to the sons of upholsterers, appears as a master in politico-zoological allusions; and in the water-colour landscapes to his verses (the now rather scarce album by F. Regamy, "Verlaine dessinateur" exhausts the subject) a light hand led the pen of Arthur Rimbaud in his "Jeune Cocher de Londres."

Théophile Gautier's female portraits in pastel are full of romantic sweetness. J. de Goncourt gives his Italian travel-impressions academic precision, and Pierre Loti sweeps his brush dilettantically in the desert.

Henri Bataille, whose album of psychological portraits with still more psychological verses after the Dreyfus case did all honour to the former student of the Académie Julian, shows in a lithograph portrait of Jean de Tinan the assured and elegant gesture of a man of the world.

## LETTER FROM BERLIN

By OSCAR BIE

"Wozzeck" as an Opera.

THE crisis of the management of the Opera has been postponed, not solved. In placing the question before the Landtag it was transferred to the political sphere to which it certainly does not belong. As the Minister of Public Worship and Instruction is a democrat, the Left or Middle parties are for him, the Right against him. But the matter is one of art and culture. After the entire German intelligentsia has expressed itself against the

minister it would be monstrous if he were to win his case through party politics. Is that really possible in a cultivated State? What he said in the Landtag was nothing new, and again Schillings was not present to answer him. That is a gross partiality. Whether a law-suit will be the right thing is another question. A gathering of artists and art lovers would be the only tribunal that would stand up for Schillings. Everything has gone wrong. But the last word has not yet been spoken, and in the meanwhile the

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State Opera itself has made an important utterance through the phenomenal first production of the new opera "Wozzeck," which speaks so brilliantly for its organization that it turned out to be a day of glory for Schillings's era.

Alban Berg, the composer of "Wozzeck," a pupil of Schönberg's, has purposely selected the well-known drama by Büchner as text, because his musical efforts are directed towards a new naturalism, just as in its day the literary production of Büchner was. He omits a few scenes, makes a few small alterations, but otherwise retains word for word the concise language of the poet, who, with his deep insight into the soul of the people, lays bare undreamed-of secrets of human nature. The naturalism of this music is transcendental, a sort of absolute naturalism, which no longer translates real life into existing forms, but develops voice and instrument without consideration out of its very essence. The style is about the same as in Schönberg's monodramas—perfect freedom of tonality and theme in the orchestra, an intensive absorption in the situation, a delicate painting of all psychological and outward appearances, tracing out the deepest impulses of man and Nature, while the voice becomes an elevated speech without any restriction of motive, either purely song, or half-song, or purely speech, according to the lyrical quality of the scene.

This is the outward form of the representation. It is altogether independent of any music we have so far heard at the Opera. The feeling is quite original, brought into a new tonality and formed with new methods. Even in the recitative the voice expresses a span of passion, irony, and lyrical feeling, such as has never before been demanded of singers. All former operas are gentle songs in comparison.

Berg's orchestral resources are as powerful as his naturalistic apparatus requires. To a principal orchestra with xylophone, celeste, and all the percussion instruments, he adds various stage orchestras of which the music at the inn composed of fiddles, clarinet, accordion, and bombardon, is particularly interesting. This stage music is always seen in perspective, as it were, through the darkened eyes of Wozzeck himself. It is not placed directly in the score, but in certain distortions and displacements, just as every song that intervenes is not the actual song, but is placed in perspective, according to the mood of the person it belongs to. That is a requirement of this new naturalism. It admits of an ensemble only in accordance with the characters on the stage—never for the mere love of many voices.

Büchner's text already provided that succession of short scenes which was especially welcomed by the composer, because it gave him the opportunity for longer interludes, that is to say, for symphony, which has always touched the German heart more closely than the world of song. For my part I should have wished the renovation of the Opera to come from song, rather than from the orchestra. But the fulfilment of this wish must be postponed so long as the German musician loves a symphony orchestra as much as this Alban Berg does. The language of his orchestra is so overpowering in the great emotional scenes, such as the open field, the guard-room, the murder, the suicide, and in the powerful slow interlude before the last scene, that the great effect of the piece depends on it, rather than on the dialogue music, however spiritedly and ironically it may be coloured at times. When, after the murder, the B, like a call of the Last Judgment, swelling twice through the entire orchestra, awakes the conscience, a tremor runs through the house. Something has been added to Schönberg's abstrac-

tions: a strong element of feeling and of soul—but never sentimentality. Romanticism is over, and the new naturalism is deep, but not ecstatic. It is mystical.

Our performance was the most perfect imaginable. Kleiber conducted with such finesse of ear and power of representation, such delicacy of mystical sound, and such intensification of natural forces, that when he appeared for the second act he was greeted with an ovation. It had been a labour of three months. Hörst's management was full of regularity and unity as though it, too, were music; Aravantino had painted musical pictures, larger or smaller prospects, with all the suggestion of light. The scene of the guard-room with the somewhat stylized positions of the sleepers belongs to the most powerful pictures of modern operatic art.

Somehow the public feels, even though it does not enter into the music, that here is a revelation not only of a new, but of a completely ripe and masterly personality. The unavoidable hisses only helped to strengthen the appreciation of the intellectuals, and the reception was so warm and friendly that the author and his collaborators could make their bows without number. It was a brave and beautiful deed. Leo Schützendorf as Wozzeck, the new Sigrid Johanson—a fresh and dramatic temperament—as Marie, and Hanke as Hauptmann, were three splendid artists for the principal parts. An institution that can accomplish such an achievement is sound at the core. It came at the right moment.

The public! One speaks of it, but can one really depend on it where serious matters are concerned? The other day I was in the Ufa, which has engaged at enormous fees what is probably the largest orchestra in Berlin. A military rhythmical conductor, who, I believe, draws a salary ten times higher than Schillings, and has composed quite able music to the film "Varietee," begins every evening with a potpourri of Bajazzi under a flesh-coloured illumination of the entire orchestra. Every seat is sold. People sit there like in church—a solemn atmosphere reigns. If that is possible, can there be any more hope?

### *Buildings, Pictures, Dances, and Opérettes.*

There is a great building craze. So far, more on paper than in reality; but there are movements everywhere which give promise. The only thing completed is Poelzig's Filmhouse Capitol. It stands by the Memorial Church on a relinquished portion of the Zoo. The church will soon be quite out of place in the midst of this camp of cinematographs, which are settling down around. Poelzig's building was to be a high house with an adjoining picture-palace. There are only two floors of shops in the façade, painted yellow, badly proportioned, and quite insignificant in these surroundings. At least, they are no longer Romanesque, as the Kaiser at one time required all buildings in this neighbourhood to be. But the theatre built on a limited plan is quite in his style—a yellow awning illuminated from below, walls with gold stripes varying towards red, and a balcony carried across the space in a magnificent curve; at the side of the stage two magic chandeliers of violet gradating into blue, while the wall surfaces are broken for the sound of the great organ that, in American fashion, is used to amplify the orchestra. The imaginative technique by means of which the space reveals its rhythm at a single glance is characteristic of Poelzig. Let us hope that the future buildings planned for other parts of Charlottenburg will be equally successful. Outside

## Letter from Berlin

in the far west a giant area is being prepared for the future exhibition halls, which are to be added to the three already existing.

Straumer, who has already proved his consummate art in the amazing constructiveness of the wireless station, won the prize in this competition for the design which is without equal in any great city. He will shortly build the great new concert hall to seat two to three thousand people, which he has designed with so much clearness and lucidity of disposition with strong rhythm and a noble sense of space, and without the least consideration for style. But another important building will be erected earlier—the new gallery of the Secession, which will shut off the Savigny-platz effectively from the railway. The well-known modern architect, Nachtliebt, was selected from among many interesting competitors. It is a simple building, which answers its purpose without any ulterior motives. On the ground floor a gallery for sculpture; behind, a staircase leading to the upper floor where the rooms for pictures and the graphic arts are disposed. The Secession has collected the means and the town has given its consent. Let us hope that new life will flourish. Since the death of Corinth there is the danger that this institution will content itself with the past and not come out of its narrow family circle. But if young forces are recognized and cultivated it may once more regain its old reputation.

At present there is a certain monotony about the pictures. What does one see so much of? At Flechtheim's there are a few new things of Karl Hofer's—studies made in Picino, which are certainly very powerful in the sharp formulation of reality, and show how Hofer's style is developing. And at Cassirer's there is a large exhibition of landscapes by Rudolf Grossmann, not to be compared with Kokoschka, for in spite of his long development he is somewhat monotonous in his chalky colours and rapid impressions. His best art lies in his portrait drawings, of which he has just published fifty as a speaking gallery of contemporaries.

In the art of the Ballet, one is tempted to make comparisons. In the State Opera, Terpis has tried two new things: "Renaissance," with the delightful archaistic music by Respighi, and "Spielzeug," with the well-known clever music by Debussy. The first was dull, the second not sufficiently prepared. There is already a certain disorder in the rehearsals at the State Opera, as a result of the interregnum; otherwise this splendid ballet master of modern style would have carried out the art and fantasy of this dancing Christmas treat with as much success as he had had in Stravinsky's "Pulcinella."

■ The following day the Diaghileff Company appeared in the Künstler Theatre. The entire State ballet sits at their feet. The technique and the imagination of the

Russians is unsurpassed. They are giving again the "Three-Cornered Hat," that model of a modern grotesque, and they are giving two new pieces—"Les Biches" and "Les Matelots." "Les Biches" is a symbol of hunting rhythm in the amorous life of society, and the Rag-Mazurka in it is of such pointed acrobaticism that the entire modern Opérette could learn from it. "Les Matelots" is a character-comedy of the dance which the choreograph, Massine, has stylized with amazing élan out of everyday motives.

The Russians bring with them three great artists: Woizikowsky is the genius of eccentric technique; Nemtchinova, who has developed extraordinarily into a sort of Diana-type, piquantly chaste, elastic in form; and Sokolova, the best among the comic characters, full of rollicking drollery. The modern French music to these ballets, by Poulenc and Auric, follows the system of mixing archaic motives with extreme harmonics, as is the custom in that circle. Our orchestra cannot play it at a moment's notice. But the costumes and decorations are again delightful, especially the delicate figurines by Laurincin, which lend such an indescribable tastefulness to "Les Biches."

And now the Opérette. Two novelties stand out. In the Theater des Westens they are giving "Das Spiel und die Liebe" (The Game of Love) by Gilbert, and in the Nollendorfplatz the "Offizielle Frau" (Official Wife) by Winterberg. It is extraordinary that both should have such a serious background to the music. In the former the bride's father loses his entire possessions at the gaming-table to a tenor who loves his daughter, is supposed to have fallen in the war, but reappears suddenly to claim his debt; so that after many tragic complications he cuts out the official bridegroom in this way. In the other piece a princess, who plans a murder of revenge, gives herself out for the wife of a fool in order to carry out her design. After many complications, errors, and declarations of love, her revolver falls to the ground and she into the arms of her enemy's son. As both opérettes approach the opera very closely, it is naturally the composer whose musical phraseology and powers of expression are the most remarkable who takes precedence—that is Winterberg. While in Gilbert's production one has to be content with a few points of the usual kind, and a grateful Polish national rhythm, Winterberg, especially in his first act, shows a fullness of seriously-worked-out music with remarkable sureness of instinct. His success is undisputed, especially as he has the highly animated Albers and the lively Hesterberg at his disposal, while in Gilbert's opérette the charming appearance of Suchy in the principal part does not quite make up for what is spoilt by speech and song.

## BOOK REVIEWS

BUCHHEINBÄNDE AUS DER PREUSSISCHEN STAATSBIBLIOTHEK ZU BERLIN, by MAX JOSEPH HUSUNG. 48 pp., 100 plates, some coloured. (Leipzig: K. W. Hiersemann.) 1925.

The love of bindings is as old as the love of books. Through the ages there have always been collectors and

bibliophiles who have paid as much attention to the covers as to the contents of their books; and before books were—according to the modern connotation of the word—the choicest covers were made to protect the precious media on which all learning was handed down. This may be seen clearly from the one hundred plates superbly reproduced in this volume, which is a companion to that by

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Herr Schmidt published in 1921, and dealing with the bindings in the Landesbibliothek at Darmstadt.

It is natural and proper that in a National and Royal library there should be a preponderance of indigenous bindings, and these are certainly very adequately represented; but we cannot help feeling that, with the notable exception of the cut-leather and blind-stamped German bindings, the author is trying to make the best of a rather unequal collection.

A high level is set at the start by the magnificent Probianus diptych which is, however, less happily reproduced than the other coloured plates. The diptych is the prototype of the modern book, and marks the transition from the roll-form (*volumen*) to the book-form, and in this work it takes its place in a section fully representing the ecclesiastical *de luxe* bindings of the Middle Ages; these doubtless originated as covers for the gorgeous illuminated manuscripts which they enclosed; for these nothing was too precious, and carved ivory, enamel, gold, and silver, often encrusted with jewels, were used lavishly. With the exception of this beautiful ivory the Staatsbibliothek has nothing to equal the so-called "Gospels of Charlemagne" at South Kensington, or the Limoges enamel book-covers at the British Museum.

For ordinary manuscripts vellum covers were used concurrently with a "half-binding," apparently first practised in Germany, of boards for the sides and leather for the back. Probably of equally early date is the "whole binding" of leather stretched over boards; of this, we have a famous example in the St. Cuthbert's Gospels at Stonyhurst, dating from the seventh or eighth century. This form of binding was soon found to invite decoration; and it is at this point that the strength of the collection under review becomes evident.

From the fourteenth to the sixteenth centuries the Germans ornamented their leather-bound books by cutting designs on the leather (*cuir ciselé*), and depressing the background to give a stippled appearance and to raise the design, or by stamping it with dies, and during this period their bindings surpassed in beauty and variety of ornament the blind-tooled bindings of all other European countries. Three of the master-craftsmen of this period were Richenbach, who usually bound his books in white pigskin; Hagmayer, of Ulm, who used many beautiful stamps and two magnificent panels—which are used on a copy of "Postilla Thome de Aquino in Job" in the British Museum, and have been mistaken for handwork—and Fogel, of Erfurt; of these, only the last-mentioned is here represented.

The advent of gold tooling from the East to Italy was the sign for the decline of the art of bookbinding in Germany; for the fineness of conception and extreme delicacy of expression which characterize the best gold tooling are foreign to the bold solidity of the German craftsmen, whose art found its medium in the cut-leather and blind-tooled covers. The bindings, however, of Jacob Krause, Court binder to the Elector Augustus (1566) reached a high standard, as is shown by those chosen by Dr. Husung, but Italian and French influences soon superseded entirely the older style, and at this point the historical interest of German bookbinding ceases.

It has been said that "*la reliure est un art tout français*"; the truth of this is not questioned, but it is hardly borne out by the French bindings in this work. Two excellent specimens of Derome's work cannot make up for

the absence of the Eves and Le Gascon, whose charming *pointillé* work must find a place in any complete historical collection; and while we English do not claim to have produced the protagonists of this art, Samuel Mearne and Roger Payne are both landmarks in the history of book-binding, and we are surprised not to find one single example of English work. We venture to think that an undue proportion of space has been given to the comparatively insipid productions of Bozérien père et fils and to their patron Méjan (other patrons—and those others Grolier and Majoli—having been dismissed with one or two volumes apiece). The seriousness of these deficiencies in the list of reproductions is mitigated by Dr. Husung's excellent historical introduction, and the excellence of the plates makes it a book which no student of bibliopegic art can afford to overlook—or to buy, unless he has two hundred and sixty marks to spare.

PHILIP B. JAMES.

BELGISCHE KUNSTDENKMÄLER. Edited by PAUL CLEMEN. 2 vols. Munich: F. Bruckmann, A.-G.

A magnificent publication this, which caters for a variety of tastes and interests. In some ways the reader is reminded of our old friend, *L'Art Mosan*, only the net has here been flung much wider; also, these volumes are the result of the collaboration of over twenty scholars, including some of the greatest names among German and Austrian art historians. A particularly notable feature of the work is the numerous and excellent reproductions. It is tantalizing to make a selection, among the various essays, of those calling for particular mention: but one to be singled out undoubtedly is the admirable paper by Prof. Adolph Goldschmidt, in which a masterly analysis is given to Belgian sculpture of the twelfth century. Profoundly interesting, too, is Dr. Max Creutz's monograph on the art of the goldsmiths of the Rhine and Meuse districts (written, it may be noted, before the author can have had access to the important results concerning the work of the goldsmiths of Oignies, published by Mr. Mitchell in the "Burlington Magazine" for October and December, 1921). The Editor writes very interestingly on Lancelot Blondeel and the rise of the Renaissance at Bruges; while painting is authoritatively dealt with by, among others, Dr. Friedländer (Brussels painter of the late fifteenth century), and Dr. Winkler (fifteenth-century painting in Northern France and its relation to Netherlandish painting). Architects and students of town-planning will find much to interest them in these volumes—notably a paper on the architectural development of Bruges as a city, by Dr. Hermann Flesche, and an admirably illustrated essay on Water-castles in Flanders and Brabant, by Dr. Karl Wach. Space unfortunately forbids us to deal more exhaustively with this fine work, which, following in the trail of war's terrible devastation, points the way in which sanity and real progress lie.

ENGLISH PORCELAIN FIGURES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. Selected and described by WILLIAM KING. 80 plates including 8 in colour. (Medici Society.) 17s. 6d. net.

THE CHELSEA PORCELAIN TOYS. Described by G. E. BRYANT. 47 plates in colour. (Medici Society.) £7 7s. net.

Mr. King's book is a happy inspiration. Following the example of Dr. Sauerlandt's "*Deutsche Porzellanfiguren des XVIII Jahrhunderts*," he has brought together within

## Book Reviews

one volume eighty illustrations of representative pieces from all the English porcelain factories of the eighteenth century. The result is a book not only of great charm (for the objects themselves are the most characteristic products of an age of charm), but also a work of undoubted scientific interest. To have a selection of the whole corpus of English porcelain figures brought together in a form which makes comparison easy is, for the student of the subject, an inestimable advantage. For the subject, as anyone who has devoted the least attention to it knows, "bristles" with problems. And in his introduction to this volume, Mr. King does much to help us towards their solution. There are two chief factors which complicate the ascription and classification of English porcelain figures. One is the probable survival of an hitherto unidentified group of models made during the early period of the Derby factory. The Derby factory was established about 1750, and in 1757 we have the evidence of a newspaper advertisement to show that they were producing figures which in quality could not be distinguished (so they claimed) from "the real Dresden." But of the figures formerly ascribed to the Derby factory none can be, on stylistic grounds, dated much earlier than 1770. Where, then, among the figures at present ascribed to contemporary factories (that is to say, in effect, to Chelsea, Bow, and Longton Hall) shall we find the twenty years output of the Derby factory? That is a severe enough problem in itself, but it is immensely complicated by the anomalous position of William Duesbury. Between 1751 and 1753, and perhaps over a longer period, Duesbury was established in London as an "enameller" of porcelain figures: that is to say, he bought various figures "in the white" from all the factories (we know for certain he bought them from Bow and Derby), and then had them painted in what is presumably one uniform manner, or, at any rate, one uniform palette of colours. Can we identify this group of figures—a group in which we must look for a common form of decoration (it need not necessarily be the same *hand* always—Duesbury may have employed several painters), covering a variety of porcelain pastes? Neither of these problems has been solved, though Mr. Bernard Rackham has made a suggestion which seems to go a long way towards identifying the early Derby figures. Perhaps, finally, the whole question will be decided by the chemical analysis of the various groups in question. Meanwhile, Mr. King gives us in his introduction a masterly survey of the situation. We have, besides, an historical summary of the development of porcelain figures in England, and this summary is remarkable, not only for its really scientific

concision, but also for the witty and illuminating style in which it is written.

Mr. Bryant has written a monograph of a different type. He has taken a restricted province—the scent-bottles, bonbonnières, étuis, seals, and statuettes, collectively known as "Chelsea toys"—and of this province he has made an exhaustive and detailed study. He illustrates and describes no fewer than five hundred of these pretty little objects, drawn from public and private collections. The subject does not intrigue us with problems in the manner of Mr. King's book, but nevertheless, it will appeal to anyone who has formed a taste, or even a passion, for these authentic relics of an amusing age. The production is imposing and well printed, but the colour plates are not uniformly good: for example, plate 22, in the copy under review, is not properly registered. But objects so minute in size presented a difficult problem, and on the whole the publishers, as well as Mr. Bryant and the artists who have assisted him, are to be congratulated.

**FINE PRINTS OF THE YEAR 1925.** An annual review of Etching and Engraving. Edited by MALCOLM C. SALAMAN. Vol. 3. Halton and Truscott Smith, Limited. 30s. net.

Modern etchers may congratulate themselves on possessing such an enthusiastic champion of their cause as Mr. Malcolm Salaman, whose ready pen finds something pleasing and pertinent to say about everyone whose work he deems important enough to be represented in the anthology.

Etching has now become one of our most flourishing art industries with a large circle of buyers, and "Fine Prints" is welcomed by them as an indispensable guide to the market. Nearly all of the work included by Mr. Salaman in this year's issue will please the collectors and attract the general public, who may thus be tempted to enter into their exalted ranks.

One wonders, nevertheless, how many of the prints reproduced in this handsome volume with the publishers' usual care will survive when the *fashion* of etching has died down: how many will be regarded by posterity as more than pleasant fruits of industry, like the now neglected steel engravings of the nineteenth century.

The problem is better than a crossword puzzle, and its attempted solution is earnestly recommended as an instructive pastime. The correct answer will be available some time during the next century. Meanwhile one may venture the guess that there will be some survivors, and that in all probability Sullivan's "Don Quixote and the Enchanters" will head the list.

H. F.

## MUSIC NEWS AND NOTES

By PERCY COLSON

**The National Opera Trust.**—The National Opera Trust has started its campaign by sending out a circular which, for sheer blatant vulgarity and ambiguity of style has, I imagine, rarely been equalled, at any rate in an appeal for an artistic purpose; had this pamphlet been an advertisement for a new and cheap kind of tooth-paste it would have been quite effective. One wonders where the promoters of

this scheme could have found the genius responsible for it, and why having once read it they allowed it to be used. I cannot think of anything more calculated to discourage possible subscribers of the cultivated classes. In making an appeal for money to subsidize music, it is both foolish and useless to talk about its "moral uplift" and its "educative and civilizing" powers, the average opera-goer does not care

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a jot for that sort of thing; all he wants is to hear his favourite operas reasonably well given, and generally speaking, he cannot understand and resents being bothered with leaflets inserted in the programme, for which he has paid in addition to the cost of his seat, frantically appealing for subscriptions for the cause of the opera. The patrons of variety theatres and football matches are not worried in this way, and such methods are quite unknown in any other country. In point of fact, the whole matter resolves itself into the question of demand and supply. As I have before said in writing on this subject, if there had been a real love for "grand" opera in England we should have had endowed theatres for it long ago, we are quite rich enough even now. Surely it would be futile to say that such cities as Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, Cardiff, Glasgow, etc., cannot afford to establish and pay for any form of entertainment they may desire? There are any number of infinitely poorer towns in Germany, Italy, and France that have their regular opera. Possibly the reader will say, "Ah, yes! but in these countries opera is State-aided." Naturally, but the State is after all merely the servant of the public and is obliged eventually to comply with any strongly expressed demand, be it for recreation parks, municipal bath-houses, or opera. Apart, however, from whether there is or is not a demand for "National opera" in England, there is no doubt that there are very many people who would like to see a permanent company for the performance of opera in English established and placed in a secure position financially, and if they want it badly enough to pay for it, there is no earthly reason why they should not have it. In this connection I entirely agree with Mr. Ernest Newman, who advises the Trust to drop its original scheme and come out with an appeal for £25,000 or so to set the "British National Opera Company" on its feet; to ask for £500,000 is ridiculous. It is the only company doing anything really worth while, if one excepts the "Carl Rosa Company," which is frankly run for the people on cheap lines.

The veiled attack on Covent Garden in the circular was in the worst possible taste. Why people should not be allowed to hear really first-class performances of opera by the great singers and conductors of the world passes my understanding. Those who can afford to pay the necessarily high price have quite as much right to their opera as the inhabitants of Golder's Green have to go and hear the British National Opera Company. It would have been more gracious to recognize with gratitude the fact that there are people generous enough to make such performances possible and who prefer to spend their money to help art than to waste it on charitable purposes. Besides which, such performances set a standard for our own artistes which however impossible for them to attain to should all the same be invaluable to them.

**Franz Liszt.**—In the realm of the arts, as in other spheres of life, there are born once every hundred years or so beings who seem to resume in themselves all the knowledge of the past centuries and whose genius carries it to a higher pinnacle than it has ever before reached. Such in the past were Dante, Giotto, Leonardo da Vinci, and Michelangelo, and among these elect one may perhaps place that fascinating and intriguing personality Franz Liszt, whose wide culture and deep understanding of all the arts render him unique in the history of music. Anything that can throw a new light on one whose influence was so profound

and far-reaching is of the greatest value, so one welcomes Mr. Frederick Corder's "Biography," in which for the most part he avoids criticism and devotes himself to giving us the story of Liszt's life. So many sided was Liszt that one hardly knows on what ground to take him: pianist, composer, man of the world, *littérateur*, *religieux*, grand Seigneur, and with it all, having more than a touch of Bohemianism, he was a mass of contradiction. During his lifetime he astonished and dazzled all those with whom he came in contact, even Wagner, who wrote to a friend, after his first meeting with Liszt: "Je n'ai éprouvé d'autre impression que celle de l'ahurissement." Those of us who are acquainted with the life of Wagner know that he was not an easy person to impress!

That Liszt, in common with Paganini, should now be little more than a name is, of course, inevitable; it is with his place as a composer that we are concerned, and this remains one of the most difficult and disputed questions of the musical world. Let me say at once that Liszt, more than any composer who has ever lived, suffered from *les défauts de ses qualités*, his facility was so extraordinary that nothing seemed to give him any trouble. From his earliest years his career was a triumphal progress from one country to another, and his enormous reputation as a virtuoso makes it only natural that for the great majority of music-lovers he is only remembered by the brilliant show-pieces he wrote for his instrument which remain in the repertoire of every pianist, and which more than the music of any other writer developed the technique of the pianoforte. No one, however, with a real knowledge of his more serious and important works can fail to realize how great was his influence, both on his contemporaries and those who came after him. He was, of course, essentially a "Romantic," with his enthusiastic and exuberant temperament; he could not have been anything else, and his music exhibits all the qualities and, one must admit, more than all the defects of the Romantic school. A great deal of it "dates" terribly, and even at his best he was very unequal; he wrote in hot haste under the inspiration of the moment, and his busy and hectic life so filled with interests of every kind left him but little time to revise and eliminate. Nothing could well be more vulgar than some of his transcriptions for the piano, and yet, as Mr. Corder points out in his book, he could also write the exquisitely ethereal and lovely "Gretchen" movement in the "Faust Symphony," the songs "Lorelei" and "Connais-tu le pays?" and some pianoforte music which is equal to anything that has been written for that instrument. I think that the controversy with regard to his music is the best proof of its vitality; certainly a great deal of it lives in the works of his fellow composers, for both his themes and his style have been copied extensively. In "The Ring," for instance, Wagner borrowed more than once from his friend, and in "Tristan" there are motifs that singularly resemble motifs used by Liszt in his "Preludes." His favourite form seems to have been that of the "Symphonic Poem," which he may almost said to have invented in its modern signification. Wagner said of Liszt that his personality overshadowed his reputation as a composer; this is true to a great extent, but not altogether. His genius was undeniable, but it was his whole life, his enormous success as a pianist, and his multiplicity of interest that made it impossible for him to write the music he might have done had he been less gifted in other directions.

## Music News and Notes

There have been few musicians around whose name so much *légende* has gathered. He went to Paris at the age of eleven, and at once became a celebrity; there was, no doubt, a touch of the "showman" about him, and even at that age he is said to have carefully rehearsed his "platform manner" in private. Young as he was, too, his curiosity was insatiable. He asked a friend "M. Miguet, apprenez moi toute la littérature française." He himself wrote a little later "Mon esprit et mes doigts travaillent comme des damnés. Homère, la Bible, Platon, Locke, Byron, Hugo, Lamartine, Chateaubriand, Beethoven, Bach, Hummel, Mozart, Weber, sont tous l'entour de moi." Liszt was extraordinarily generous in every sense of the word; he helped and encouraged every talented person he met, and his purse was ever at the service of those in need. Everyone knows what he did for Wagner, and he spared no pains in making known the music of Chopin and Schumann. Perhaps he was not always appreciated at his true value by those whom he helped. Certainly this was the case in regard to Schumann, to whose rather melancholy and narrow-minded temperament the brilliant worldly success and happy nature of Liszt must have been a little trying, and the same thing may be said of his relations with Chopin who, when told that Liszt proposed writing an article about him, replied: "Oui, je sais, il me

donnera un petit royaume dans son empire." This is how Liszt concluded the article in question: "Chopin has no need to envy anybody. Is not the most noble and the most legitimate satisfaction an artiste can experience to feel himself above his fame, superior to his success, and greater than his glory?" To the young, Liszt was always kindness itself. It is recorded of him that once on arriving at a certain town where he was to play he came across the announcement of a concert by a Mlle. —, "pupil of Liszt." Unable to recall the name, he asked that she should be sent for and brought to see him at his hotel, and found, as he had anticipated, that he had never before seen her, he listened gravely to her tearful explanation of how greatly it would help her to be known as his pupil, and then, seating her at the piano, told her to play him one of the pieces she proposed playing at her concert. After devoting nearly an hour to giving her a lesson on its interpretation, he dismissed her, saying, "Now you can say with truth that you are a pupil of Liszt." On another occasion at a town where he was unknown, finding merely a handful of people in the concert hall, he invited them all to his hotel, and after playing to them for an hour or so, gave them all supper. If only newcomers in London would adopt this method it would rob concert going of half its terrors!

## ART NEWS AND NOTES

By HERBERT FURST

### *The Sargent Exhibition at Burlington House.*

The Sargent Exhibition at Burlington House leaves one puzzled. Sargent's mentality is an enigma. That his portraiture should have impressed the public, and will continue to do so as long as his pigments last—there are already signs that they are beginning to "go"—is little wonder. He could paint both a pretty face and a head full of character; he was lavish with his *mise en scène*, his satins, pearls, draperies, vases, and other bric-à-brac, and above all, he had a magnificently audacious brush. These things could not but make an enormous impression on the public, which likes to see—and quite rightly, perhaps—an elegant performance of tricks, for whether one likes it or not, Art—whatever else it may be—is intimately connected with successful deception of the eye.

Sargent, more than any artist of his time, was distinguished by a quite superb dexterity of the hand, and a confidence in it amounting almost to carelessness, as when he gives Lord Balfour, Lord Ribblesdale, or even some of his ladies not seven but ten "heads," or thereabouts, as a measure of their full length.

Sargent, who had the reputation of being an unsparing realist, whom his sitters even dreaded, was in his portraiture anything but realistic. He had the reputation of calling a spade a spade; actually he did nothing of the kind: he made a sparkling display upon canvas, and the public took it for "a spade." What really happened was that Sargent, Paris-trained and therefore a transparently clever draughtsman, also imbibed Impressionist theories of representation and added to these, after he had settled in England, the stock-in-trade of Van Dyck and the latter's English

descendants—Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney—that is to say, the columns, pilasters, draped curtains, and the false landscape. Upon such incompatible foundations he built his dazzling but uncertain portraiture.

Nothing could be more superbly regal than his likenesses of the Duke and the Duchess of Connaught; nothing more brilliant in its audacity than the "Carmencita," where one even feels rather than sees the powder on the face. No one has painted a better likeness than Sargent as that of "The late Charles Napier Hemy"; no one has characterized a certain modern type better than he in many portraits, of which "The late Lady Faudel-Phillips" is one. His "Countess of Rocksavage," in an Elizabethan costume of black, silver, and purple, has the dignity almost of a Holbein. The characterization of "The late Lord Watson" has no bravura but an almost Rembrandtesque golden warmth to emphasize it. And so one might find a considerable number of masterly and masterful portraits, amongst which however those of men would preponderate. These masterpieces would nevertheless represent only a minority of his portraiture, the rest being made up of dashing and flashy tricks, of the type of "The Ladies Alexandra Mary and Theo Acheson," or the "Mrs. Carl (now Lady) Meyer and Children"—immensely clever, very elegant—but lacking in something that is not quite easy to define. One is tempted to say *sincerity*: but sincerity is no more a *sine qua non* of art than is sobriety or cleanliness.

Up to a point, Sargent's outlook is comprehensible: he worked under the spell of realism and impressionism broken only in his portraiture by a desire to be decorative. But he had no natural sense of decoration and no idea of

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design, neither in his portraiture, nor his landscapes, nor in his decorations, neither was he a great colourist.

This, however, is where the Sargent enigma presents itself. He was a facile, if commonplace, draughtsman with pencil or crayon, but brush in hand he could draw as magnificently as a Veronese or a Tiepolo: face to face with Nature, as in his landscapes and architectural pieces, he had a sense of light and colour values probably unrivalled in the whole history of art. I know of no one who could have done the "Boy on his Holidays, Salmon Fishing," better or even as well as he; and there are hundreds of his landscapes, war subjects, interiors which are miracles of optically accurate representation. One can see that he put not only his eyes but his whole heart into such things as "The Pavement, St. Mark's, Venice," or the water-colour of "The Green Door, Corfu," with the sunny wall upon which the shadows of palm-leaves dance. In such things was Sargent truly great.

The enigma, then, is the manifest schism in Sargent's mind: His genius had the eyes of an eagle but the wings of a wren.

### *The London Group.*

The London Group is now recognized as the most important of the "advanced" exhibitions. It numbers amongst its members Mr. Roger Fry, Mr. Walter Sickert, A.R.A., and is presided over by Mr. Frank Dobson.

This year's exhibition at the R.W.S. Galleries makes, as a whole, a much better impression than its predecessors there. It shows a little more uniformity at least of size; it shows also a little more uniformity of aims. That, I suppose, will be regarded as a depreciative remark: where everyone wishes to be not only "advanced" but also "original" uniformity would seem to imply both a "halt" and an adjustment. Truth to tell, the London Group has never been distinguished by "originality" inasmuch as many of its members professed to be followers of the French movement. The uniformity of aim here spoken of is, however, distinctly intended as a compliment. It seems that advanced painters everywhere have more and more the desire to conform in some measure with the society in and by which it is, for better or for worse, their fate to live.

Take for example René Paresce's still-lifes à la Bracque, how charming and sociable they are in their tender tertiaries; or Jessica Dismorr's cubistic townscapes, how reticent and modest; or Meninsky's "Farm in Hampshire," grey and *English*, and F. J. Porter's "Landscape," bright and sunny. There must be thousands of the ordinary public capable of relishing Porter's and Meninsky's work: Does that mean that they are worse artists for that reason. Or again, there are Ethelbert White's landscapes—"Autumn Trees," "End of the Orchard," "Forest Glade,"—a little similar, a little formula-like, but bold, strong, bright, carefully-thought-out and deliciously *clean*—like Bach. One cannot help feeling that it is a pity Paul Nash cannot appreciate the depressing effect his quite original "*nature morte*" has, by reason both of its colour and its technique. A. P. Allinson's "Spring in Aulicoli" and other landscapes have gained enormously since he has added certain recessional qualities to his already decorative designs. And there are other painters such as Dickey, Barne, Horton and Ratcliffe, whose works I have marked as being likely to attract others besides those who look upon art as a species of mental disturbance.

Walter Sickert's bold and authoritative "Battistini"

is in a sense a contradiction of all that the modern movements stand for—precision of outline and of planes. Sickert here demonstrates both the defects and the qualities of Impressionism, but the defects less than the qualities, for although it is true that one must find a place from which one can see the brush-marks fused into a vital piece of portraiture, yet that distance once reached Sickert's gifts as a painter are manifest. Battistini sings—you can hear him! Also, however—and this is his aesthetic justification—he fills his space magnificently.

Duncan Grant's painted caryatides, intended as mural decorations, could be judged better if there were a sketch of their ultimate destination available. As they are seen here they are, however, quite satisfactory, except that he seems to have given the figure on the left a greater three-dimensional value than to the other one. Randolph Schwabe's beautiful and classical drawings for a "Decoration Project" are so promising that he seems to have set himself thereby a standard which, if maintained in the finished work, would place him in the front ranks of the masters.

The sculpture, except perhaps Epstein's "Enver," is not remarkable, but "Enver," an Indian boy, has the deep-eyed mystery of the Oriental's life.

*The Royal Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, John Street, Adelphi, W.C.2,* to give the Royal Society of Arts its full title, announces its forthcoming "Annual Competition of Industrial Designs for Architectural Decoration, Textiles, Furniture, Book production, Pottery and Glass, and Miscellaneous." Intending competitors should communicate with the Secretary of the Royal Society of Arts, who will supply them with further details.

The bound volumes of *APOLLO* for 1925 are now ready and can be obtained at the price of 25s. each from the office, 6 Robert Street, Adelphi.

## OBITUARY

### LORD CARMICHAEL

The passing of Lord Carmichael, on January 16, means the disappearance of a singularly distinguished and sympathetic figure. His career in political life and the higher administration of the Empire falls outside the province of this magazine; nor would we, in this connection, lay the principal stress on his public services, great though they were, to the cause of art in this country. We would rather dwell on Lord Carmichael's personality as a collector, for really only to those who knew him in that capacity was fully revealed that unfeigned and un-failing sense of beauty which was his and which, coupled with his extraordinary personal loveliness, made a closer contact with him a precious and unforgettable experience. Himself a link with an earlier generation of great collectors, his example to his younger contemporaries was nothing short of an inspiration. To *APOLLO* Lord Carmichael was a good friend and helper from the outset; and we are proud to think that twice during the first year of our existence these pages should have been privileged to publish articles dealing with his collections.





# THE PORTRAIT OF SUZANNE DE BOURBON BY THE MAÎTRE DE MOULINS

By AUGUST L. MAYER

THE portrait of Suzanne de Bourbon,\* which has been famous ever since the exhibition of French Primitives, has recently come into the market and has therefore once again attracted the attention of art-lovers.

The small panel, 32×25 cm., which has been extended in the two upper corners so as to form a rectangle, but has obviously been for centuries framed in a semicircle above, is on the whole in an excellent state of preservation. It has been in the possession of the house of Bourbon up to the year 1890, and was guarded as a special treasure. Mme Yturbe, the present Duchess of Parcent, who acquired it a quarter of a century ago, has left the picture untouched. The stamp with a crown and the initials S. C. is twice branded on the back. While in the collection of the Infante Don Sebastian Gabriel de Bourbon,† the painting passed as a representation of Jeanne la Folle, by Holbein. The absurdity of the attribution and of the identification needs no lengthy exposition. The proper connection, especially from the point of view of art history, was soon discovered by the French, and was then fully established by other connoisseurs, especially Max J. Friedländer.

To-day, the portrait is universally recognized as the work of the so-called Maître de Moulins, who can be traced especially in the two last decades of the fifteenth century, and is sometimes also called the Master of the Bourbons, because he was particularly active for this princely house. The subject of the portrait has been proved by Count Paul Durrieu and Camille Benoit‡ to be beyond doubt Suzanne, the only daughter of Pierre II de Bourbon and of Anna de Beaujeu, daughter of King Louis XI, and heiress of the duchy of Bourbon. She was born in 1491, married in 1505 to her cousin, the famous Connétable

Charles, Count of Montpensier, and died on April 28, 1521.

We possess, however, not only later drawings of this princess but also a portrait as a child, which must certainly have been executed two or three years earlier than the one we are concerned with here. We mean the portrait of the little Suzanne beside her mother on the right wing of the famous triptych, in the Cathedral of Moulins. Not only are the features of the princess the same in the two portraits, but one can recognize distinctly the likeness she bears to her mother. As the princess was born in 1491 and appears to be about seven years old on the triptych, it must have been painted about 1498. It is interesting to note in this connection that, curiously enough, the features of the ducal couple appear much younger and more tense than in the half-length portraits with saints in the Louvre, which are assigned by documentary evidence to the year 1488. And even from the purely formal point of view the portraits of 1488 appear broader and more advanced than those of the triptych of Moulins, which most experts agree in giving to the same master. The portrait of Suzanne de Bourbon, with which we are here concerned, originated, in our opinion, undoubtedly two or three years later than that at Moulins. Benoit, who declares that the portrait on the wing at Moulins is the later of the two, and dates the one from the Yturbe collection about 1495, does not take the opportunity, strangely enough, of correcting his error when, farther on, he discusses the date of the princess's birth in talking about the triptych.\* In the Yturbe portrait the princess is already losing her childishness. The forehead shows quite a different formation to that on the portrait at Moulins, and if we take into account the fact that the princess was evidently a delicate little person, somewhat backward in her development, it may not be at all out of the question that we have here a girl of ten or twelve. The portrait may, therefore, be safely assigned to the first years of the sixteenth century.

\* "Exposition des Primitifs Français au Palais du Louvre," April, 1904. Catalogue No. 107.

† A portion of this collection, including our portrait, was published in 1890 by Prince Pierre de Bourbon, Duke of Duras, son of the above-mentioned Infante.

‡ "Gazette des Beaux Arts," xxvi (1901), p. 328.

\* "Gazette des Beaux Arts," xxvii, p. 71.

Benoit is probably right in supposing that the portrait was originally the left wing of a diptych, the right wing of which may have contained the representation of the Madonna. Not only the fact that the girl holds a rosary, but the whole conception of the portrait points to this conclusion. Should another evidence be required that we are here concerned with a member of the Bourbon family, it will be found in the rich jewel which the princess wears on her breast.

This ornament, set with pearls and precious stones, is in the form of the fleur-de-lis of the house of Bourbon.

The Master of Moulins is a Northern French painter, who has obviously experienced the influence of Hugo van der Goes. This connection can be traced also in the portrait of Suzanne de Bourbon. But it cannot be denied that the French artist is, nevertheless, an

individual and decided personality, who betrays not only his capacity as court painter, but also the blood of his race in the general disposition of this portrait, which is entirely foreign to Van der Goes. It shows a cool reserve, and a decidedly courtly elegance and obligingness. The colour, too, without being in any way dull, indicates the greater reserve of the French. The treatment of the red dress and of the jewel is the best evidence of the colouristic determination of the painter. The soft red of the lips sets off the rather anæmic complexion of the princess remarkably well, and almost suggests, if such an exaggeration is permissible, the portraits of Renoir. But if we confine ourselves to the period of the Master, it can be said that he carried on the art of Hugo van der Goes in France just as Gerard David did in the Netherlands, and the portrait we have here discussed is a particularly clear evidence of this.

## MOGUL PAINTING

By MARY CHAMOT

THE school of painting which flourished at the court of the Great Moguls, in the first half of the 17th century, approaches more nearly than any other tradition of Eastern art to the ideals of the West, and it is, therefore, not surprising to find that already, at an early period, it met with the appreciation of the few Europeans who had the good fortune to be acquainted with it. Thus, Rembrandt made copies of Indian miniatures almost within the lifetime of the painters who produced them; while in the eighteenth century Reynolds was lavish in his praise of some of the late portraits preserved in the British Museum. A mark of appreciation of more doubtful quality, but appreciation nevertheless, is the so-called "Millionen-zimmer" at Schönbrunn, Vienna, which is entirely decorated with a series of Mogul paintings cut to pieces and stuck together to fit into the fantastic framework of Theresian rococo; however, the miniatures have undergone ruthless re-painting, and the monograph on this room, by Professor Strzygowski, does little to re-establish their identity.

The Mogul school of art, like the Mogul system of government, was the result of a happy fusion between the Persian element, brought in by the invaders, and the native Hindu tradition strengthened and utilized by wise patronage. At first, only Persian artists were employed at court, and the Emperors were always ardent collectors of Persian manuscripts, which would be held up to the Hindu artist as models to be imitated; but already in Akbar's reign, the skill of the native painters begins to attract attention, and it is at this point that the school becomes completely Indianized.

The earliest monument of Mogul art, and at once its most ambitious performance, is the illustrated copy of the Hamzah romance,\* of which twenty-seven pages are exhibited at the Indian Section of the Victoria and Albert Museum, sixty are in Vienna, four in the British Museum, and a few others scattered in

\* See Heinrich Glück: "Die Indischen Miniaturen des Hamzah Romans im Oestreichischen Museum für Kunst und Industrie und in anderen Sammlungen," and "Portfolio of 12 Paintings illustrating the Romance of Hamzah," published by the Victoria and Albert Museum.

## Mogul Painting

public and private collections. This by no means exhausts the original work, 1375 pages having been executed between the years 1550 and 1575. The idea was started by Humayun during his exile in Persia, where he came into contact with art at the court of Shah Tahmasp, and where he took into his service the painter Mir Sayyid Ali, and the scribe Abduççamad. To these, no doubt, the design and general

supervision were entrusted; but they must have had assistants of Indian or Afghan nationality, for the paintings, though strongly Persian in character, are not purely so. They have a dramatic quality and a sense of space unknown to Persia; the figures are slightly shaded by means of graduated tones, the trees are treated decoratively, but in mass rather than as a transparent pattern, and the architecture represents undoubtedly the red sandstone buildings of India, while Chinese influences are perceptible in the treatment of clouds and in the vigorous characterization of the giant who figures so prominently in the romance. Particularly fine is the page representing Prince Nur-ud-dahr rescued from the waters by the prophet Elias (B.M. Or. 3600)\* with its wonderful suggestion of the light tread of the prophet on the waves which drag down the unfortunate prince; comparisons with the similar Christian subject, or with Blake's illustration of the XVIII Psalm, imme-

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portrait by Gentile Bellini, it is necessary to refer to Bihzad's copy of it to fully realize how Western it is in feeling.

Mogul art may not have the joyousness, the daring inventiveness of design, or the calligraphic flow of line we admire so much in the Persian painters, but it has that added power of realization which cannot be better described than in the words of Abul Fazl: "even inanimate objects look as if they had life." This power increased as the school developed, until it finally reached its triumph in

the reign of Shah Jahan, with those penetrating line portraits which have so frequently been compared with the works of Holbein and the French portrait drawings, and have so ineptly been accused of copying them.

But in the early period, design and colour were the chief merits of the school, and these are seen to perfection in what may be justly termed the masterpiece of this transitional stage—the large painting representing the "Princes of the House of Timur," at the British Museum. This has a breadth and



Victoria and Albert Museum

FIG. I. A SCENE FROM THE HAMZAH ROMANCE

\* Now transferred to the Print Room.

Benoit is probably right in supposing that the portrait was originally the left wing of a diptych, the right wing of which may have contained the representation of the Madonna. Not only the fact that the girl holds a rosary, but the whole conception of the portrait points to this conclusion. Should another evidence be required that we are here concerned with a member of the Bourbon family, it will be found in the rich jewel which the princess wears on her breast.

This ornament, set with pearls and precious stones, is in the form of the fleur-de-lis of the house of Bourbon.

The Master of Moulins is a Northern French painter, who has obviously experienced the influence of Hugo van der Goes. This connection can be traced also in the portrait of Suzanne de Bourbon. But it cannot be denied that the French artist is, nevertheless, an

individual and decided personality, who betrays not only his capacity as court painter, but also the blood of his race in the general disposition of this portrait, which is entirely foreign to Van der Goes. It shows a cool reserve, and a decidedly courtly elegance and obligingness. The colour, too, without being in any way dull, indicates the greater reserve of the French. The treatment of the red dress and of the jewel is the best evidence of the colouristic determination of the painter. The soft red of the lips sets off the rather anæmic complexion of the princess remarkably well, and almost suggests, if such an exaggeration is permissible, the portraits of Renoir. But if we confine ourselves to the period of the Master, it can be said that he carried on the art of Hugo van der Goes in France just as Gerard David did in the Netherlands, and the portrait we have here discussed is a particularly clear evidence of this.

## MOGUL PAINTING

By MARY CHAMOT

THE school of painting which flourished at the court of the Great Moguls, in the first half of the 17th century, approaches more nearly than any other tradition of Eastern art to the ideals of the West, and it is, therefore, not surprising to find that already, at an early period, it met with the appreciation of the few Europeans who had the good fortune to be acquainted with it. Thus, Rembrandt made copies of Indian miniatures almost within the lifetime of the painters who produced them; while in the eighteenth century Reynolds was lavish in his praise of some of the late portraits preserved in the British Museum. A mark of appreciation of more doubtful quality, but appreciation nevertheless, is the so-called "Millionenzimmer" at Schönbrunn, Vienna, which is entirely decorated with a series of Mogul paintings cut to pieces and stuck together to fit into the fantastic framework of Theresian rococo; however, the miniatures have undergone ruthless re-painting, and the monograph on this room, by Professor Strzygowski, does little to re-establish their identity.

The Mogul school of art, like the Mogul system of government, was the result of a happy fusion between the Persian element, brought in by the invaders, and the native Hindu tradition strengthened and utilized by wise patronage. At first, only Persian artists were employed at court, and the Emperors were always ardent collectors of Persian manuscripts, which would be held up to the Hindu artist as models to be imitated; but already in Akbar's reign, the skill of the native painters begins to attract attention, and it is at this point that the school becomes completely Indianized.

The earliest monument of Mogul art, and at once its most ambitious performance, is the illustrated copy of the Hamzah romance,\* of which twenty-seven pages are exhibited at the Indian Section of the Victoria and Albert Museum, sixty are in Vienna, four in the British Museum, and a few others scattered in

\* See Heinrich Glück: "Die Indischen Miniaturen des Hamzah Romans im Oestreichischen Museum für Kunst und Industrie und in anderen Sammlungen," and "Portfolio of 12 Paintings illustrating the Romance of Hamzah," published by the Victoria and Albert Museum.

## Mogul Painting

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Victoria and Albert Museum

FIG. 1. A SCENE FROM THE HAMZAH ROMANCE

\* Now transferred to the Print Room.

nobility of design suggestive of wall decoration, rare in either Indian or Persian art, yet the Persian loveliness of colour has lost none of its intensity, although the painting is over forty inches square and, like the Hamzah series, painted in tempera on cotton. With these qualities, its unfortunate state of preservation is the more to be regretted. Two large fragments have been cut away, and some of the figures in the central group added at a later time as is shown by their costume and the colours used to depict them. Originally there were, perhaps, only two or three figures seated under the canopy, but in the reign of Jahangir, about fifty years after the picture was painted, it was brought up to date by changing the left-hand figure into a group of three—Akbar, Jahangir, and Shah Jahan—while Prince Parvis and another were added standing one on either side of the pavilion. The ancestors of the emperors are disposed in a wide semicircle in the foreground, above the feast is being prepared by countless attendants, and the sky of gold enlivened with Chinese cloud forms, and fantastic birds are seen behind the rocks and flowering trees. The palette is restricted, but the colour so beautiful, that at first sight we can hardly welcome the "improvements" introduced at the court of Akbar.

Dating from his reign, we have the illustrated memoirs of Babar in the British Museum, the still more beautiful leaves of another copy of the same book at the India Museum, the "Akbarnamah," and various manuscripts in other collections, but more interesting than any of these are the remains of frescoes at

Fathpur-Sikri with their curious mixture of Persian, Indian, and Christian subject matter. It is at this period that the Hindu artist comes into prominence, and we are faced with the problem of his earlier history. That the Buddhist art of Ajanta should have survived as a living tradition through the wellnigh thousand years that elapsed since the last cave was finished, is scarcely credible, especially if we consider that these rock-cut temples lay

forgotten and waste, and that the very spring of art had changed from the Buddhist Church to the Mogul Court. But certain resemblances to it in 17th-century Indian art (more strongly felt in the Rajput schools, of course, but traceable even in the Mogul work) are not to be mistaken. The plastic treatment of figures, the dramatic conception, the rendering of architecture, not carpet-like, but with an intelligent stressing of planes, sometimes even approaching European laws of perspective—these are qualities not imported by the Persians. The only explanation lies in the method by which Hindu craftsmen hand on their

tradition from one generation to another. The work of the painters must have been carried on either on so perishable a material as palm leaves, or on buildings that have been destroyed or have not yet come to light, for India is but imperfectly explored and almost entirely unexcavated. Anyway, when Akbar called for artists they were ready to hand.

The system which prevailed at his court was hardly conducive to the best results. Several artists collaborated on the same



British Museum

FIG. II. PRINCE NUR-UD-DAHR RESCUED BY THE PROPHET ELIAS

## Mogul Painting

painting; they had to present their work weekly to the Emperor, and were rewarded according to his idea of their merits; and their principal task was to illustrate the deeds of their patron, or to copy Persian classics. A

work that found favour would frequently be required in several copies, the method being to make a tracing on gold-beater's skin, which would then be pricked and transferred like early Italian drawings. A number of unfinished drawings at the British Museum are interesting for the light they throw on the subsequent process. The lines would be first drawn in untempered red (which could be dusted off) on the natural buff-coloured paper, then fixed in a delicate grey and corrected, especially in the face, with white. The colour scheme would sometimes be hinted at in a few thin washes, then the whole would be covered with a good coat of tempera or guache, first in

broad masses of colour, then the lines were redrawn over this, the shading and ornament added, and finally the gilding.

The pages of the Akbarnamah, at the India Museum, vary considerably in quality as compositions, though as illustrations they are all astounding. No subject is too compli-

cated—vast battles, elephant fights, the "gamargh," receptions, durbars, etc., are all rendered with equal skill; but the happiest results are achieved in quieter scenes, such as Akbar inspecting the building of Fathpur-Sikri,

and the little gem by Farrukh Beg, especially interesting since the Museum now possesses another work by this master done at the age of seventy, which we reproduce.

The Emperor Jahangir was an even more enlightened patron of the arts than his father, and we are fortunate in being able to gain some insight into his ideas on this subject from the memoirs of Sir Thomas Roe. The change in court life was naturally reflected in art—feasts attended by bejewelled courtiers take the place of battle and hunting scenes. The artists vie with each other in attempting to do justice to the excessive luxury of dress prevalent at that time, limiting their

subjects to smaller groups, and setting them off on plainer backgrounds. In richness and refinement this school may be compared with the late Gothic art of Gentile de Fabriano or Pisanello; the greatest resemblance to the latter is to be found in the animal studies so much encouraged by



Victoria and Albert Museum

FIG. III. A DARWISH  
By Farrukh Beg

Jahangir, which, for exquisite refinement of detail, for perfect spacing, and beauty of line and colour, as well as for unfailing truth to Nature, are unsurpassed in the annals of art. As in his portraits, the artist avoids movement, not aiming at the vitality of Chinese and Japanese painting, but the decorative achieved is for this very reason superb.

Almost as much attention was paid to the vegetable world, and with equal success. The loveliest flower studies are to be found in the album which once belonged to Prince Dara Shikoh, and is now in the India Office, while a number of skilful flower painters were constantly employed making the beautiful borders which usually surround paintings from the Imperial Collections.

We also find a number of interesting genre subjects—groups of musicians, visits to ascetics, scenes of labour, such as weaving, irrigation, etc. ;\* these are frequently treated with great beauty of tone and atmosphere, and for exquisite detail they may be compared with the miniature landscapes of the Limbourg brothers.

In the reign of Shah Jahan painting continues on much the same lines, but a new type of portraiture comes into vogue, the delicate

line drawing with but a touch of colour. The line here is descriptive rather than lyrical, as in Persian drawings of similar technique, but the characterization, marvellous in its intensity considering the small scale, and the dignified pose, though never varied, is

remarkably satisfying. These portraits can best be studied in the British Museum, while the other aspects of the school are splendidly represented in the Wantage Bequest and the newly-acquired collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

European influence is undoubtedly perceptible in a number of these paintings (rarely to their advantage), and definite copies of Western pictures and engravings crop up from the earliest times. But, to say that the achievement of the Mogul School is in any way due to these influences is hardly correct, and moreover, it is the subject rather than the treatment that is most frequently copied, as in the drawing of a very fat Oriental struggling to carry

an enormous lamb, doubtless intended to represent the Good Shepherd.\*

With the accession of the puritan Emperor, Aurangzib, court patronage began to wane, and consequently art declined. Painters sought employment elsewhere :



*British Museum*

FIG. IV. PORTRAIT BY CHITARKAN

\* For reproductions see Percy Brown: "Indian Painting under the Mughals"; and Lawrence Binyon: "Court Painters of the Great Moghuls."

\* Reproduced by Vincent Smith: "A History of Fine Art in India," plate CXV.

## Mogul Painting



FIG. V. A ZEBRA  
By Ustad Mansur

Victoria and Albert Museum

at the courts of the Rajputs, where their art became merged with the native style, in the bazaars, and finally in the European settlements, so that, although the Mogul tradition is supposed to continue to almost within modern times, it becomes increasingly difficult to distinguish it from other schools, and less worth the trouble of doing so. Mogul painting will probably always remain an impersonal art (for the lack of an Indian Vasari), however many names of painters we may know, as it is unlikely that anyone to-day can aspire

to the connoisseurship of Jahangir, who boasted that he could distinguish the hand of one of his painters even if it was responsible for only one feature in a head painted by another. But the student who will rummage in the libraries of the British Museum or of the India Office in search of Indian manuscripts (mostly uncatalogued and undescribed), enjoys the fascination of following little-trodden paths, while his faculty of appreciation can be governed by purely æsthetic considerations, unbiased by the judgment of past ages.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE QUEEN OF SHEBA; SOLOMON AND THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

*Front of a Cassone, presented to the Victoria and Albert Museum by H.R.H. Princess Louise*

*Probably by Francesco di Giorgio*

## ITALIAN CASSONE PAINTINGS

By TANCRED BORENIUS

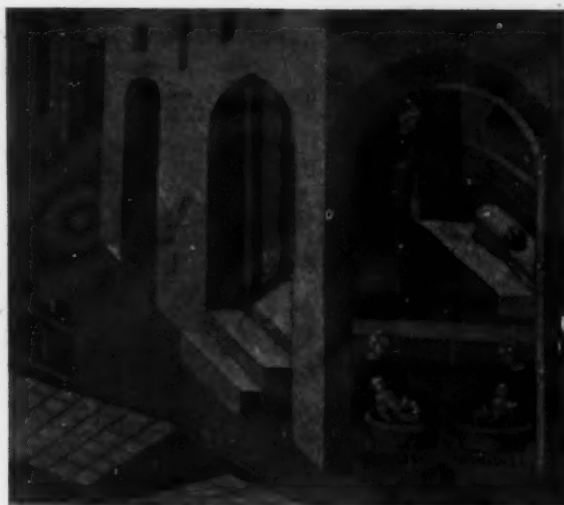
FOR a study of that singularly attractive province of Italian Renaissance art which is formed by the painted or sculptured marriage chests (*cassoni*), the Victoria and Albert Museum has long been one of the most important centres.

In Dr. Schubring's monumental work on *cassoni* (first published in 1915, second enlarged edition 1923), the collection at South Kensington thus figures very prominently, supplying the author with an extensive series of specimens illustrating a large variety of types. Remarkably fully though the evolution of the Italian *cassone* is represented at the Victoria and Albert Museum, there is, however, a certain unevenness in the illustration of the various local schools. Florence predominates easily among the centres represented, as is but right that it should; but the *cassone* painters of Siena, a very far from negligible group, have up to now been completely absent. In these circumstances an accession to be particularly welcomed is the *cassone* recently presented to the Victoria and Albert Museum by H.R.H. Princess Louise.

The *cassone* itself is one of a somewhat rare type, with supporters in stucco bas-relief appearing on each side of the front panel: a kindred example, not only Sienese but very probably issued from the same atelier, is the *cassone*

painted with the story of Tobias, which forms part of the Nemes Collection in Munich (Schubring, No. 936, Plate CCIII). The subject of the front panel is derived from the story of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba—a favourite theme of the *cassone* painters: we find it illustrated also on the front of the Dini *cassone* in the Victoria and Albert Museum (Schubring, No. 193, Plate XLI), the work of a Florentine master of about 1450 ("the *Cassone* Master," possibly Marco del Buono). On the left we see the arrival of the Queen of Sheba travelling through a conventionalized landscape on her chariot, accompanied by a large number of young men and women; on the right, Solomon and the Queen of Sheba are seated on a dais, conversing, some books being placed on a stand between them, while below, on each side, appears their retinue, and the background is formed by a series of marble palaces. The whole is a singularly charming composition, full of graceful motives, and delightful in decorative effect. The types of the figures, the character of the architectural accessories, and the motives of the landscape, all find close parallels in a number of Sienese *cassoni* of about 1470-80, gravitating round Francesco di Giorgio and, up to a point, Matteo di Giovanni. Among the *cassone* fronts associable with Francesco

## *Italian Cassone Paintings*



INCIDENTS FROM THE MYTH OF HERCULES

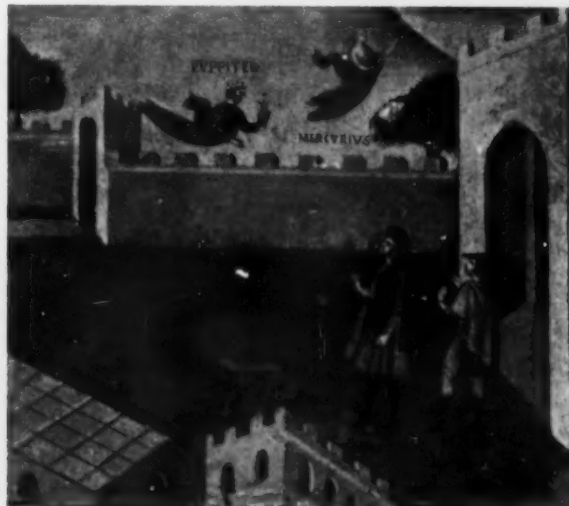
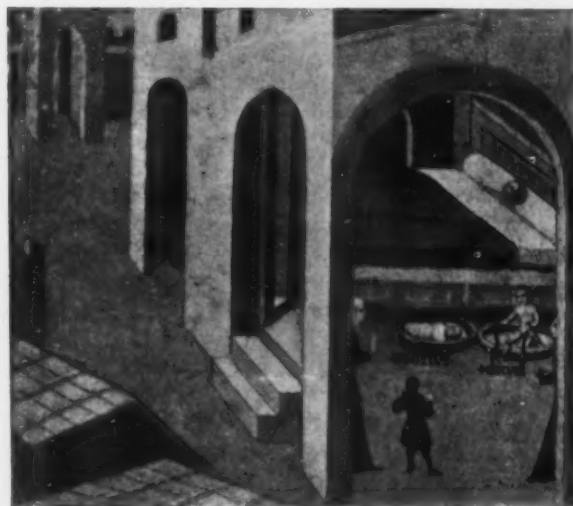
*London : Mr. Lionel Harris*

di Giorgio I would particularly instance the above-mentioned one in the Nemes Collection, "The Triumph of Chastity," in Sir Herbert Cook's Collection at Doughty House, Richmond (Schubring, No. 465), and an unpublished cassone front representing the "Triumph of Julius Cæsar," in Viscount Lascelles' Collection, as exhibiting very striking analogies to the present example. The various individualities connected with Francesco di Giorgio's studio have not as yet been fully analysed—Neroccio and Girolamo da Cremona have been mentioned as his collaborators—but pending further

discoveries, the name of that extraordinarily many-sided and brilliant artist, Francesco di Giorgio—a minor Leonardo—appears the most suitable one to attach to the cassone which has lately gone to enrich the Victoria and Albert Museum.

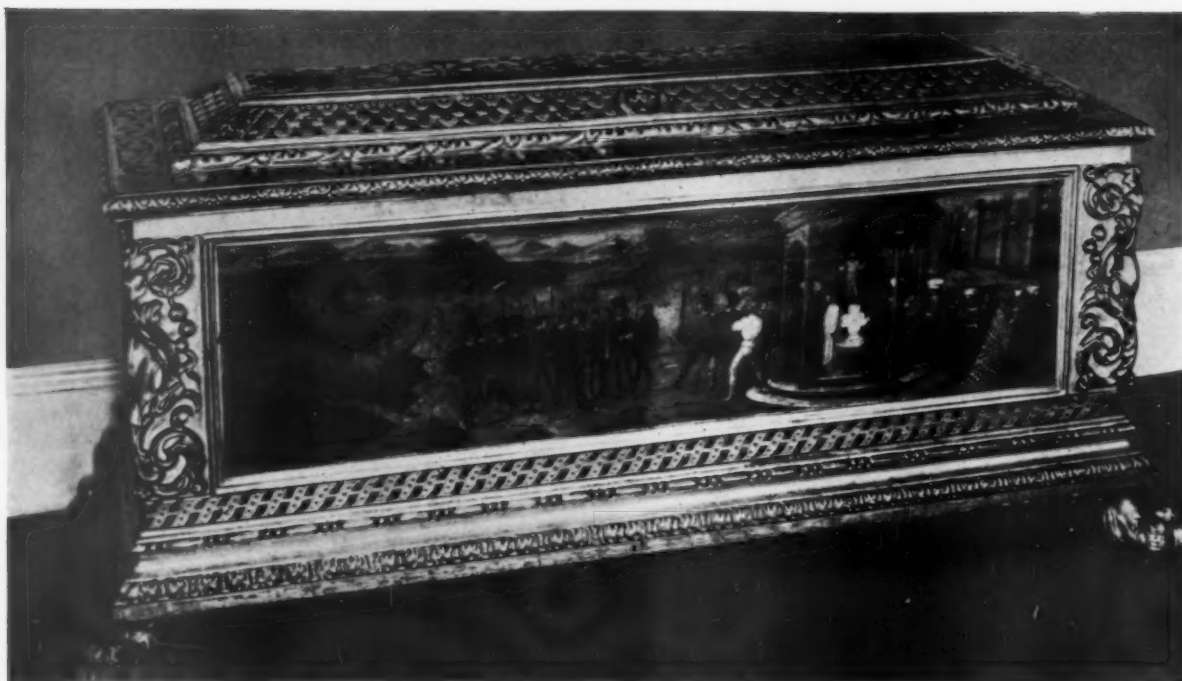
As I am on the subject of Italian cassone paintings, I take this opportunity of drawing attention to a number of interesting examples which are new to art literature.

The myth of Hercules is one which at all times enjoyed great favour with the cassone painters. It is, however, mainly the episodes



INCIDENTS FROM THE MYTH OF HERCULES

*London : Mr. Lionel Harris*



London: Lt.-Col. Auberon Kennard

FLORENTINE CASSONE, c. 1460

from the later life of Hercules which are depicted: and the stories about Hercules' birth and childhood are but very rarely represented. Dr. Schubring notes no such subject in his book, but has quite recently published an interesting cassone front by the Florentine artist known as "the Paris Master," which deals with the earlier episodes of the Hercules myth.\* Curiously enough, I have myself also quite lately come across a cassone in which very nearly the same sequence of episodes is illustrated. This cassone, now belonging to Mr. Lionel Harris, and here reproduced by his kind permission, is however, I think, not Florentine, but Sienese, c. 1450. Four square panels adorn the front of the cassone, and set forth the story with charming naïveté and spontaneity; the names of the actors in the various scenes are inscribed near the figures. Hercules, it will be remembered, was the son of Jupiter and Alcmene, the wife of Amphitryon. The painter follows the version of the myth which is given in Plautus's

*Amphitruo*, and into which Mercury is introduced. This is the sequence of the scenes:

(1) Inside Amphitryon's house Jupiter is addressing Alcmene; Mercury stands on the threshold preventing Amphitryon from entering.

(2) Alcmene is asleep in her bedroom; above, in the air, floats Jupiter; in the foreground, nurses are bathing Alcmene's children, Hercules and Iphicles.

(3) In the same bedroom, Hercules is strangling the two snakes sent by Juno to kill him.

(4) Amphitryon, accompanied by his servant Sosia, stands outside his house, watching Jupiter and Mercury returning to heaven.

As Dr. Schubring points out, the choice of this myth is a very apposite one, as implying a good augury for the health and strength of the offspring of the couple to which the marriage chest belongs.

A Florentine fifteenth-century example of considerable interest is the long panel, decorating a cassone, belonging to Lt.-Col. Auberon Kennard, and here reproduced by

\* See *Zeitschrift für Bildende Kunst*, vol. lix, 1925-26, No. 7, p. 163 sqq (Nemes Collection, Munich).

## *Italian Cassone Paintings*



THE CORONATION OF DAVID  
*By Jacopo del Sellaio*

*National Gallery of Scotland*

his kind permission. The scene represented is evidently an illustration of a love-story in a classical setting: outside the city walls a betrothal has taken place in the little circular temple seen in the foreground; the bride is joining her companions on the right, while the bridegroom is seen taking leave of some friends on the left; farther towards that side is a troop of soldiers, and a ship waiting to be boarded. The extravagant Burgundian dresses give much picturesqueness to the scene; we are somewhat reminded of the style of that prolific Florentine painter of cassoni, mentioned above and conventionally known as "the Cassone Master."

In the National Gallery of Scotland there are at present to be seen two interesting Florentine cassone fronts, of considerable dimensions, which I am enabled to reproduce from photographs kindly supplied by the Director, Mr. James L. Caw. One, which

belongs to the Gallery, represents two incidents in succession: on the left, the reception by a group of notabilities of a young hero, who has alighted from a triumphal chariot; and on the right, the same figure being crowned by a priest, standing on a dais. I interpret the subject as being David, after the death of Saul and the slaughter of the Amalekites, meeting the men of Judah at Hebron, and there being anointed King (II Samuel 2). The artist is clearly Florentine of about 1480-90, and inspired very largely by Botticelli; and from its affinity to such a work by Jacopo del Sellaio as the "Story of Tarquinius Priscus and Tanaquil" in the Guillaume Collection at Cologne (Schubring, No. 368), the picture may with considerable probability be assigned to the latter artist.

Even more characteristic of the typical aspect of Jacopo del Sellaio's work is the attractive panel belonging to the Earl of



THE STORY OF ACTÆON  
*By Jacopo del Sellaio*

*Earl of Southesk*



Paris : Musée des Arts Décoratifs

A REPAST

School of Ferrara-Bologna, c. 1480-90

Southesk, and now exhibited in the Scottish National Gallery. The picture contains two episodes in the story of Diana and Actæon; on the left we see the youthful huntsman standing by a pool surrounded by his dogs, while his companions are resting among trees and rocks a little farther away. On the right, the hapless Actæon surprises Diana and her nymphs bathing, and turns away—but too late: his head is already transformed into that of a stag. It will be seen that the end of the story is missing, and that is a point of particular interest; for it so happens that in the

Jarves Collection in Yale University\* there is a cassone panel by Jacopo del Sellaio in which the *concluding* episodes only of the myth of Actæon are depicted: Actæon discovering by his reflection in the pool the metamorphosis which has taken place; turning away in despair; and finally being attacked by his dogs. In style and treatment the two panels are identical. The Yale panel is less wide than the one at Edinburgh, but—speaking from

\* Reproduced in Dr. Siren's Catalogue (1916) No. 48. Noted by Schubring under No. 362, but not reproduced. Size 22 in. by 46 in.

## *Italian Cassone Paintings*



UNIDENTIFIED SUBJECT

*By Franciabigio*

*Paris : Musée des Arts Décoratifs*

memory—of about the same height : so there can be little doubt that we have here succeeded in reconstructing a work by Jacopo del Sellaio, whether—as seems most likely—the Yale panel at one time was sawn off from the Southesk panel, or the Yale panel originally was wider and formed a pair with the Southesk panel. Other big cassone fronts by Jacopo del Sellaio which tally exactly in style with the panels now discussed are three mythological subjects now, respectively, in the Lanckoronski Collection, the Von Abspitz Collection, and the Khanenko Collection (Schubring, Nos. 357-359).

Three small rooms on the top floor of the Musée des Arts Décoratifs in Paris have long been haunts of the student of cassone pictures. Several of the panels there are noted, and four

of them reproduced, in Dr. Schubring's book ; but there are a few which are either not mentioned or not illustrated by this writer, and of these I am in the position, thanks to the good offices of M. Paul Alfassa, to give the accompanying reproductions.

Particular interest attaches among these to a charming little rendering of a Renaissance loggia, in which some figures are seated round a table, across which a servant is proffering a dish, into which he pours water, to a young man who dips his fingers into it, while a young woman sitting next to him is holding the rim of the dish. On the right a steward and two servants, carrying food and drink, are seen approaching ; in the foreground stands a dwarf dragging along a monkey, followed by a dog. The attractive and gaily coloured



Paris: Musée des Arts Décoratifs

THE DEATH OF EURYDICE

School of the Romagna, c. 1500

scene in all probability illustrates an incident in a novel, but failing the identification of some more characteristic incident in the series to which this panel doubtless once belonged, it is difficult to arrive at a more definite conclusion. The style points to an artist of the school of Ferrara-Bologna of about 1480-90; it reminds one particularly of such early works by Lorenzo Costa as the frescoes in the church of San Giacomo Maggiore at Bologna (1490).

Very unambiguous in its dramatic significance, but to me still baffling as to its literary context, is the little panel in which, on the terrace of a palace, a young woman is fainting at the sight of a garment carried by a messenger briskly advancing from the left. A group of women is rushing to the assistance of the one who is swooning: on the right stands an old nurse, lamenting; people are flocking to the windows and on to the terrace, while in the garden on the left a groom stands holding the unruly horse of the messenger. The picture is a little masterpiece of terse, vivid narrative. The types of the figures, the character of the architectural setting and the colouring, point to a Florentine master of the early sixteenth century: in all probability, Franciabigio.

In the first edition of his book, Dr. Schubring published two panels, a cassone



Dublin: Mr. Justice Murnaghan

LAMENTATION OVER THE DEAD EURYDICE

School of the Romagna, c. 1500

front in the Spiridon Collection in Paris, and a side panel in the Musée des Arts Décoratifs—illustrating the story of Orpheus and Eurydice (Schubring, Nos. 547, 548). The other side panel, which completes the story and represents the lamentation over the dead Eurydice, was since discovered by me in the Murnaghan Collection in Dublin, and has been entered and reproduced by Dr. Schubring in the second edition of his book (No. 948). As the panel in the Musée des Arts Décoratifs has never been reproduced, I think it interesting to reproduce it here alongside the companion panel in Dublin.

In conclusion, I should like to avail myself of this opportunity of calling attention to a picture in the Musée des Arts Décoratifs which is not a cassone panel, but which, from its character of style, may well be mentioned in this connection, and which possesses considerable interest. It is that very rare thing—an early narrative *ex-voto* picture. As set forth at length in an Italian inscription in the centre of the composition, the picture is the commission of a pious lady who, in the year 1432, appealed to God and St. Francis of Assisi to prevent a duel upon which two Spanish knights were about to engage. In the foreground of the picture is seen the kneeling donatrix dividing, in one continuous landscape, the scenes of the

## Italian Cassone Paintings



EX-VOTO PANEL: THE RECONCILIATION OF TWO KNIGHTS  
*Veronese School, c. 1432*

*Paris: Musée des Arts Décoratifs*

stigmatization of St. Francis and the reconciliation of the two knights, their helmets, spears and shields laid down. The picture must be very nearly contemporary with the event: and it is also artistically of very considerable interest, being very close in style

to Pisanello, and though not by the master himself, nevertheless exemplifying that early fifteenth-century school of Verona, which delighted in subjects of knightly life, and of which so very few examples have come down to us.

## THE WORKMAN COLLECTION: MODERN FOREIGN ART

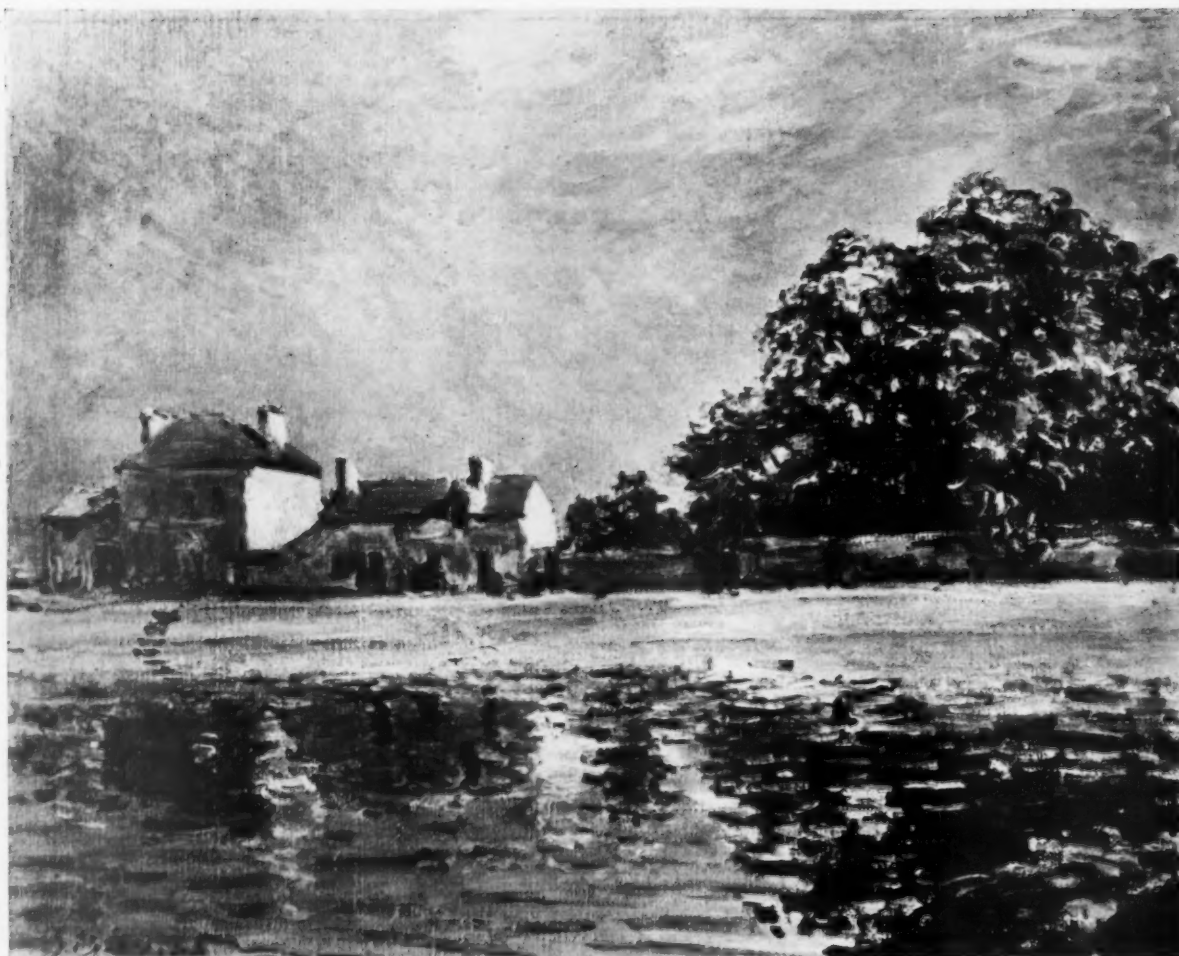
By J. B. MANSON

**T**HERE are many kinds of collectors, inspired by as many motives. But the collector of paintings by modern artists—in new forms of art which are not yet generally accepted—stands in a class apart.

Anyone may collect old masters if he have enough money, for he is on pretty safe ground, and he is sure of admiration. But the collector of new forms of art must, in most cases, collect

for the sheer love of the things he collects, which is the best of all reasons for collecting.

He must have almost the mind of an artist himself—and a modern one at that—at least, he must be deeply responsive to the meaning and expression of modern art. He, too, must be aware of life itself, and have a similar independence of vision and a first-hand experience, not merely accepting what fashion says is acceptable. For modern art is concerned



BORDS DU LOING À ST. MAMES

*By Alfred Sisley*

with personal impression—the reaction of the artist to Nature. Consequently, there is a difficulty in fixing any standard, for modern art varies in a way not possible to ancient art, and queerness often masquerades as originality. Where there is no definite standard intuition must act as a guide, and only those with an inborn interest in life will feel a response to modern art.

Mr. and Mrs. Workman have always collected the most vital work of modern art. They acquired the pictures of the Glasgow school when these represented the most independent work of the day, and now they have gathered together a splendid collection of modern foreign art, and it is with that we are immediately concerned.

Their collection ranges from the pioneers of Impressionism to the latest development of that school—from Monet to Dufresne and Matisse, whichever of these two last may be considered the more modern.

There is also an unusually fine example of Courbet, the painter who ought to have been a German but was French. He is a link with the old masters—an old master with a modern outlook. He is not the key-note to the collection, but he is good solid ground from which one may regard lighter and more attractive things.

The French Impressionists made the cleanest and most complete breakaway from the art of the schools and the museums, although the ground may have been pre-





*The Workman Collection : Modern Foreign Art*



A DANCER

*By Edgar Degas*

pared by the Romanticists—by Corot and Delacroix.

They introduced what was probably the only really new thing in art : that is to say, pure colour, and the use of it in realizing atmosphere and light and their effect on things. The study of these qualities inevitably involved the use of true colour, because without it they could not be represented with any degree of truth. The old brown convention disappeared—it ignored sensation, and sensation had become important to art.

There is a lovely Monet in the Workman Collection—a view of Antibes—which is a dream of fair colour, and represents Impressionism (using the word in its special sense) at its purest with all its limitations. The collection is not strong in the original masters of the

school. There is a Sisley—"Bords du Loing à St. Mamès"—which for truth of effect—a hot summer afternoon—would be hard to surpass.

Manet's "Peonies" has a beauty of its own, not of a kind inherent in the flowers, but an added loveliness of quality of paint and handling. It is not strictly Impressionism, but it is influenced by that school in its subtle gradation of colour. Its tones are not divided, but there is in it an intimate sensibility to variety of colour. Traces of other forces which went to the making of Manet are apparent in it; with all its newness it is not remote from Goya and Velazquez. It is a modern bloom grafted on an academic stem.

Degas, superb master of drawing and rhythmic composition, is represented by two of

the finest examples. He was not an Impressionist in the special sense, as he clung to the representation of form by line and not simply by tones of colour. Though influenced by impressionism, his sturdy classicism prevailed in his work to the end. That exquisite pink dancer which used to be in Sir William Eden's collection—a *gouache*, with possibly some pastel—illustrates beautifully that enchanting period of his work when he devoted himself to the painting of the ballet.

But the portrait of Diego Martelli is of the solid and enduring kind, showing Degas in one of his most characteristic achievements. The originality of the composition is obvious. The truth and intimacy of the drawing are most moving—as in all his work. There is a certain sting—a kind of surprised recognition—in a work so complete and masterly in its reality. Yet, in spite of these fine examples, the pictures of most vital interest are found among the works representing the immediate development of the Impressionist movement.

Pointillisme was hardly a development; it was rather a different and more scientific way of applying its principles; it was short-lived, because its method was tiresome and sometimes too obtrusive. It was intellectual, not artistic.

Cézanne, Gauguin, and Van Gogh, widely as

they differed, were the great masters of the newer movement. The aim and technique of what may be called the school of Monet had been carried to perfection as a means of expression—it could be carried no further, as the *pointillistes* proved. Cézanne was aware of its limitations; he was not satisfied to work within them. He felt the lack of those quali-

ties of solidity and volume which they inadequately expressed. Unlike his so-called followers, he did not seek to express these qualities in the easy and obvious way by discarding the pure colour of the Impressionists. He carried subtle division of tones still further. Solidity was not a fetish with him, but an essential quality of Nature along with other qualities. The herd of his followers bleat "solidity," but achieve it with dirt and exclude everything else. Cézanne's work is a sort of reinforced Impressionism. It is not yet represented in the collection.

Gauguin and

Van Gogh developed the other side of Impressionism—the expression of personal conviction by any means—Gauguin in the direction of rhythmic composition, and Van Gogh in that of intense realism expressed mainly through colour. Both of them started from Camille Pissarro—the painter whose work showed greater solidity than any other in the original movement.

In the "*Paysage Exotique*" Gauguin is not



JANE AVRIL  
By Toulouse-Lautrec

## *The Workman Collection: Modern Foreign Art*

yet the master of the wonderful Tahiti period in which he attained to his own special perfection. It is a picture of tropical richness and loveliness. The colour is varied in infinite gradation, but it is closely knit. It has some relationship with Cézanne—it is Cézanne plus a certain romanticism. It shows no *parti-pris* as Cézanne's work often does.

There are two perfect examples of Van Gogh, different in mood, but both masterpieces. In "Les Lauriers Roses," Van Gogh's intense awareness of things is expressed with a sense of rhythmic decoration, which, though not unusual in his work, is seldom seen in such perfection. The vigorous, direct, and often rugged quality of his technique, which so well expressed the passionate nature of his impressions, is here seen somewhat modified in a vision of pure beauty.

His other picture is one of those intensely realistic impressions which seem to enfold and transport one to the actual scenes which inspired them. It represents a river scene at evening, with a bright yellow sky, and it is only after one has completely surrendered to it that one is aware of the coarseness and clumsiness of its technique.

The collection also includes some interesting examples of what has been called the *intimiste* school. They reveal a remarkable closeness of relationship between the artist and the thing that has moved him. By its means, through a quality of reflectiveness, the simplest and most ordinary subject makes a satisfying picture—usually lyrical in conception. Bonnard and Vuillard are the chief exponents of this essentially friendly school. Vuillard has two examples which are difficult to describe. It is as though one looked out on an ordinary scene and said: "What a lovely morning!" and were content with that.

Another artist who, in certain aspects of his

work, might be included in this group, is Odilon Redon. He is represented by a pastel of flowers, whose quiet perfection is almost impossible to describe. It is like a lyric by Verlaine, a slight work, exquisite in its harmony and artistic treatment.

That remarkable artist Toulouse-Lautrec is in some respects akin to this school. But he has at times a bitter and satirical humour which is foreign to it.

Although at moments vitriolic and merciless, he had a tenderness for certain types of humanity—usually described as unfortunate—which had his sympathy. His painting of "Jane Avril" has those qualities of perfect

decoration and fluid execution—in a manner entirely personal—which distinguished all his work.

Picasso, the experimentalist, is represented by a completely charming "Enfant à la Colombe," which is as remote as possible from his so-called cubist period, when he was practising what he called "a sort of impressionism of form."

It belongs to the time when he practised what has been

called "legitimate" art, which is not so absurd as it might appear. Art is concerned with intuitions and not with concepts, and cubism was a sort of intellectual gymnastic invented for the diversion of the author and the delusion of snobs.

Other and very diverse examples of the more modern school are provided by Marchand, Matisse, Utrillo, Dufresne, etc. They illustrate very vividly the great variety of the modern school of painting—from the almost nothing of Matisse to the almost too much of Dufresne. Marchand's claim to modernity lies in a clumsy and unenlightened misuse of Cézanne—he is the street preacher outside the city temple. Matisse attempts to reduce Nature to bare essentials, and is sometimes



THE RAPE OF EUROPA  
By Dufresne

more bare than essential, but when he is successful he achieves a crystal-like quintessence. The fantasy of Dufresne, as rather triumphantly expressed in "The Rape of Europa" in this collection, sets him somewhat apart, almost as a sort of modernized Watteau.

Modern art in its many manifestations is summed up very effectively in the Workman Collection. It expresses a general emancipation of the spirit.

French Impressionism marked the beginning of freedom, a breaking away from the academic ideal which dominated artists. It was, no doubt, the fruit of a crop sown by the

Romanticists; the later movement discarded the final shackles. The attempts of the *pointillistes* and the cubists to impose new fetters failed. Artists realized that their business was to express emotion—their impression of life—in whatever way was most suitable. No rigid, definite or unvarying technique—classic or academic—was capable of doing this. Technique is inseparable from intuition. The style of the technique must be dictated by the character of the intuition and not by fashions or schools.

The Workman Collection emphatically demonstrates this truth.

## THE PLAIN MAN AND HIS MUSIC—VI

By ERNEST NEWMAN

### CONCERNING "TASTE"

THE plain man is always being exhorted to improve his taste, and various earnest manuals have been published that profess to show him how to do it. The trouble with most of them, however, is that they give the plain man no sufficient reason *why* he should try to "improve" his taste; nor do they make any attempt to decide what "taste" is. The writers of these treatises, indeed, mostly overlook the elementary fact that taste is a purely personal matter. A man's taste is the man himself, and when we come down to the foundations of it we see that there is no way of altering it save by way of rebuilding him from the germ plasma upwards, a piece of reconstruction that had better be left to Providence.

We must distinguish carefully between an improvement in taste and an alteration in it. The former, given favourable circumstances, is often possible; the latter is mostly impossible. We may make a better Platonician or a better Aristotelian of a man by training him in Plato or Aristotle under the best masters; but only on condition that he is a Platonician or Aristotelian born; we shall never convert the one into the other. I do not

say that the one can never become the other. It is possible that some change of spiritual chemistry in him may bring about the conversion—or perversion, as the case may be; but it can come about only through some such chemical change—through, in fact, the man becoming a new man. We shall never bring it about by argument. Now the musical mind is divided into as many watertight compartments as there are in philosophy or in politics; and from my own experience I venture to say that it is virtually impossible to break down the dividing walls. I have friends who can hardly be induced to listen to opera, and who suffer acutely when they have for once been persuaded to do so. They are keen enough about instrumental music, and have excellent judgment in that sphere; but the whole nature and being and form and content of opera is, fundamentally, congenitally repugnant to them. I have other friends who live in the opera house, but cannot be induced, for love or money, to listen to a symphony. Now what is the use of telling either of these people that he ought to improve his taste by cultivating the form of music against which his soul at present rebels? His answer is, "No, why should I? Why should I force myself to try

## *The Plain Man and his Music*

to like what I dislike? If I like port and dislike sherry, why should I force myself to acquire a taste for sherry? If I am happy in dry climates and strong sunlight, and unhappy in cold, wet countries, why should I leave my comfortable villa on the Mediterranean and spend six months of each year in the Lake District attempting to make my blood and bones adapt themselves to rain and frost? You say that by so doing I shall make a completer man of myself. But I don't want to be a complete man. I want to be a happy man." And he is right.

The general purpose of the manuals of "taste" and "musical appreciation" is to make a complete musical man of the plain man. As a rule he rebels against the attempt on him; and he has my full sympathy. I cannot see that there is an obligation upon anyone but the professional critic to take any particular trouble over music that he does not like. The critic, of course, cannot escape that obligation. The public is foolish enough to regard him as a guide, and it is the first business of a guide to know inside out the territory over which he is conducting you. If the plain man hears, let us say, a work of Scriabine and does not like it, he is entitled to say so and not bother any more about it, and is perfectly within his rights in not going to Queen's Hall the next time it is being given. But the professional critic cannot take that easy line. He has no right to say a work is bad, and that he does not like it (the two phrases generally mean the same thing), without giving his reason. For somebody or other is sure to like it and think it good, and the critic must be prepared to give reasons for the lack of faith that is in him; otherwise musical criticism becomes nothing more than shouting: "I like sherry, and people who prefer port are fools." The conscientious critic has to give a great deal of time and trouble to the study of music that he does not like or does not think much of, so that he may be able to convince others as well as himself that his reaction against it is prompted by something more intelligent, more worth other people's consideration, than a mere pre-natal bias—for of what earthly interest is his own pre-natal bias to those born with a different one? He might as well ask the rest of us to give up kissing blondes because his own taste is for brunettes.

I often wonder whether the necessity on the critic's part for giving a patient hearing or prolonged study to music with which he is constitutionally out of sympathy does not have the most dangerous reactions upon himself. Sensible people, free to do what they like, instinctively seek out what gives them pleasure, and avoid what, if it does not give them positive pain, at all events brings them no enjoyment. Can it be good for any man to be constantly subjecting himself to emotional or intellectual experiences that he is by nature tuned to react against? If I like the feel of satin and shudder at the contact of baize or horsehair, can it have any but a bad effect on me to be compelled to be rubbed with baize or horsehair for a considerable part of each day? This is really what happens to the musical critic. It does not matter in the least that one man's horsehair is another man's satin; what does matter is that each critic is forced to listen every week to a great deal of music and a large number of performances for which he has either a secret dislike or an open contempt. Martyrdom willingly embraced is perhaps not martyrdom. Constituted as I am, I object to having red-hot needles stuck into my flesh; they hurt. But if I were a fakir I should no doubt enjoy it, the pain being submerged in the ecstatic sense that somehow or other I was attaining an illumination beyond the scope of ordinary men. Similarly, if you can approach bad music and mediocre musicians in a scientific spirit, you will find compensation for the pain they give you in the understanding of how the human mind comes to work like that; the method by which the fool arrives at his folly, as Oscar Wilde said of Browning, is then as dear to us as the ultimate wisdom of the wise. But the professional critic who cannot take this detached scientific interest in the unpleasant experiences he has to go through must surely be spiritually very much the worse for them. One minor result that I have frequently noticed is that he approaches most music and most performances in a mood of pre-disposed hostility; he has been rubbed the wrong way so often that even before the next rubbing begins he is tolerably sure it will be in the wrong direction; and in self-defence he calls up a resistant action of his skin.

The plain man at present escapes this irritation by keeping away from the music he

*Apollo: A Journal of the Arts*

does not like, and if he is wise he will continue to do so. There is no earthly reason why he should inflict on himself the misery of listening to music that was not made for him, nor he for it, merely in order to "broaden his taste." In the old days, I fancy, there would have been no need to insist on this obvious truism; in the eighteenth century, for example, a man could follow opera and ignore piano sonatas, or cultivate sonatas and ignore opera, without being pestered and lectured by all sorts of busybodies on the moral obligation he was under to learn to appreciate what he had not the least desire to be bothered with. It is only since musical journalism began to overrun the world that some people have got it into their heads that music is a branch of religion, and that you must either be of the true faith—i.e. their faith—or go to the stake. The other day a certain musical journalist found fault with a certain musical critic because the latter did not "fight for the new music." What the critic was to fight for, and who it was he was to fight, neither he nor we were told—nor even what good would come of fighting. I should have thought that even a journalist would have seen that you cannot make the port-drinker overcome his constitutional objection to sherry by the primitive process of knocking him over the head. It is right for the professional critics to wrangle about matters of taste: that is their job. But with wrangling about matters of taste the plain man, if he is the sensible fellow I take him to be, will have nothing to do. It is no use going to him with a sword in one hand and Schönberg in the other; if Schönberg does not strike on his box, why should he wear the box away by scraping at it? Why not put the box to better uses by finding a match that *will* strike on it?

What the plain man needs to do is not to

broaden his taste—i.e. try to persuade himself he ought to like something that is fundamentally antipathetic to him—but to intensify his taste, to know the reasons for his own likes and dislikes. In the Victorian period it was regarded almost as an axiom that you could not both enjoy a thing and understand it, that if you knew, for example, the chemical constituents of a flower, or how the rainbow is caused, you lost a certain amount of your enjoyment of the beauty of the flower or the rainbow. We used to be told how Darwin had started out in life with quite a liking for poetry, but lost it all through his addiction to science:

Primroses by a river's brim  
Dicotyledons were to him,  
And they were nothing more.

We know all that now to be nonsense; on the contrary, to understand why we enjoy sharpens our faculty of enjoyment. The plain man may enjoy Mozart without knowing how Mozart does this or that; but he certainly does not enjoy Mozart as much as Sir Thomas Beecham does, who knows exactly how Mozart does it. The plain man, then, instead of letting himself be distracted by the people who keep exhorting him, in the name of taste, to deny his own nature by trying to like something he now dislikes, or to dislike something that he now likes, should aim at adding an extra touch to his enjoyment of what he enjoys by searching out for himself the reasons of his enjoyment. He should try, in short, to become his own musical critic, to get to the secret of the charm this composer has for him, the power that another exercises over him, or the repulsion stirred in him by another. I will do my best, in some future articles, to indicate how he may go about this work in a few typical cases.

(*To be continued.*)

# GLASS TRANSFER PICTURES—I

## A MINOR CRAFT OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

By STEPHEN WINKWORTH

**T**HIS article, as the title indicates, is not concerned with painting on glass, which, in spite of its limitations, is a more direct form of art, and was practised much earlier.

The transfer picture is purely an eighteenth-century, and for our purposes\* an English, product. It may be described as the painted copy of an original, a composite production which has deservedly, if perhaps unduly, fallen under the ban of the "précieuses," or, as the modern slang has it, the highbrows. They call it meretricious.

But, while it obviously would be impossible to put forward a claim that the English eighteenth-century transfer pictures on glass represent a very exalted or profoundly interesting type of art, may not these pretty painted copies of pictures yet be allowed their humble place among the pleasure givers of the world?

I have used the word "transfer" in describing my subject, because I think it the most correct term; but the process has little in common with the toy of our youth, or the method of decorating pottery and porcelain so popular in the last century, and perhaps it would be well here to describe it fully.

\* Such pictures were also made in France, under the name of *tableaux fixés*, but they seem to have been neither so successful nor so popular as the English variety.



FIG. I. GEORGE II  
By Ravenet after David Morier

glass, beginning at one end, and pressing it down gently in every part in proceeding to the other: this is necessary to prevent any vesicles of air being formed in the laying it on, by the paper touching the cement unequally in different parts, and to settle the whole more closely to the glass it is well to pass over it a wooden roller of about diameter 2 in. Dry then the glass, with the print thus laid upon it, at the first till the turpentine be perfectly

I cannot do this better than by quoting from a book, published in 1764, entitled "The Handmaid of the Arts," written by one Dossie.

"The painting on glass by means of mezzotint\* prints is performed by transferring the ink of a print to the surface of a glass, and thus having obtained a drawing colouring it by proper pigments . . . the particular method is as follows:—

"Procure a piece of best crown glass as near as possible in size to the print to be taken off, and varnish it thinly over with turpentine†, rendered a little more fluid by the addition of oil of turpentine. Lay the print then on the

\* Aquatint and line engravings are omitted, because the former was only introduced into England by Paul Sandby in 1775, and line was found to be an unsatisfactory medium for the most part, though there are notable exceptions. (See Fig. I.)

† This must have been practically liquid resin, as what we know as turpentine is not glutinous enough to make the print stick to the glass. Resin would account for the brown tinge so often pervading these pictures.



FIG. II. HUNTING SCENE  
*Engraver unknown*

hard, and afterwards moisten the paper well with water till it be thoroughly soaked. After this rub off the paper entirely from the cement by gently rolling it under the finger, and let it dry without any heat. The impression of the print will be found perfect on the glass, and it may be painted over with oil or varnish colours."

The result, when looked at through the glass, is a brilliant and effective picture. The back may appear to some people a little crude; however, tastes differ, and I have often thought that were this suitably presented to our aforementioned friends the highbrows, they might murmur in hushed tones, "What rhythmic mass! What pattern, what design, what masterly economy of meaning!"

The question "Who made all these glass pictures?" I cannot answer.

That the industrious ladies of the eighteenth century found occupation in this simple craft, as well as in needlework, japanning, and the like seems more than probable; on the other hand, I am inclined to hazard a conjecture that at least one engraver of the period condescended to embellish his own work (and possibly that of others) in this manner.

The glass pictures which bear the name of J. Simon—either as painter or engraver, or both—are of such uniformly high quality that such a conjecture is at least permissible.

The range of subjects is practically co-extensive with that of eighteenth-century mezzotints, with the reservation that for the most part this treatment is confined to a small size of plate 14 in. by 10 in., presumably due to

the technical difficulty of dealing with a larger surface of glass. Larger pictures are comparatively rare, and proportionally valuable if of good quality.

Fig. I is an equestrian portrait of George II, engraved by Ravenet after David Morier, in which the fineness of the French line, combined with the largeness of the subject, produce a right royal effect. The glass measures 24 in. by 18 in., and is on a tremendous curve (the technical difficulty referred to above showing itself in the crack which is to be seen in the top right-hand corner).

Fig. II is one of a set, or series of hunting pictures, by an unknown engraver, possibly after Desportes. The copper plate from which the print was taken was evidently rather worn, thus losing some roundness of tone, but accentuating the vigour and life of the drawing. I have only seen two others of the set—a boar hunt, and one showing the kennel-men getting ready the hounds. The glass measures 20 in. by 15½ in.

The third illustration represents Hone's picture of Zadig discovering Astarte, engraved by John Raphael Smith in 1784. The rich red robes of Zadig make a beautiful contrast to the soft white draperies of the reclining figure.

Portraits, especially of Royal persons—genre pictures, allegorical and symbolical, scriptural, classical, sporting, and naval subjects all find a place in our gallery. To take these in detail: there are many portraits of Royal personages from Charles I (that engraved by



FIG. III. ZADIG DISCOVERING ASTARTE  
*By J. R. Smith after Hone*

*Glass Transfer Pictures*



FIG. IV CHARLES I. *By J. Smith after Van Dyck*



FIG. V. FREDERICK V, KING OF DENMARK



FIG. VI. MRS. CARWARDINE AND CHILD  
*By J. R. Smith after Romney*



FIG. VII. CAROLINE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH,  
AND HER DAUGHTER  
*By Fowler after Reynolds*

J. Smith after Van Dyck is a fine example, Fig. IV) to George III. Many of these, as may be imagined, are not particularly attractive, but some of the early ones in armour, such as the Duke of Cumberland, by Simon after Carlo Rusca, and the charming young man, Frederick the Fifth, King of Denmark, are very decorative.

The latter appears on Fig. V. A boyish figure, he stands erect, with hand on baton, the blue steel of vambrace and breastplate gleaming amid the voluminous folds of his scarlet ermine-lined cloak.

The portraits by good engravers after Reynolds, Romney, and the other great painters of the time are the most sought after of all, as they are the most beautiful and rare.

One of these, Fig. VII (Caroline Duchess of Marlborough and her daughter), is a copy in reverse of the engraving by James Watson,



FIG. VIII. FRANCES LADY BRIDGES  
*By Elizabeth Judkins after Reynolds*

probably by Purcel under the assumed name of Fowler.

One of Sir J. Reynolds' most charming portraits, its dramatic composition is in interesting contrast with Romney's treatment of the mother and child subject, is seen in Fig. VI, Mrs. Carwardine and Child, engraved by J. R. Smith. Fig. VIII, Frances Lady Bridges, shows a glass picture of splendid colouring—the dress a fine blue, the discarded drapery rich red, and the pedestal a lustrous brown. Elizabeth Judkins is highly esteemed, as a worthy pupil of James Watson, but she engraved only a very few plates.

Many of the genre pictures are also fine, especially those by the great French masters, Boucher, Lancret, De Troy, Watteau, and the rest. Reproductions of some examples will be given in the next number.

*(To be continued.)*

# THE RAMSEY THURIBLE AND INCENSE-BOAT

By CYRIL G. E. BUNT

THESE are few pieces of English plate of greater interest to students and connoisseurs than the thurible and incense-boat, which, a year or two ago, passed from the Carysfort Collection to that of our national treasure-house—the Victoria and Albert Museum. Their known history is brief, so brief in fact that any effort to extend it should be welcome, even though it be less conclusive than one could wish.

These precious objects were found in 1850 and exhibited at the Archæological Institute in the following year. In the "Archæological Journal," viii, 1851, it is recorded that, "Mr. Hawkins exhibited . . . a remarkable collection of ancient plate and fictile vessels, found in the operations now in progress for draining Whittlesea Mere. They consisted of a beautiful silver thurible, with its chains, and the elaborate embattled and crocketed ornaments in perfect preservation; its date may be fixed as *circa* 1350, weight about 50 oz. . . . A silver navicula or ship for incense, standing on a raised foot; date about the close of the fourteenth century. The two extremities of this boat-shaped receptacle are fashioned with rams' heads, issuing from an *undée* ornament, denoting the sea, and forming, possibly, a kind of rebus of the name Ramsey. It has been



Victoria and Albert Museum

## SILVER CENSER

Found in draining Whittlesea Mere, Cambs, in 1850

English, probably second half of fourteenth century

supposed with much probability, that this plate had belonged to Ramsey Abbey, and was thrown into the mere for concealment at the dissolution. The armorial bearing assigned to that monastery was, Or, on a bend azure, three rams' heads coupé, argent; and Peck states that one of the Abbots took, as the canting device of his seal, a ram in the sea. With these sacred vessels were also found some chargers and plates of pewter, stamped with a ram's head, and apparently of considerable age." The "Gentleman's Magazine" chronicles the same meeting and remarks, "It had doubtless belonged to Ramsey Abbey." The "Illustrated London News," March 6, 1851, adds

to this, that among other objects found at the time was "a beautiful chandelier having on it a representation of Peterborough Cathedral."

These extracts give us some idea of the circumstances of the find, and why, from the first, it has been accepted that the two pieces once belonged to Ramsey Abbey, *i.e.* because of the presence of the rams' heads upon the boat.

The matter has never, in point of fact, been questioned, and therefore, one feels, the field of research has been unduly restricted. The suggestion here advanced is that they once

formed part of the treasure of Peterborough, and that the rebus refers to one of the three abbots named Ramsey, who ruled over that Abbey.

Old maps, such as Blome's (1683), show that to the north-east of Ramsey Abbey there is a fair-sized piece of water within the demesne of that abbey, called Ramsey Mere. To the north-west is a small piece, Ugg Mere, and adjoining this is Whittlesea Mere, where the objects were found, somewhere in the vicinity of Yaxley. That the mere in earlier times was not co-extensive with the marshy tract shown on old maps seems certain from King Ethelred's Charter ("In Farceta 2 piscatores, cum 2 mansuris terræ, et 2 naves in Wyttlismere"), the Chronicles of Ramsey Abbey ("Equibus maris una est Ramesmere de nomine insulæ dicta, quæ, cæteras adjacentes aquas . . ."), and is supported by Professor Babington, in a paper read before the Archæological Institute.

Whittlesea Mere being only four and a half miles from Peterborough, and Ramsey twice as far, one can scarcely understand why, if the Abbot of Ramsey had wished to alienate the objects, he should have taken them all the way to Whittlesea when his own Ramsey Mere was so much nearer and on his own land. True, both were connected by dykes and he had fishing rights on Whittlesea; but from the seventh century to the dissolution, it belonged to Peterborough Abbey. In 664 it was granted

by Wolphere, King of Mercia, to his newly founded monastery of Medeshampstede, and a survey of the lands belonging to the Abbey (taken in 1535) includes "the farm of Whittelsmere fishery."

A further point to be considered with reference to the alleged motive for depositing the articles in the mere, is that it is a well-attested fact, that the Abbot of Ramsey was nothing loth to surrender his possessions. Speaking of Abbot Wardeboys, Willis says, "He was very forward in procuring not only his own abbey to be surrendered but influencing others, for which service he had a pension of £266 13s. 6d."\* But with Peterborough the case was otherwise. Not that Abbot Chambers was averse to being suppressed—he was probably put in power for that very purpose.† But with him it was not a question of losing his possessions—which, as a matter of fact, he kept. In 1539 an inventory of his goods was taken (it included three thuribles, gilt; and a ship, gilt, with a foot), "all of which goods were assigned to the said Abbot . . . by the Commissioners . . ."



Cambridge: Christ's College

THE FOUNDRESS'S CUP

English, c. 1440

\* See also Camden Soc. "Letters re. the suppression of the monasteries," 1843.

† Camden Soc. Op. Cit. " . . . he was contente upon condicion that he mought bide in suertie that his house shulde stande to give the Kinges highnes on hoole yeres rent of all the landes apperteynyng to the monastery, which I thinke amounte the nigh upon two thousaunde and five hundred merks. And over that to gratifie your lordship [Cromwell], to bee good lorde to hym, with the some, as I suppose, of thre hundred poundes."

## *The Ramsey Thurible and Incense-Boat*

In Cromwell's sacking of Peterborough, in 1643, we have, however, a much more likely occasion for their deposit in the mere, supposing them to have been at that monastery. Knowing how the soldiers smashed things up at that time, we can well believe that much valuable loot must have fallen into undesirable hands—including some of the 2,370 oz. of plate which belonged to Abbot William de Ramsey at his death in 1496. Considering the very miscellaneous nature of the whole find, one may suggest that perhaps some of the troops may have thrown their personal loot into the mere, intending to retrieve it later. They passed from Peterborough to Yaxley, where "some of Capt. Beaumont's soldiers coming thither, they break open the church doors, . . . and then baptize a horse and a mare using the solemn words of Baptism and signing them with the sign of the Cross."<sup>\*</sup>

Before saying a few words about the rebus of the ram's head, we may recall that the chandelier found in the mere bore a representation of Peterborough Cathedral.

The use of a rebus was quite common in those days. At least one Abbot of Ramsey used such a device, as we see from the seal of Ralph, Abbot from 1231 to 1253.<sup>†</sup> The rebus here is two complete rams on an island—the correct etymology, Rams-eye. It is certainly of interest as an instance of the use of the rebus for an institution and not an individual, as is most usual. A canting device was also used by several of the Abbots of Peterborough. One of these, William de Ramsey, used the ram. We learn from "A short Survey of the Western

Counties," in the British Museum,\* that "In the church is the fayre Gravestone of Abbot Ramsey with a Ram thereon," while Gunton has the passage: "The Epitaph of W. Ramsey Abbot near adjoining, hath been related already, only be it added, that his Rebus on a plate of Brass was a Ram carrying a W. and Sey written over."

What is perhaps the most significant feature about the incense-boat is the presence upon its "deck" of two "Tudor" (should they not be termed Lancastrian?) roses. They have been considered merely decorative. One feels, however, that such a feature is quite as likely

to be allusive as the rams' heads themselves. There is nothing exceptional in the idea that they may refer to a donor, but there *would* be in having this rose (*sans* significance) upon a sacred vessel. It cannot be considered as the emblem of a saint.

In this connection it is interesting to note that Christ's College, Cambridge, possesses no less than five pieces of plate, all

silver-gilt and all with strikingly similar roses upon them. These comprise the Foundress's plate and consist of three salts (*circa* 1500), a beaker (1507), and the "Foundress's Cup" (*circa* 1440). With the exception of the last all have, besides the Rose of Lancaster, the Portcullis of the Beauforts, and the Fleur-de-Lis of Blanche (of Provence), first wife of John of Gaunt. They doubtless were made especially for presentation to the College, to the order of Lady Margaret Beaufort (Foundress), daughter and heir of John, Duke of Somerset, mother of Henry VII.

The Foundress's Cup, so much earlier in



THREE SALTS  
*English, c. 1500*

*Cambridge: Christ's College*

\* Gunton's "Peterborough," 1686.

† B.M. Cat. of Seals I. No. 3871 (lxiv, 89, 90).

\* MS. Lansdown 213, fo. 347—84 d/d. 1635, i.e. before the despoliation of 1643.

date, bears, of the three badges, only the rose—which is as might be expected; for while the cup and cover date from *circa* 1440 (*vide* the arms of Duke of Gloucester, inside), the finial is coeval with the two salts which have the identical ornament as knops. It is on the flat top of this finial that the rose is placed—and it is supposed (with good reason), that the whole ornament was added by the same craftsman who made the salts (*circa* 1500). Here, then, we have an actual example of a Lancastrian rose being added to an earlier piece of plate and (the same rose, be it remembered) alluding (as this rose only could have alluded at the period) to the Lady Margaret, of the Lancastrian line, descended from John of Gaunt by Catherine Swinford, his third wife. All who are familiar with the details of Henry VII's and Lady Margaret's Chapel at Westminster Abbey will recognize the badges of the Rose, the Portcullis, and the Fleur-de-Lis as inseparable from this branch of England's royal descent. And if the Portcullis is peculiarly the badge of the Beauforts, the Rose is no less so of the Lancastrian line to which they belonged. It was the Rose of Provence which came to them from Blanche, first wife of John of Gaunt.

Now it is certain that whatever date specialists may eventually agree to assign to the boat, such date is sure to be between 1340 and 1500—John of Gaunt and Henry VII—precisely the one period when the use of such a rose could only have direct reference to this family. And, with the inevitable break due to Yorkist ascendancy, we find that among the Northamptonshire Manors belonging to the Beauforts throughout this period is one, Maxey,

the lordship of which was vested in the Abbot of Peterborough from 1146 until the dissolution. This manor, with that of Oveston, Eydon, and a moiety of Little Brampton, all came to Margaret Beaufort, as the heir of John Duke of Somerset, with the rest of his estates in 1444.

Our boat (granting it to date between 1350 and 1400), may have had not only the rose but even the rams' heads added thereto as a present to the Abbot William de Ramsey, Lord of the Manor of Maxey, which Lady Margaret held throughout his term as Abbot.\* She is the only person of the period who would have given such a thing and have placed upon it the Lancastrian Rose.† We have seen she used the badge on her present of plate to her college, and, further, in one case had the badge added to an already existing piece of plate devised undoubtedly to signify its donor.

The question must be relinquished here. It is for those more skilled in such matters to say if it is possible that the roses and rams' heads *are* later additions. If this could be agreed to, then these notes contain practically all that is needful to show that both the boat and thurible were originally the property, not of Ramsey, but of Peterborough Abbey.

\* "It would seem that the Countess of Richmond was a benefactor to the Monasteries of Thorney, Peterborough, Spalding, and Croyland." Cooper, "Memoir of Lady Margaret," 1874.

† Among the items bequeathed by her to Christ's College are: a chalice (pounced with portcullises, roses, and marguerites); two basins for the altar (embossed with roses); two cruets (rose and portcullis). To "Maister Marney" she left "a pott of gold and a redde rose on the cover." To Sir John Saynt John she left "a standing cuppe with a cover chasett . . . with iiij small branches and ix small rose of gold resting in Claw enameled in the botom."



Victoria and Albert Museum

SILVER INCENSE-BOAT

English, probably second half of fourteenth century

# MUSIC IN A LIFE

By FILSON YOUNG

## VIII.—CADENCES

WE talk freely in a vague way about the effect of music on character; but I think we know very little about it. The "music" that is implied in such discussions usually means little more than pleasing sound and rhythm. Once we leave that aspect of it on one side and attempt to analyse the almost infinite combinations of which music is capable, and estimate their effect on individual temperaments, we are lost in a sea of shadows and subtleties. For one thing, how difficult it is to draw a sharp line at the point where music ceases to be an abstract idea and enters the world of sound! The artist who paints a picture conceives it in his mind, but not until he has dipped his brush in pigment and transferred it to his canvas does his conception take a form in which it can be recognized by others. Once it is there on canvas, however, nothing more can be done or needs to be done. The conception has taken its final physical form.

But consider the case of music; the composer has his thoughts, ideas, emotions; his genius gives them a musical form; this he hears in his brain, in a language of sound, which he has learned from hearing music with his physical ears. For the recording of this language a kind of shorthand has been invented—the musical notation. The composer transfers his idea into this shorthand script; he gives it regular form; he distributes its structure amongst different voices, different instruments; but, as yet, no note has sounded; it exists, it has life, but it has not been born. Not until the voices have been raised and the instruments blown upon, and waves of physical sound generated, can the world know what his idea is like in terms of sound.

But when did it pass from being an idea to being music? When it was put on paper? But it might have been communicated or taught (laboriously, of course) without ever being put on paper at all, as the earliest songs were. When it was sounded in the concert room? But long before that, when it was mere notation on paper, a trained musician sitting in his chair by the fireside and reading the

manuscript could have heard in imagination all the sounds that the actual audience would hear, and could even commit them to memory. There lies before me the manuscript of an orchestral score which has never been played and never will be played by any orchestra; and yet every sound of it is familiar to me. It can influence no one else, for no one else can hear it. It has life, form, and being, but it has not been born.

All this has a bearing on the effect of music on character. If you take the analogy of food and health, you cannot generalize about the effect of food as food on health as health; but you can discover, by observing individual cases, that certain kinds of food have certain effects on certain individuals; and from a multitude of individual instances, you can learn and deduce general principles. So with music. Nevertheless, it is so obscure, so difficult and so subtle a study, this of the effect of certain kinds of sound on the human character, that the only way for the musician to approach it is to get down to the very elements, and laboriously collect material as to the effects of certain phrases on certain people. And as it will be very hard for him to find enough people capable of furnishing such material, he had better begin with himself, and see if he can find any common principle governing the action of musical phrases on his own temperament.

As a trifling contribution to such a study, I have here disentangled, from the floating tide of music which moves more or less continuously through my own memory, certain very different phrases that, like memories and associations of childhood and other deep impressions, become part of the permanent furniture of one's mind and are always more or less present. Every person with a sense of music has a similar equipment of phrases and tunes that float in the mind; the things that are sung aloud on solitary walks, in bathrooms, and moving vehicles, and on other occasions when the solitary human being breaks into song, as well as silently rehearsed in the mind. We are all familiar with phrases that haunt us for days and throughout whole days. My phrases are of the kind that haunt our lives.

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I have taken these phrases at random without thinking too much about them, and not until I had collected them on paper did I note one thing common to them all. They are all cadences; although one is from a song by Rimsky-Korsakov, another is from an instrumental passage by Handel, another from an eight-part psalm by Mendelssohn, another from a recitative of Wagner's opera, and another from a chorale in Bach's Passion music—all very diverse sources and forms. Yet at once I perceive that they have this in common: they are all cadences, and almost all examples of delayed cadences. Now a cadence is a definite part of all musical structure; it represents the close, the end of things, completion, achievement. Often in music it represents the surmounting of a quite difficult problem of *how* to arrive at a certain end in a certain key. Is that significant? Is it a mere coincidence, or does it correspond to some natural tendency of my mind to take delight in endings rather than in beginnings, in fulfillment rather than in exploration? I do not know; I only indicate the lines on which this interesting study must be pursued.

Let me take the first example: the last twelve bars of Mendelssohn's setting of the forty-second Psalm for an eight-part chorus:

What is the character of this passage, and why does it occupy a permanent place in my memory? For one thing it is a very noble and broad piece of choral harmony of that diatonic kind which I have already described as having been among my earliest musical influences. But that is not enough. My memory is full of hundreds of such passages. But I see already three characteristics which it has in common with other examples I shall give. It is a glorious example of a prolonged cadence. From the word "soul" you can feel the majestic march of the

harmony towards some inevitable close. It is first delayed on G sharp on "will"; again on the word "is"; again on "countenance," and again on "my," where the flattened C involves the full close in another majestic delay. Throughout the passage you will notice the prevalence of the leading note in the bass at (1), (2), (3), and (4).

Now turn to another and quite different example. This is from the orchestral accompaniment or *ritornello* at the end of Handel's chorus "Surely He hath borne our griefs." The whole of this chorus has long been hung in the gallery of my memory as amongst the most perfect examples of Handel's art. Just as throughout his treatment of religious subjects in music Bach was always deeply emotional, so Handel was always highly dramatic, and the contrast throughout this chorus of the slow, heavy, sombre modulation of the voices in their minims and semibreves, with the agitated throbbing of the dotted semiquavers of the accompaniment, is tremendous in its dramatic effect.

Just to look at the shape of this passage on paper suggests a jumping, lively measure, like the leaping of butterflies in summer sunshine. But ah, no! the moment you play it (or if you can hear music mentally in your mind,

read it) you know that this pulsing movement represents the memory of profound sadness and agony. The pulse that felt the griefs, the wounds and the bruises, still throbs out the remnant of its pain. In addition this passage is another example of delayed cadence taking the harmonious form of a long suspension—that most fascinating of musical structures, which has its parallels in physical engineering—where one harmonic assonance holds, as it were, the thrust of the succeeding dissonance just long enough to pass it on to the next supporting member of the harmony, so that





## Music in a Life

the strain is evenly lowered down until it comes to its anchorage in the full close.

The first occurrence of the leaping figure suggests a question; the answering drop of the base to F suggests doubt; the second leap, not reaching so high as the first, with its answering move to the dissonance on A flat, implies the reality of pain that cannot be explained away; the next leap to the keynote and subsequent drop to the sorrowful acquiescent final phrase has in it a resignation that is forced rather than voluntary—resignation to the inevitable. Of course Handel thought and meant nothing like this when he was penning that perfectly mechanical sequence of suspensions. What he wanted to do was to delay the close of his chorus for a moment; to let the leaping violins just once more utter, for themselves alone, the throbbing tune that had pulsed under the heavy gliding movement of the choral harmony.

The third example which I had put down comes from Wagner, and coming from Wagner, comes of course from *Meistersinger*, which means more to me than any other composition of music. That it comes from the second Act needs no further telling. It is only one of a dozen fragments from that Act that form part of the decorations of the chambers of my musical memory. But it is a very lovely and very complicated example of delayed cadence. Here it is:

(sehr zart.)

Wie klug! Wie gut! Komm', setz' dich hier ein! Weill' noch auf die Bank zu mir!

(1)

pp dolce. Una corda. piu p. Ped. \* Ped. \*

Pogner's part is but musical speech sounding through the magic of the summer evening; it is the delicious postponement, again and again, of tonal resolution in the orchestral part that gives this passage its peculiar fascination. The ear expects the end first at (1), but the melody and harmony depart together on that delicious truancy and wilful excursion that puts off their homecoming for another two long bars—as though on such an evening, with the scent of the lime-trees still lingering in the moonlight, not even the flutes and violins could think of going home or coming to a close. Incidentally,

notice again the prevalence of the leading notes in the bass.

And now for another and the most elaborate example of all, which is taken from Rimsky-Korsakov's "Hymn to the Sun" (see next page, 158). Here we have the cadence prolonged indeed, but entirely different from anything in the previous examples. Looking at it even closely one would say that it had nothing whatever in common with the earlier examples. But seen together in the light of my caprice of memory, have we not, in this example also, got the same appeal of the delayed and prolonged cadence? On the word "so," at the beginning of the fourth bar, the ear expects some great penultimate modulation; the dominant pedal is sounding. But instead of a close, the melody and harmony break into a renewed outburst of ecstatic *roulades*, against which the bass accompaniment in the fifth bar thrusts upwards through the falling song, and both together take one last lease of harmony until they fall, with a simplicity and naturalness that are almost solemn, into the cadence at (1), which brings them to the simple close in A.

This glorious passage, which takes the human voice further into the realm of savage nature than any other written passage I know, has nothing to do with thought or drama. It is pure sense, as simple and as savage as that of

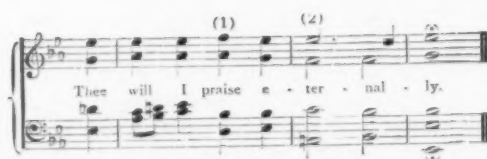
a bird in mating time, and indeed these succeeding bursts of melody remind one of nothing so much as the song with which the body of a bird in February will throb when addressing his mate in the moment before consummation—which is indeed the dramatic significance of this particular song. Savage as it is, I never get tired of examining its subtle harmonic structure and searching for the reasons that have made it become part of my musical equipment.

My last example is the simplest, as it is among the earliest, of these impressions. It is

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the phrase which terminates the last chorale in Bach's "St. John" Passion. After the drama has been sung, the chorus (and the audience or the congregation) join in the final chorale, which sums up the story. The Saviour has been hushed to sleep in His tomb and the onlooker raises his voice: "When my life shall end," he says, "send Thine angel to bear my soul to heaven; keep my body safe in a dreamless sleep until Thy call sounds; and when Thou wakest me from death mine eyes, O Son of God, shall see Thy countenance in glory—my Saviour and Fountain of Life. Hear me, Lord Jesus." And then:



This phrase of Bach is among the noblest cadences in written music. Thundered out with the full power of organ, orchestra, congregation and chorus, it sums up in sublime harmony the tremendous impressions of the masterpiece of which it is the close.

Beyond the fact that this is a cadence, its

chief interest in connection with the other examples is that Bach has made use here again of the leading note in the bass in two passages, of which the second, the most emphatic chord in the cadence, is given to the dominant harmony, which here follows on the third or weak beat of the bar. But Bach was never wrong; the poignancy of feeling suggested by the A natural is far more suitable here than the easy and comfortable security of the dominant bass could possibly have been.

In putting these examples together I feel that I have set my readers a puzzle rather than expounded a theory. Clearly it would seem that the endings of things interest me more than the beginnings, or (shall we say?) impress me more. I can imagine many musical minds being haunted by openings, by episodes or modulations. My mind definitely inclines to endings; and in music, the ending is always lovely and satisfying. It may be sad or solemn, as all endings are; it is the death of a phrase or idea, but in music the death or cadence is never an outrage or violence. It is inevitable, natural, like the end of a life that has been fully lived, where all has been experienced and achieved, and nothing remains to be wished for or bewailed.

(To be continued.)



A CARVED COFFER FRONT IN OAK  
*Late Gothic*

*Louvre*

## DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE AND DECORATION—XII

By MURRAY ADAMS-ACTON, F.S.A.

THE impression that old furniture in general is of better craftsmanship and materials than that which is now being made, combined with the English inborn love or sentiment for objects having associations with the past history of the nation, or with the family, is a great factor in its collection and preservation, and makes the possession of it a great joy. The advanced collector desires only very fine pieces, while to the connoisseur a really fine piece in untouched condition is irresistible.

Old furniture and panelled rooms convey a sense of repose, in contrast to the present-day tempestuous rush, which may explain its popularity, for the atmosphere it creates in a house is almost impossible to obtain in any other way. There is in it a realization that society has reconstituted itself in every aspect of change since the Middle Ages, or even since the Early Stuart period, and so great is the difference that we may well be living in a new world. In some ways, I feel there is too great a difference, that some of the innovations we are forced to accept in the name of progress may not, in the long run, prove beneficial to

humanity. Contrast the quietness of a half-timbered Elizabethan manor-house with the huge monumental mass of concrete that brings so much joy to the heart of the present-day architect, whose buildings, at the expense of beauty, are little more than a haze of steel, moving staircases, and other things that frighten one. Their height, too, has practically robbed the streets of sunlight.

But, on the other hand, there is much to be said for the advance in improvements in living conditions, and the ancient manor with its many charms may not have been a really comfortable place to live in as we estimate comfort now. It is nice, at all events, to reflect that you have a bathroom in your house—I should hate the old custom of sharing a tub before the fire! What is needed is a combination of the best conditions of the past with the higher standard of comfort and refinement of the present.

In medieval times great efforts were made to ensure good craftsmanship and to give good value for money. In most of the trades the masters were allowed only one apprentice in addition to their own son, and to become



Paris, Musée Cluny

FIG. I. MARIE MADELEINE  
An early sixteenth-century Franco-  
Flamand figure in carved wood

masters these had to undergo supreme tests. They were required to prove their ability by executing a *chef-d'œuvre*, which meant making a perfect example of their craft, entailing work for a long period, during which the aspirant must have no communication with his confrères. The statutes of the trade corporations minutely specified the working conditions, the size of articles, the quality of stuff and materials to be used, and the selling price. Night labour was generally

forbidden in the interests of the work, except for carpenters and coffin-makers, who were permitted to make coffins by night—cheerful occupation!

According to the statutes tending to prevent frauds, the masters were bound to put a sign or trade-mark on each piece made, so that in case of bad quality or workmanship the buyer could identify the culprit, for as late as the fifteenth century there are instances of artisans being condemned to death or physical punishment for having adulterated their goods. If these penalties were revived to-day, can one imagine the industrial upheaval that would follow in their wake? Quite a number of our prosperous citizens would be faced with slaughter! Nowadays our trade guilds look after the conditions and well-being of the workers almost exclusively; would it not be as well if equal effort were directed to raising the level of the work they produce? The inter-

national freemasonry, in a practical sense, of the members of the medieval trade guilds was a great feature in the production of good work and the spread of knowledge.

Throughout the Gothic period there was much in common between the schools of carving in France and Flanders. The Flemings were adepts in wood carving, especially in ecclesiastical furnishings such as statuettes and retables, and these were exported to neighbouring countries, with the result that Flemish wood-carvers were enticed to go abroad to carry out commissions in particular buildings, such as Rouen Cathedral, where they embellished the choir stalls with grotesques, poppyheads, and extremely interesting details. The local guilds of France, however, maintained a very high standard of excellence, as may be seen in the stalls at Amiens, where, at the close of the fifteenth century, the corporation numbered about two



From the Collection of Jules S. Bache, Esq.

FIG. II. AN ARMCHAIR IN CARVED OAK  
About 1640

## Domestic Architecture and Decoration

hundred, while Paris, Rouen, and Toulouse were important centres of native talent. This digression into the ecclesiastical sphere is justifiable when one considers how the publicity of these works in churches must have influenced the style of carvings in castles and houses of the rich. In common with all the minor crafts, woodwork was late in showing Renaissance influence, an early date being that at Amiens, where buildings in the new style are represented in some of the carvings. The work extended from 1508 to 1519. Towards the end of the Gothic period, French workers in wood began to be called "menuisiers," and the old appellation "huchiers" to be dropped.

The Franco-Flemish figures, such as that shown in the Cluny Museum (Fig. I), are generally simple almost to severity, but withal is a strange sweetness. The drapery of the Magdalen is heavy where the hand holds it, but the beauty of detail, the alabaster pot, the plaited hair and the laced corsage, are undeniable; also the vesica outline of the mass. It is a figure one could live with and never tire of were it placed in a situation where a background of deep shadow would accentuate its decorative lines. But if we contrast it with the statue of the "Vierge d'Olivet," in the Louvre, for example, we miss the spirituality, the idealization, and the divinity of the latter,

which has been touched by the Renaissance. How typically Gothic, too, in its spirit and conception is the high-backed chair (Fig. III) from the Cluny, which was made early in the sixteenth century.

Apparently designed by one skilled in ecclesiastical work, it stands high in proportion to its width, the vertical frameworks are covered with scale foliage, flat or in twisted bands; those of the back have suggestions of bases and capitals, and terminate in eagles. The panel of the back is decorated with the crowned shield of the arms of France, and angel supporters, in front of an arch with mouldings coarsely carved with acanthus, dentils, and beads, while in the spandrels are thistle foliage. The transom repeats the classical mouldings of the arch, but above it is a pierced panel or cresting, probably incomplete, representing grotesque heads with vine stems, grapes, and leaves. In front, below the seat, are linenfold panels. It shows in its back very early evidence of the Renaissance in furniture, for the chair cannot be much later than 1500, and in general effect might well be one of those depicted beside the bed in illuminated manuscripts of the first

half of the fifteenth century, designed probably not for comfort but for imposing effect. One feels the decadence of the Gothic spirit in the conventional angels and the frittering away of the appearance of strength in the framework by scale and twisted ornamentation.



Paris, Musée Cluny

FIG. III. A HIGH-BACKED CHAIR IN CARVED OAK  
French, circa 1500

In another armchair (Fig. II) the new taste is apparent in the panel of the back, which is carved with a medallion containing a male head and shoulders in armour, while above and below are scrolls, volutes, and foliage of Renaissance character. The top rail is surmounted by a shell, the side posts terminate in ornament. The seat rail projects slightly in the upper part, the lower edge is slightly grooved, while there is a suggestion of buttressing strength in the tapering arm supports carried to the floor. The shaped hands and the curving arms are notable. The cushion and tassels, too, although modern, are suggestive of the old-world comfort and beauty in the reign of François I.

Though they are rare, it is fortunate that there are still with us articles of furniture of this period; anyway, ample to afford a definite guide to the creation of an harmonious interior when such is required. One of the most important items is the bedstead. Inside the Ducal Palace, Nancy (the portal of which has been referred to in the previous article), now a museum, is a very remarkable specimen (Fig. IV), not so well known as it ought to be. Nancy is rather an ungetatable place, and I find that few people who are interested in international furniture have been there, or have heard much about this piece. For this reason I made a point of examining it rather carefully when I

recently visited the museum. As it bears the arms of René of Lorraine, it is reasonable to suppose that it was carved for him, the first occupant of the building. In the first place, I noted that it has been considerably restored. The lower horizontal frame, or foot rail, with the exception of the central panel—which in the photograph appears lighter in colour

than the remainder—is entirely modern. The repetition of it round the bedstead makes very fine decoration, the details being—crowned escutcheons and monograms, the cross of Lorraine, or, as has been claimed, the cross of Anjou, ribbons and ornaments, while above and below, in the form of borders, runs the device of René “Je espere avoir.” At one time the bed must have been shortened in height as 18 inches have been added to the top of the angle posts; the junction can be plainly seen in the photograph. The feet of these posts are carved with birds and rib-

bons at the outside angles, the middle part as a column swathed in twisted and knotted ropes, a most unusual feature in furniture design, and in a way rather graceful. The two side rails and that at the head, with the exception of small restored parts, are quite original and in a splendid state of preservation. The decoration of the head rail consists of a pattern of circular be-ribboned wreaths interlacing, which enclose an astronomical sphere.



FIG. IV. A CARVED AND GILDED BEDSTEAD FROM THE DUCAL PALACE, NANCY

*Bearing the arms of Duke René of Lorraine. Circa 1500*

## *Domestic Architecture and Decoration*

The early colouring remains, and very beautiful it is. All the enrichments are gilded in the solid, the background only being picked out in dull red with a fine scroll painted pattern of gold running through it. The fly-away ribbons which bind the wreaths on the head rails are relieved by delicately painted lines in black. These are the only colours used in the decoration of the bed, with the exception of the heraldic tinctures in the shields of the side rails. The wreaths on the head rail are interesting notes on the progress of the Renaissance in Eastern France in the first years of the sixteenth century, especially in conjunction with the angle posts.

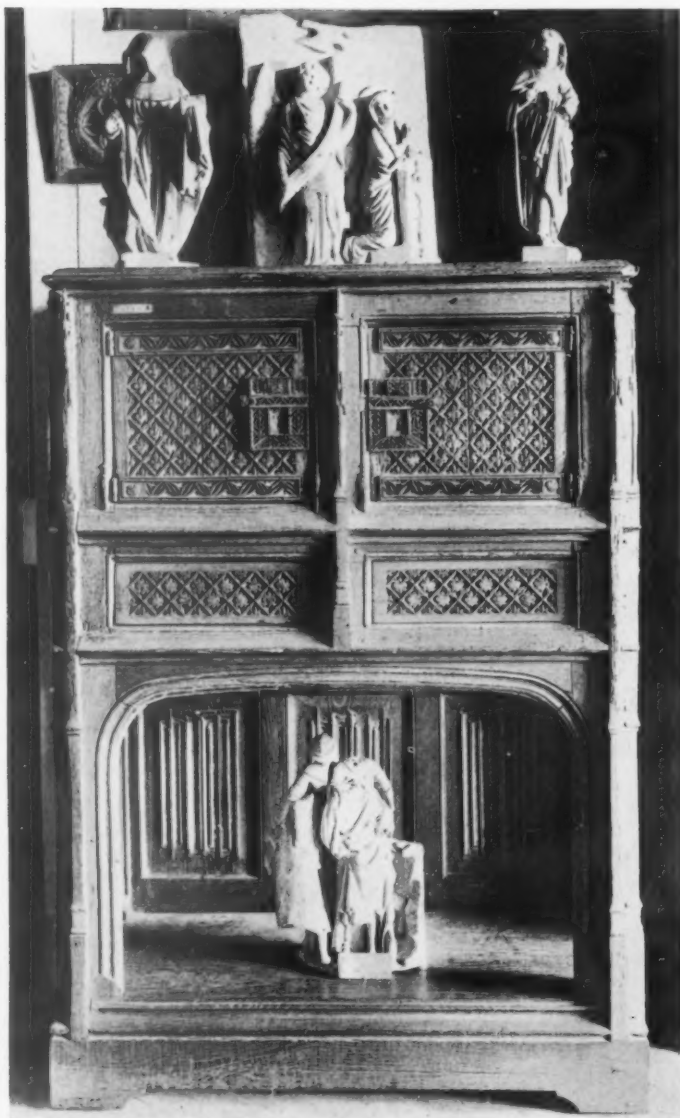
Nowhere in France was the old style longer persisted in than in the north, especially in Picardy and Brittany, where in some parts it lingered till the seventeenth century. The former was near the homes and workshops of the great Flemish craftsmen whose work in the Gothic ages dominated the arts of England and France, and held them in bonds very difficult to shake off. The craftsmen in wood had their ordinances, customs, methods, tools, and patterns, which had developed in accordance with the growth of the Gothic style, and their first attempts to render the details of the Classic art of the Renaissance were clumsy indeed. It took a generation or two of craftsmen to attain even a tolerable rendering of the new designs, though there may have been exceptions where the workmen could have access to, and opportunity to study and handle, some of the more portable works of art brought from Italy. The craftsman of Duke René's bedstead may have been acquainted with some of the workmen who built the façade of his palace. The next example illustrated was made about the same date in the north of France, the exterior of a vestibule to a staircase (Fig. V), now in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

It is of oak, and its plan is based on the octagon of which it represents two sides and one half. It possesses something of the soaring effect of Gothic building in its five tall vertical frameworks, whose surfaces are carved with leaf scale ornament, knobs, twisted bands containing fleur-de-lis, pinnacles, and crockets until the fourth story, when the octagonal lines are carried upwards by rectangular beams to the top. There is, however, a great steadying, almost a neutralizing, effect in the strong horizontal courses of mouldings, which cut up



*Victoria and Albert Museum*

FIG. V. EXTERIOR OF VESTIBULE TO A STAIRCASE



Paris, Musée des Arts Décoratifs FIG. VI  
 CREDENCE, IN CARVED OAK WITH DIAPER PATTERN CARVING  
 French, about 1510

(The metal attachments on this example are particularly fine)

the surface into panels and whose shadows emphasize them. The result gives great richness in detail, but the general effect is lacking in breadth and is indecisive. In variety of detail the piece is delightful; the carver seems to have given loose rein to his fancy in the twenty-one panels of which it is composed. Those of the base are of linenfold pattern, the second story panels are mullioned window tracery, the northern flamboyant variety, the

inner two being slightly different in design; the third row he has designed according to his whim. Reading from left to right, the first panel shows a vine with a bird pecking at a bunch of grapes; the second, two grotesque animals supporting a vase in which is a monster on whose head another is standing, amidst stems and foliage; the third, a dragon, from whose mouth issues a stem, leaves, and flowers, with a bird in the branches; an animal from whose mouth comes a thistle plant with a bird under the leaves; and lastly, a two-headed monster amongst leafage, who holds another animal by the tail, while he supports a vase on which is a fourth animal. The six panels at the top are, by way of change, patterned in simple Gothic tracery, not blind as in the lower story, but pierced. It is a question whether the framework extended to ceiling height or terminated in open cresting. In the lower part, a door with lock and bolt and strengthening bands with pierced floral ornament has been placed. There are restorations but not obtrusive ones—wonderful when one considers that the vestibule was put together about 1500.

The credence (Fig. VI) is representative of an indispensable class of furniture in the domestic life of the Middle Ages, and this is a very fine one of the beginning of the sixteenth century. The mouldings of its framework, especially those of the cornice, are refined and yet decisive. The flat arch of the lower range is graceful in front or in perspective, the vertical frames are carved in the forms of buttresses and pinnacles, the angles are very rich in treatment, and pleasing variety is given at the sides. Perhaps the fleur-de-lis tracery of the panels is monotonous on all sides of the credence; the elaborate locks and handles of the front doors relieve this in the real object, though the difference in colour is not so strong in the photograph. The linen-fold panels of the underframe give pleasant contrast, and may account for the spacious effect of the whole, which is a very valuable lesson in design.

(To be continued.)

# DRINKING GLASSES COMMEMORATIVE OF WILLIAM III

(PART I)

By W. A. THORPE

**S**PEAKS my text on a glass belonging to Mr. Joseph Bles: "To the glorious pious and immortal memory of the great and good King William who freed

us from Pope and popery, knavery and slavery, brass money and wooden shoes and he who refuses this toast may be damned crammed and rammed down the great gun of Athlone"; and there are drinking glasses which follow the whole history of a political interest which began before the seventeenth century was dead, and has still its tokens in glass in the seventies of the last century. The cult of King William varied greatly during that period in its character, its intensity, and its objects, but the formulæ and the attitudes persist with scarcely a change for more than 150 years in the portraits and the inscriptions which we find on "Williamite" drinking glasses. Certainly William himself was seldom more than "a pious memory," or a

rather austere and forbidding figurehead, but he and his horse with the Boyne beneath them were popular as symbols are often popular, because they could stand for anything you please, to justify a dinner or excuse a riot, as a prop for a policy or a creed for a society, because, in fact,

it is a cause that makes its righteousness, and not righteousness the cause. William of the wine glasses utters silently a constitutional dogma, that of limited monarchy, a Protestant

pæan, and in the days of the Orange Institution (after 1795) a Unionist slogan. The sullen competence of an astute but sometimes blundering monarch is not "remembered" but forgotten, and his portrait throughout the whole of its career on glass is always a principle personified. There is thus a psychological as well as a political difference between the commemorative attitude of the Williamite societies and that Jacobite loyalty which fastened itself upon the effete traditions of a Royal house and the buoyant and attractive personality of a young prince. While the relics in glass of the Stuart cause have the agreeable sterility of a study in decay, the Williamite tradition and the attachment to the House of Hanover

which, in England at any rate, became fused with it, contributes directly to the making of modern England; and it is only of recent years that the doctrines and prejudices of Orangeism have submitted to a peaceful and, it is to be hoped, a permanent compromise.



*Bles Collection*

FIG. I. GLASS WITH THE FULL ORANGE TOAST  
First quarter eighteenth century

There are three phases in the practice of drinking to the "Immortal Memory," and the divisions between them, though approximate, are clearly defined. The first of these is notable chiefly for the "infernally cabals" in which gross conviviality was a rite, neglect of which would have been regarded as apostasy, and a disposition to obscure violence was the true character of a partisan. Such were the Muggites, the Calf's Head Club, and the earliest of the Orange societies, both in England and Ireland, which rioted their way through the reigns of Queen Anne and George I, and, as we know from a letter of Horace Walpole,\* found themselves suddenly devoid of both purpose and piquancy when George II entered upon his assured position. After 1727, or thereabouts, William-worship in England was assimilated, and in some degree superseded, as it never was in Ireland, by loyalty to the House of Hanover, to which the Jacobite failure gave a great impetus; and the Orange organizations in all three countries became more serious in their policy and less boisterous in their celebrations, being devoted chiefly to maintaining the Protestant ascendancy for which William was at any rate partly responsible. The third period of the Williamite

\* Letter to Bentley, Sept. 1753: "..... Mughouse, a name one has not heard since the riots of the late King's time."



Risley Collection

FIG. II  
EARLY CORDIAL GLASS  
Inscribed: "SUCCESS TO WIL" &  
"MARY" (1688-1694)

glasses and the revival of Orangeism began precisely in 1795, when, on the evening after the Battle of the Diamond, was formed the Loyal Orange Institution of Great Britain and Ireland which has survived into our own times. Glasses exist which represent all three phases, but it is easy to understand why the bulk of the specimens belong to the interim period. The earliest clubs were much too hooligan for many of the glasses to survive more than a single use, and after the revival Ulster Puritanism had lent to their meetings a certain staidness comparable to that of Freemasonry, which made their use more secure perhaps, but on the whole less frequent.

During the reign of James II a Scottish refugee in Holland, Dr. Burnett, had formed an Orange Association among the English, Scottish, and Irish Protestants in that country, with the object of securing religious liberty for all persons in these islands, and William had scarcely sat upon his throne when this society bore numerous progeny which were marshalled by peers and bishops, and kept up a constant communication with their brothers of the Hague by means of a hollow walking-stick carried by one, Captain Hawkshaw, who was known thereafter as the "Orange Skipper." There were two chief English societies. The



(a) Inscriptions: ET VULNERA ET INVIA  
SPERNIT and ELICIT IACOBUM RESTITUIT  
HIBERNIAM MDCXC. Medall. Illus. I,  
716, 136



British Museum

FIG. III. REVERSES OF MEDALS  
STRUCK TO COMMEMORATE THE  
BATTLE OF THE BOYNE (1690) AND  
THE DEATH OF KING WILLIAM  
(1702)

(b) Inscriptions: CORK BOYNE and MANET  
POST FUNER\ VIRTUS



(c) Inscriptions: APPARUIT ET DISSIPAVIT  
and LIBERATA HIBERNIA. MDCLXXX

## *Drinking Glasses Commemorative of William III*

more important, known as the "Exeter Association," was founded shortly after November 12, 1688, when Sir Edward Seymour suggested to Dr. Burnett the need for some organization of Williamite opinion, and a society was formed at Exeter similar in character to the Cycle Club. Its original declaration of creed and obligation has been preserved, and not only bears the title "An Engagement of the Nobles, Knights and Gentlemen of Exeter to assist the Prince of Orange in the Defence of the Protestant Religion," but in relation to glass is interesting because it has the words "Popery and Slavery" which are part of the toast on Mr. Bles' glass. During the reign of William the activities of the Exeter Association were quite undisguised, but before his accession a much more subterranean society had been formed among the officers of the 4th Foot at the Hounslow Heath barracks; and in England it was these two associations which after their hero's death (1702) began the practice of drinking to the "Glorious and Immortal Memory."

In Ireland, meanwhile, the social organization of Orangeism had been proceeding since January 1689 (N.S.), when the first convention was held at Mount Alexander and the Antrim Orange Association was formed with Hugh Lord Mount Alexander and Clotworthy Skeffington, Esq., as "commanders." This was rapidly followed by similar associations in Down, Armagh, Derry, Donegal, and Sligo, and later in Dublin a Skinners' Alley Association was established among the disgruntled Aldermen who had been deposed from office by Tyrconnell. During William's

reign the toast of his health was the accepted ritual among all these bodies, as we know—partly from a few glasses which survive, and partly from a parody of the practice in 1695 by one of the participants in the "horrid conspiracy to assassinate his Sacred Majesty," who "took an Orange in his hand and squeezed it and began an Health to the Rotten Orange, and said: 'Though we are disappointed one day I hope to have another.'"<sup>\*</sup>

The celebrated charge across the river at the Battle of the Boyne (July 1, O.S. 1690), being the most theatrical event in William's melancholic career, is naturally found on some of the relics which date from the years 1690–1702, and a Bristol Delft dish of the same period depicts the king on the prancing charger so familiar on later glass. The earliest relics, however, can be definitely dated between 1688 and the death of Queen Mary in 1694, e.g. a cordial glass belonging to Sir John Risley, which bears the toast "Success to William and Mary" (Fig. II), and another Bristol Delft dish which shows both king and queen. Another glass

has simply the legend "God Bles Wilyam"; and last, but not least, Mr. Kirkby Mason has a very fine early baluster, with a coin of 1690, which almost certainly belongs to the seventeenth century (Fig. VII). Engraved on it in diamond point are a peacock and peahen, which it is interesting to compare with the "Orange cock and Purple hen" of an old rhyme.

As far as commemorative glasses are concerned the years following 1702 are the more interesting, for William was canonized by the

<sup>\*</sup> A true History of the Horrid Conspiracy, etc., 1696.



FIG. IV British Museum  
OBVERSES OF THE THREE MEDALS SHOWN IN FIG. III,  
AND A FOURTH MEDAL

*Inscribed: IN FIAM MEMORIAM GULIELMI REGIS 3*

Whig and Protestant interest almost as soon as he was dead, and the phrase of the later glasses, "The Glorious Memory," first appears as the title of a funeral address published by J. J. Cæsar in 1702. There is, moreover, an interesting parallel in both legends and engraving between the glasses which bear William's portrait and the coins which were

struck, probably for the early Orange societies, by Jan Luder and others, during his reign or shortly after his death, and as Luder ceased working about 1710 they must all be dated before that year. I have been unable to trace any contemporary engraving which might be proved to be the archetype of both the engravings on glasses and of the medallion portraits, but in both types of relic the favourite and traditional attitude seems to be drawn from an eyewitness's recollection of the great charge at the Boyne, the king being mounted on a fine mettlesome horse rearing on its hind legs. The reverse of one of the medals (Fig. III) depicts the king crossing the river, with the enemy in flight, and bears the legends ET VULNERA ET INVIA SPERNIT and EICIT

IACOBUM RESTITUIT HIBERNIAM MDCXC. Another very similar medal has a very similar equestrian portrait, but here the king is advancing towards the river on the left, while JACOB (King James) and LAUSUN are fleeing, and WALKER and SCHOMBERG are lying dead; this medal is signed by Jan Luder and inscribed APPARUIT ET DISSIPAVIT and LIBERATA HIBERNIA. Another very interesting medal, in silver, which was probably struck for one of the

Orange societies at Cork immediately after the king's death, has a plain laureate bust GULIELMUS TERTIUS, and on the obverse a wreath of laurel enclosing the inscription MANET POST FUNERA VIRTUS and CORK BOYNE; and to the same year belongs a very fine gold medal (Fig. IV) with the inscription IN PIAM MEMORIAM GULIELMI REGIS 3 enclosing a

beautifully executed laureate bust with long flowing hair. This medal, which has on the obverse an Irish harp similar to that on Mr. Bles' decanter, belonged to one Jeremiah Scott of Ballingarry, county Tipperary, a man of Kentish family who accompanied William to Ireland and received a grant of land for his services at the Boyne.

Until William's death the character of the Orange movement in England and in Ireland had been much the same, but after 1702 the movement which commemorated him fell gradually into two sections which are virtually distinct. In Ireland Orangeism had achieved its end; Protestantism enjoyed a certain, though hardly an undisturbed domination, and the country generally became a kind of



FIG. V  
FROM A CUT IN A CONTEMPORARY PAMPHLET  
"The Whigs unmasked, etc.," 1713

English "provincia," very lucratively "farmed" by Irish Protestants and English immigrants, who treated the country as their monopoly and priest-hunting as an agreeable recreation; and at the same time the English Parliament gave the Irish Parliament a free hand with penal laws to prevent the exercise and propagation of the Catholic religion, and to deprive those who professed it of the ordinary functions of citizenship. The Orange societies in this blessed state

## Drinking Glasses Commemorative of William III

found their occupation gone, and sank into formalism or abeyance, for there was now nothing to do but be duly thankful to God and King William for all their mercies on the Fourth of November and the First of July. Orange glasses, therefore, which were used in Ireland in the middle of the century are the relics of a festival rather than of a movement, and the nature of their use explains why the bulk of surviving Orange glasses belong to this period. Not so in England; for here the passive cult of the dead William was almost immediately fused with active propaganda on behalf of the House of Hanover, and the movement continued to have energy and purpose chiefly because until 1750 it had a persistent and devoted opposition; because when you had coupled the health of the living with the memory of the dead in one or more glasses you might sally forth very bravely into the darkest byways of the city for a "scrap" with those damned Jacobites "whose

hired mobs took in the Blue Regiment of Bridewell to reinforce their

Bodies from the Bear Garden and the Shambles, and were detached on publick nights with great Clubs and Stones to disturb all peaceable rejoicings that were made in honour of his Majesty or the Glorious Revolution, and to insult such as would not join in their treasonable cries of High Church and Ormond: No Presbyterians: No Hanover: Down with the Mug.\* It is to societies of this type that the horrid word "Williamite" is properly to be applied; for barbarism that it is, it is not as has often been supposed an invention of Hartshorne, but has abundant and, I think, adequate authority in

\* *The Mug Vindicated*, etc., 1717.

political pamphleteers of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, who usually write a very trenchant and pointed prose; and the word is at least convenient for distinguishing the English Williamite-Hanoverian clubs from the Orange societies proper of both England and Ireland.

But before we come to the clubs a word must be said of the illustrious Anne. That pious, peevish, and good-natured woman, though below the intellectual level of the majority of her subjects, was as she herself professed "entirely English at heart." She

was moreover devoted to the Tory Party, the English Church, and the life of virtuous comfort, acceptable to Tories because she was one of them and to Whigs because her tire-women knew how to cajole her. She thus became the provisional object of the peculiar attachment usually bestowed on a sovereign whose title is indisputably *de jure*, and the glasses which bless her memory (Fig. VI, *a* and *c*), were probably made shortly after

her death for persons who had trimmed their sails very nicely while she was alive and, now that Hanover was "in" and Stuart astir, wanted a loyalty to excuse their very comfortable position on the political fence; and the form of the inscription on one of Mr. Kirkby Mason's glasses, "To Y<sup>e</sup> Glorious & immortal memory of Queen Anne," is simply an adaptation of the Williamite formula.

We pass to the two most remarkable organizations for bacchanalian politics, whose antics enlivened this and the succeeding reign, and whose character may be gleaned from contemporary squibs. The earlier of these,



Kirkby Mason Collection

FIG. VI

- (a) Glass inscribed: "To Y<sup>e</sup> Glorious & immortal memory of Queen Anne"
- (b) Glass engraved with "Kissing Spot," the horse of Hanover, and the legend AUREA LIBERTAS. Reign of George I
- (c) Glass inscribed: "To Y<sup>e</sup> Pious memory of Queen Anne"

the notorious Calf's Head Club, was said by its members to have been founded by Milton and other creatures of the Commonwealth. After the Restoration the club was obliged to meet with great precaution, "but now," says a writer in the second year of King William's reign, "they meet almost in a public manner." They met regularly from 1693 onwards, till at least half-way through the reign of George I, their most important meeting taking place on January 30, the anniversary of Charles I's execution, when they drank to the "beloved act of decollation," and a health to the "Old Puss," although why the Republican cause should be so described does not appear. Their most conspicuous symbols were the Axe, which is seen hanging on the wall in the cut here reproduced (Fig. V), and the Calf's Head (presumably standing for that of Charles I), which was always known as the "Cranium." At each meeting it was filled with wine; and after it had circulated among the guests a "Brimmer" was drunk to "the pious memory of those worthy patriots that killed the Tyrant." The motto of the club was, rather curiously, "Under the Rose," which was subsequently adopted by the "other side" when it became necessary for them in their turn to meet in secret; and every 30th of January a special toast song was composed. These songs have all been preserved, and that for 1693 contains the rather interesting couplet:

Let every smiling Glass with Mirth be crowned  
While Health to England's native Rights go round.

It is interesting also to find that the tune "Lillibullero," to which many of the songs used after 1795 by the Loyal Orange Association were sung, was in regular use by the Calf's Head Club in 1711. During the reign of Anne this body, though simply Republican in origin, thinking perhaps it was a little late in the day to drink to "decollation," transferred its affections to the House of Hanover and the

"Glorious Memory," as is evident from an account of the preparation for one of the Calf's Head meetings in 1712\*: "About ten days before the Festival appointed for King William's birth, Mr. — went to the House of Mr. Johnson, Master of the Three Tuns and Rummer Tavern in Gracechurch Street and agreed with the said Johnson for the use of a large room fronting the street upon the fourth of November, telling him some gentlemen desired to celebrate the Memory of the late

King William over a Bottle and a Bonfire. To which Mr. Johnson made a prudent bargain that Mr. — should repair whatever Damage should be done to his House . . . There were two barrels of intoxicating Belch that might enliven the Mob and five dozen bottles of wine, and later on persons on the balcony began a health to the Queen and the House of Hanover." Over the rest of the nasty habits of this society we draw the veil of discretion.

\* The Whigs unmasked, etc., 1713.



Kirkby Mason Collection

FIG. VII

- (a) Early baluster with coin of William III and diamond-engraving of Peacock and Peahen. Before 1702  
(b) Early glass with portrait and the inscription "THE GLORIOUS MEMORY OF KING WILLIAM THE III"  
First quarter eighteenth century

(To be concluded.)

# THE COVENT GARDEN OPERA SEASON

By PERCY COLSON

[NOTE.—In view of the paramount importance of Covent Garden Opera to the cause of music in London, we would like to commend Mr. Colson's argument to the special attention of our readers.—ED.]

I SHOULD like to call the attention of my readers most strongly to the opera season which begins on May 10 and ends on July 2. We all know that there is a constant agitation and propaganda going on in London in the cause of opera, but as Sir Thomas Beecham pointed out in a recent letter to the Press, those who clamour the loudest are generally the most unwilling to pay for it. The coming season promises to be one of the most interesting we have had at Covent Garden, and readers of *APOLLO* certainly belong to the class which is able and which ought to support such an enterprise.

The repertoire has been most intelligently chosen. The management has borne in mind the suggestion that some of us made last year, and I am delighted to say that we are at last to hear Mozart's "Don Giovanni," and "Le Nozze di Figaro" will also be given. Verdi is represented by "Falstaff," the greatest comedy opera ever written with the exception of "Die Meistersinger," "Otello," which has not had a good performance here for several years, and the inevitable "Rigoletto." Instead of the hackneyed "Madame Butterfly" and "La Tosca," we have the inimitable little one-act opera "Gianni Schicchi," and other Italian works announced are Rossini's ever-welcome "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," Boïto's "Mefistofele," and Wolf-Ferrari's brilliant and dramatic "I Gioielli della Madonna." There are three French operas in the list—Ravel's "L'heure Espagnole," which everyone will look forward to hearing again, Massenet's "Manon" that is so seldom given, and his rather sickly and commonplace "Thaïs." For Wagnerites there is a complete cycle of "The Ring," "Die Meistersinger," and "Tristan und Isolde." So much for the repertoire.

With regard to the artistes, some of the most famous singers in the world have been engaged. Jeritz is returning, and will sing the rôles of "Sieglinde," "Thaïs," and "Maliella," in Wolf-Ferrari's opera, in which she has made the sensation of the present season at the Metropolitan Opera in New York. Lotte

Lehman will appear as "Desdemona," and will repeat her exquisite performance of "Eva" in "Die Meistersinger." Gertrude Kappel will sing in the Wagner operas and also in "Don Giovanni," which Bruno Walter insists on giving in its entirety with the famous quintette at the end, so we shall be able to decide if we prefer seeing the opera end with the "Don's" descent to the lower regions, or with a melodious warning to avoid his evil fate ourselves. Other very welcome visitors will be Frida Leider, whose lovely voice and fine acting did so much last summer to make the Wagner nights memorable, and Mlle. Ivogün.

Among the male singers we must place first the unique Chaliapine, who has not been heard in opera here for twelve years; he is so great an actor that one forgets that time has not spared his voice. He will be heard in "Mefistofele," and as "Don Basilio" in "Il Barbiere," which he considers one of his finest rôles. A very interesting engagement is that of Mariano Stabile. I was immensely struck with the voice, appearance, and dramatic powers of this young baritone when I first heard him in Florence and Rome three or four years ago. He is to play "Don Giovanni," "Iago," and "Falstaff," for which part he was coached by Toscanini, who took him to his country house to stay for that purpose. An old Covent Garden favourite, Marcel Journet, is returning. I hear that his voice shows but few signs of wear—he was quite a young man when he first sang here some twenty-five years ago. He is to sing "Leporello" to Stabile's "Don Giovanni." Lauritz Melchior, who made so good an impression here in 1924, will sing in the Wagner operas; he has since made a very great reputation as an "heroic" tenor in Germany and in the Scandinavian countries, and has just been engaged for five years at the "Metropolitan," New York; he was one of the principal tenors at Beyreuth last year. At the time of writing I am unable to give the names of the French and Italian tenors as the contracts are not yet signed.

Bruno Walter, who is now more popular than any *prima donna*, will direct the German operas with Robert Heger as his second in command. It will be interesting to hear his rendering of the Mozart operas, as he made his name in Germany as a conductor of that composer's music. Signor Bellezza, one of the very best *chefs d'orchestre* in Italy, will direct the French and Italian works. Bellezza used to conduct many of the performances in which Caruso sang; they were great personal friends, and the famous tenor died in his arms. He will also conduct on the occasion of Melba's farewell performance.

The management has been very fortunate in getting Signor Forzano, the stage director of "La Scala," to supervise the staging of most of the operas. He is extremely versatile, and is famous as a librettist, no fewer than twenty-six of his books having been used by composers, among them being Leoncavallo, Wolf-Ferrari, and Puccini, for whom he wrote "Gianni Schicchi," so we shall see it played according to the author's own ideas. Signor Forzano has

studied both law and medicine, and when I knew him personally in Florence he was editor of "La Nazionale." He seems to have found his real *métier* in the theatre.

Many criticisms were made last year about the scenery, lighting, etc., and I would remind my readers that the difficulties are great; most of the scenery is very old, but the management is doing everything possible to improve matters, especially with regard to the lighting. There is no rich syndicate able to spend whatever money is needed as there is in New York. The season is entirely due to the generosity and love of art of one family, who guarantee any deficit, and one cannot expect them to go on giving us opera of this kind unless the public does its part as well. In order for such an enterprise to even pay its way the theatre must be full at every performance: so I appeal with all confidence to the readers of APOLLO to do everything they can to insure the loss being as small as possible. In America the millionaire class support art, whether they understand it or not. Here we generally leave it to take care of itself.

## A PORTRAIT BY PERRONNEAU

TWO names represent to us nowadays, perhaps by preference to any others, the art of portrait-painting in France during the greater part of the eighteenth century: Maurice-Quentin de La Tour (1704-1788), pastellist rather than painter, and for that reason to this day unrepresented in the picture gallery of the Louvre, and Jean Baptiste Perronneau (1715-1783). For a long time the latter was, however, well-nigh forgotten. It is now some thirty years since M. Maurice Tournoux, in a series of articles published in the "Gazette des Beaux Arts," laid the foundations of a surer knowledge concerning Perronneau, and for full information about him the student can at present turn to the admirable volume published a few years ago by MM. Vaillat and Ratouis de Limay. The extent to which both La Tour and Perronneau have come to the fore in comparatively recent years may be gauged from the fact that both are missing from the magnificent series of French rococo painters in the Wallace collection.

Alike as a pastellist and as a painter in

oils Perronneau shows a marked preference for the mode of presentment which may be seen in the picture of which a reproduction accompanies these lines: the bust, with or without hands, turned three-quarters to the left or right. The extraordinary distinction which he infuses into his characters could not be more admirably illustrated than in the present example, and simple and quiet though it is as a composition, it bears witness, nevertheless, to a consummate sense of the disposition of line and mass. The scheme of colour is one of very subtle harmony, with the pale rose-purple of the coat as the dominant note.

We are privileged to publish the picture by permission of the National Gallery of Canada at Ottawa, to which it has been recently added, having been purchased from the Sackville Gallery by the executors of the late Sir Edmund Walker for presentation to the National Collection of Canada. As an example of the refined and aristocratic portraiture of eighteenth-century France, the picture represents an accession upon which the Ottawa Gallery may be warmly congratulated.

*A Portrait by Perronneau*



28" x 23½"

PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN

*By J. B. Perronneau*

*Reproduced by permission of the National Gallery of Canada*

*National Gallery of Canada*

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# CHINESE BLUE AND WHITE PORCELAIN: THE GOLDSCHMIDT COLLECTION—I

By JOSEPH BURTON

CHINESE blue and white porcelain has been an object of admiration and of acquisition by connoisseurs and collectors since the middle of the seventeenth century, when it was first brought into Europe by the Dutch East India Company. At that time this wonderful product of the potter's art stood out in refinement, quality and technical excellence as something vastly superior to any of the pottery then made in Europe; and not only was it sought after and highly prized by collectors, but it also became an object of emulation by potters in every country in the West, and it had a profound influence on the pottery wares of the Western world for more than two centuries. Chinese porcelain at the time when it was first imported into Europe had attained almost the highest point in its development, being then the result of centuries of patient experiment and skilful effort. It is generally assumed that blue and white porcelain was first produced during the Great Ming Dynasty (A.D. 1368-1644), although some authorities are inclined to give it an earlier history. It is, however, agreed that it reached its highest attainment during the reign of the Emperor Kang Hsi (1662-1722), after which it gradually became less and less admirable in intrinsic quality, whilst, for a period, retaining its technical perfection.

During the Kang Hsi period the blue colour of the decoration was more pure, more translucent and gem-like in quality than in the Ming period, whilst the drawing still retained much of the breadth and virility of the earlier period with an added beauty of line and often a more satisfactory treatment of the decoration both in disposition and scale. At the end of the seventeenth century, in fact, the work of centuries had culminated in the highest achievement in artistic quality and technical excellence combined. The craftsman had not yet grown too clever and facile in the use of his materials, which had still secrets to be discovered and special qualities to be revealed. As in so many cases in the history of artistic achievement, however, the craftsman gradually

gained such mastery of his materials and such expertness in his methods of decoration that he overstressed the technical side of his craft and so lost the true sense of proportion between artistic expression and so-called perfection of workmanship. During the quarter of a century following the death of Kang Hsi, in 1722, the freedom and spirit of the work was largely replaced by traditional craftsmanship, and Chinese porcelain gradually lost its virile pulsating quality and became lifeless and uninteresting with its over-refined shapes, its meticulous drawing, and too elaborate ornaments. All collectors agree in their high appreciation of Kang Hsi blue and white, and examples of this period form the great bulk of the best collections of this class.

The collection made by Lt.-Col. Sidney G. Goldschmidt, and now on view in the Manchester City Art Gallery, is a good example of this. It consists of some two hundred pieces (certain "sets" are not shown in their entirety), most of which belong to the Kang Hsi period, and it contains many pieces of fine, and some pieces of exceptionally high, quality. It is difficult to define what is meant by quality, but in a ware so refined as porcelain, with its white translucent body and limpid brilliant glaze, the collector looks for perfection of body and glaze, i.e. freedom from fire-cracks, holes, specks and blisters, discoloration of any kind, or other similar blemishes. The underglaze blue colour used in the decoration should be deep, rich, and translucent, and of the liquid quality characteristic of gems. In the best examples the colour is never flat or monotonous, but is shaded, broken, and vivid, and of the greenish rather than the purple tint. The shape of the piece should be free from distortion and of a type suitable for the material, and the drawing and design should be in keeping with the high qualities of the ware.

Lt.-Col. Goldschmidt has collected examples of almost every variety of blue produced, and so the observer has the opportunity of comparing fine examples of different varieties, so forming a more correct appreciation





*Chinese Blue and White Porcelain: The Goldschmidt Collection*



No. 20

No. 70

No. 14



No. 27

No. 86

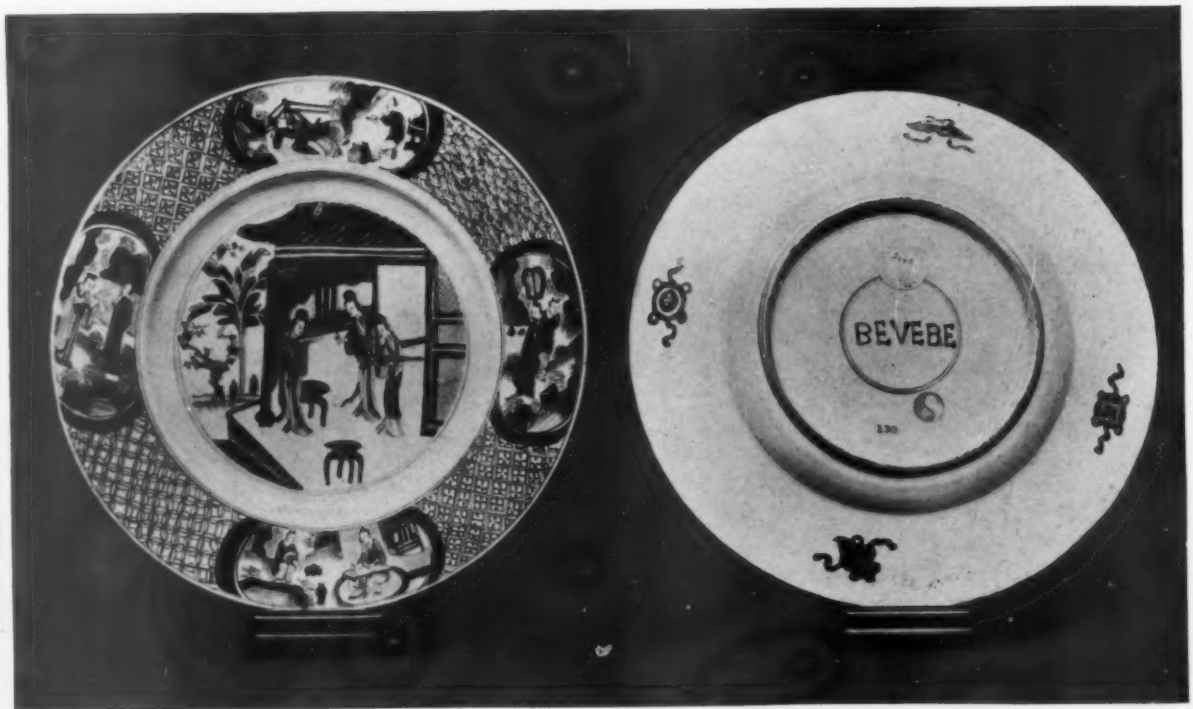
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No. 88

## *Chinese Blue and White Porcelain: The Goldschmidt Collection*

of each. The collector has also compiled the catalogue which deserves special notice. He has not followed the usual custom of providing a catalogue for the collector only, but has written a short general description of each piece, giving particulars of the decorative motive, etc., and pointing out the standard of quality of the piece, so giving the ordinary visitor to the collection a starting-point for his better appreciation and understanding of this beautiful and fascinating ware. There is also an informative preface to the catalogue which should be of considerable interest and value to the student.

It is not possible to do full justice to the quality of blue and white porcelain in a colour illustration, but an idea of the general character and balance of tints may be conveyed in this way, and our colour plate is given for this purpose. The pair of bottles (No. 19) are unusual and very elegant in form, and of fine quality. The design and drawing are both good. The height of these is eleven inches, and they form a notable feature in the collection. The bottle (No. 16) which is seven inches high, is of a typical form and decorated with an often-used subject of mounted warriors and a lady known as "The Love Chase." The drawing is spirited, and the colour of the piece is exceptionally rich and vivid.

The dish (No. 70) (see page 175) represents one of the earliest examples in the collection. This is a bleeding dish, 12½ inches in diameter, with a piece cut out of the rim for the arm. It is of the Ming period, and the drawing has the breadth and simplicity characteristic of the earlier work. The teapot (No. 14) is of very high quality and bears a rare mark, "G," under the foot. The decoration is well drawn and the subjects interesting—one of them a domestic scene—and the colour is very good.

The decoration of the brush pot (No. 20) is unusual. It represents a Mandarin looking out from a bathing-machine with an attendant waiting at the water's edge. The colour of this piece is brilliant although not quite as rich as in some of the other examples. The plate (No. 86) is decorated with the "Warrior" or "Love Chase" motive in the centre with figure panels in the border

separated by diaper divisions. This is the largest of six similar plates shown in the collection. The design is excellent, and the drawing very spirited and typically Chinese. The two plates (No. 27) which are 15 inches in diameter, are unusual in style of decoration. There is a convex medallion in the centre, decorated with figure subject—ladies fishing—a boldly drawn filling round this of clouds, bamboo and prunus, and an outer border of figure subjects. The examples described so far are generally Chinese in the type and subject matter of the decoration, and were probably made for the home market, but, as before mentioned, very considerable quantities of Chinese porcelain were imported into Europe during the Kang Hsi period, and although some of this ware was originally made for Chinese use, much of it was made specially for the export trade. The collection contains many examples of this latter class, including mantelshelf sets of five pieces, plates and tea ware. The teapot (No. 14) and the two plates (No. 88) (see page 176) belong to this category. It will be seen that the word "BEVEBE" is painted on the back of one of the plates—probably the name of a Dutch family. The general quality of the export ware was quite high, but the drawing was not as a rule so good as in the best Chinese examples, and the designs were often more complicated and composite, and therefore less satisfactory. In some cases, European coats of arms and other Western subjects were reproduced, often with disastrous results. The two plates (Nos. 73 and 82) are good examples of a large class of decorated plates, having landscape and figure subjects in the centre and an intricate diaper border broken by panels of flowers and birds. The curious bell-shaped bottle (No. 60) is typically Chinese in shape and decoration. It is a ceremonial piece bearing the figure of a conventional bat. It is interesting to contrast this piece with the other examples on the same page, which are of the export class. The subject of decoration will be more fully considered in a second article, both in relation to period and in comparison with European standards.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE SLADE SCHOOL APPEAL

The present appeal is made with the object of raising the sum of £30,000 for the needs of the Slade School, and we warmly commend it to the support of our readers. Full details were given in our January number. Donations will be acknowledged in *APOLLO*, and should be sent to the Treasurer of the Slade Appeal Fund, C. Koe Child, Esq., University College, Gower Street, W.C.1.

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## LETTER FROM PARIS

By ANDRÉ SALMON

**D**URING the last ten years there has been an ever-increasing number of exhibitions, but they seem never before to have been presented in so favourable a light. In order to reap the full benefit of so many simultaneous manifestations, it would, no doubt, be expedient to measure the difference that may exist between works even of the first order, and the claims made for them by the organizers.

It is thus that a Polish amateur has succeeded in drawing all Paris to an exhibition called "L'Art d'Aujourd'hui," in a gallery in the quartier of the Madeleine, which is free of any commercial purpose. The representatives of independent art have rejoiced a little naively, but with the greatest sympathy, to see the exhibition of "L'Art d'Aujourd'hui" announced in the most official manner possible, and exactly in the same way as it is customary to announce the apotheosis of that branch of art which has not yet consummated its separation from the State: a poster of the purist cubism under a bunch of flags, at the top of a mast of red and gold, similar to the ones that are erected at street corners on the occasion of July 14 (and from which the post-impressionist Marquet has drawn such happy effects of popular picturesqueness).

Who could have hoped for such recognition at the time when Picasso, in his small studio at the Butte Montmartre (1906), began to attempt his dissociation of planes and of

volumes, which were to cause such an upheaval in plastic economy? Then Georges Braque, an artist of a robust temperament, who had devoted himself to the selection of the purest examples of French art, and was convinced that the artist had a lesson to learn from the artisan painter, possessing a tradition which the academy had not falsified, regretted that he had not carried on, with originality, the work of the great Impressionist. Braque found salvation in cubism and its discipline. It was he who became the leader of the new school, while Picasso, an essentially capricious genius, a poet as much as a painter, conceiving a work of art in the manner of a poem, carried away by his own surprise, remained more concerned with lightning renewals. Finally, it was Henri-Matisse, who had not been touched by the new doctrine, and who alone succeeded in renewing impressionism, who invented for his friends the word "cubism."

The oldest of all, he was nevertheless linked up with the young school. Their objects were identical. Gifted with infallible taste, assuring the most audacious harmonies, a painter who foretold the musician, Stravinsky, a master of the richest palette, he, too, opened new paths for the various schools of reconstruction by means of his researches into "volume of colour." A narrow margin divides him from Wlaminck, the violent landscape painter, who yet remains nearest to the master of *plein air* of

## Letter from Paris

the nineteenth century, and bears the banner of pure colours, together with André Derain, that destroyer and creator, who, not without a certain Cartesianism, cared for nothing so much as to deny and destroy, so as to pose anew the "whole problem of painting."

It is thus possible to sketch the general lines of a movement that in 1926 has not yet reached its accomplishment. Though very different, Henri-Matisse and Wlaminck represent the taste and temperament upon which a personality could be based. Picasso—who troubled so many spirits—deserves to be called the animation, while André Derain became the "regulator," although to-day those who believe blindly in the benefits of the Revolution treat him frankly as a reactionary.

It will be noted that the whole group was thus regarded ever since the imposing collective manifestations of 1908-1910. By whom? By the greater part of independent opinion entirely devoted to the elegant anarchy practised by the painters of the "Groupe Bonnard," brilliant, subtle, but only improvisators who carried French painting to the verge of amorphousness. I have tried to place in this way the first painters of the contemporary artistic movement, trusting that with this precaution nothing will remain obscure or confused during the Parisian tours for which a prolonged season will offer the pretext.

However, the organizer of the exhibition of "l'Art d'Aujourd'hui" has not been troubled by any precautions of this sort. His title deceives us by its ambition. M. Poznanski has been too eager in presenting a collection under this name to take it for granted that the art of to-day is cubism. Had we not so many opportunities of redressing our judgment it might have appeared so, especially since the fine still-life of Picasso was rather negligently hung. Picasso consoled one of his admirers who was humiliated by this negligence with a saying, worthy of a proud hero of the Renaissance, worthy of Degas, whose Parisian sayings were such a godsend to the chroniclers: "The place of honour is where I am."

In short, the exhibition of "l'Art d'Aujourd'hui," if it has shown that cubism, so richly and variously represented, was much more than a formula of readjustment, a means, a passage, something like a Swedish gymnastic in painting, is yet far less significant than the unforgettable exhibition of fifty years of French painting (1925), from Corot to Derain, which included Henri Rousseau, called le Douanier, a Sunday painter, who was employed at the custom-house, and one of whose works has just been acquired by the Louvre, to the great disgust of those who refuse to accept the evidence of the miracle that an ignorant man should by instinct rediscover the pictorial resources which have been misunderstood since Paolo Uccello.

A walk through the various galleries convinces one that the influence accepted by the young generation is not that of the cubism, for which Picasso is responsible, but did not wish to lead. No doubt Picasso has rectified the drawing of a great number, to whom Henri-Matisse has rather revealed the possibilities of a balance of colours almost to the point of dizziness. The dictator is Derain. It is he who is questioned with more or less frankness or sincerity concerning the profound secrets of the art of painting.

André Derain, whose admirers come to see his rare works at the Galerie Simon sometimes from afar, has restored the idea of classicism united with life. The instruction of the professors, members of the "Institut," at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, offers the students nothing

but a series of tricks and recipes for manufacturing a sensation at the Salon, or an allegory that is rewarded by the Prix de Rome.

The poet Guillaume Apollinaire has written about Derain as follows: "After his juvenile truculence Derain has turned to sobriety and measure. His efforts have resulted in works whose grandeur sometimes contains a religious character in which some people (I don't know why) have seen traces of archaism. The art of Derain is now impregnated with that expressive grandeur which might be called antique."

The contemporaries of Derain can meet every day a man of forty, whose life equals in grandeur that of Pezanne, and sometimes that of Corot. He is profoundly human, and goes through life with a smile. Imagination never forsakes him, and a few years ago London was able, thanks to Serge Diaghilev, to applaud "La Boutique Fantastique," that beautiful *divertissement* of a painter passionately fond of the theatre.

What can he think of that with which Paris contents itself? Shall I say that the standard of the theatre is lower than that of the other arts in France? But the hard money-question plays a part here. The producers expect more and more the receipts of a prolonged success which can only be due to foreign visitors. We know that possessing an insufficient knowledge of the language the cosmopolitan audience contents itself with easy plays, feigning to reveal the underside of Parisian life, pretending to communicate the essence of Paris. It is generally an artificial conception, in fact academic, although frivolous. Besides, there is a section of the French public that is satisfied with this, too, the one that greets the sentimental, humorous comedies which are translated for Max Dearly. Proud dramatic art has taken refuge on the small stages such as that of "l'Atelier," the "Arts," the "Comédie des Champs-Élysées" (in an elegant setting), and the "Vieux Colombier," where original works from abroad have also appeared. Later on the "Comédie Française," that museum theatre, will receive after the best of Ibsen's dramas a selection of these as determined by time and experience.

Yet one theatre, which is ever open to the spirit that is readily satisfied with a lack of culture, redeems at the present moment the honour of the debased theatre. It is the stage upon which Sacha Guitry produces his "Mozart." Sacha Guitry has realized the miracle of pleasing without degradation. He satisfies all those who are now racing over Europe, rushing to taste all the most immediate pleasures, very often a series of pleasures, and does this with delicacy, and according to the surest resources of an essentially French tradition. The master of this actor-author, who is held to be nothing but an amusing entertainer, is none other than the great Jean de La Fontaine, without knowing whom one can never know anything of France. Sacha Guitry has made his confession in a delightful couplet sung by Yvonne Printemps, who does not belie her name. It is a cunning apology for facile work. "Let us not force out talent," said La Fontaine. André Derain wrote: "Conscience is a virtue of the employee." He meant that the conscience of the artist is so immensely above the virtues of the poor conscientious man. M. Reynaldo Hahn's rather fluid advice suggested by the poetry of Verlaine is well known. In writing the score for "Mozart" he has kept this in mind. M. Reynaldo Hahn has proved that he is at least worthy of hearing the two

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aphorisms, that of yesterday, and that of to-day. He has succeeded in shunning the danger of "pastiche," and has, happily, avoided the peril of parody. He has given us a delicate reflection with the sure intelligence of originality and a fervent criticism. For the rest his score is not importunate.

The theatre has been favourable to our musicians this season. Already Roland Manuel and Honegger have classed themselves with it. Darius Milhaud has shown the possibilities of an entirely new orchestration. Even though, here and there, the natural wealth and impetuosity of this fastidious representative of difficult composition have aroused fears of violence, which he has condemned in another as "puccirism," certainly he alone of the "Six" launched by Jean Cocteau possesses the proper gifts to regenerate the stifled lyrical drama. Will Paul Claudel, who gave him the theme for a ballet, write for him the libretto for an opera?

In the meantime Georges Auric is attempting the most audacious collaborations. Having been applauded for the score he wrote for "Les Facheux," a ballet-comedy ordered by the King of Molière, he has now written the music for "Dompteur, ou l'Anglais tel qu'on le mange," a sort of philosophic vaudeville, in which the nude graces of Spinelly triumph. The score has aroused less discussion than the text, but an operette by Auric is announced. I shall return to this presently, but in the meantime everything points to the fact that the operette will be a reaction from what the man in the street calls, not without terror, learned music.

Among the masters of yesterday, of whom one can say in the full meaning of the word that youth has not abandoned them, Florent Schmitt occupies, perhaps, the most enviable position. Like the painters, of whom I spoke just now, he has reached maturity, serenely confident in the value of the arguments for his first insurrection, following his expansion with sufficient of the spirit of invention and formal creation to have nothing to fear from the sterile satisfactions in the evil conscience of the rebel turned conservative. After all the works that he will have conceived and carried out from the first day one can imagine that the end of his career will be like that of the glorious Gabriel Faure, an old man whose aspect reaffirmed youth in its same spirit of insubordination. But that not for many years to come.

Meanwhile the audience at the Concert Lamoureux has sanctioned the complete success of an ample symphonic poem, "La Danse d'Abisag." What a far cry this is, indeed, from Strauss's "Salomé." The tension of the rhythm gives it its architecture, and the author has long been famous for his very personal harmonic prolongations faintly sustained. Florent Schmitt captivates by the richness he dominates, reducing its various elements to a constant value. A measure often detaches itself from the rhythm without breaking it. This may be compared to the poetic image supporting brilliantly all the aerial mass of the poem. Did not Florent Schmitt, who is such a wise critic, write one day that music is superior to painting in that it does not leave beyond its surge any encumbering dross?

That is what we will discuss with Matisse or Derain.

## LETTER FROM BERLIN

By OSCAR BIE

At the present moment artistic stimuli are once again coming more prominently to the fore, though it is the official and State undertakings rather than the private salons. Of the latter Fritz Gurlitt alone may be mentioned at the moment, where an interesting collection, calling itself "Junge Dresden" (Young Dresden), is on view.

There are not exactly any very great personalities, but it shows a good level of present-day painting methods which sway between impressionistic and formal principles. Fourteen painters are represented, among whom Kretzschmar, Kröner, Lachnit, Griebel, Grundig, Gotch, and Jacob are the most distinguished. There are landscapes and figure subjects, some stronger in form, others more flickering in execution, some lighter, some darker, nearly all on a small scale; they are witnesses of an aspiring art of which one must await the further development before determining its final value. An Italian painter, Luciano Baldessari, who lives in Berlin, shows at the same galleries an interesting exhibition of water-colours—elegant and light studies of Nature and of streets, with a few Berlin scenes which deserve a wider circulation.

The Kronprinzenpalais, the modern section of the Nationalgalerie, provides a detailed exhibition of the well-known painter Oscar Moll, who is now exercising his educational activity in Breslau. His is an amiable art,

always charming in colour, with a sure feeling for composition, stimulated most happily by the flowering softness of the South, won in quiet labour when the flower at the window or on the table happens to grip the attention of the painter. Moll's painting has never been pure reflexive Impressionism, but shows that he has passed through the new French school of plane-painting, which demands of art not mere imitation but, above all, the colourful representation of enframed planes. Within these limits Moll moves with such independence and such precise knowledge of his own mind that his pictures, even in larger numbers, will always be admired as the witnesses of one of the most reputable of modern artists. This collection is, at the same time, a celebration of his fiftieth birthday.

The most important events in the near future will be the three great exhibitions devoted to the memory of Corinth. The Secession is bringing together his drawings, the Nationalgalerie his paintings, and the Academy his engravings. The Secession has opened with these five hundred drawings, which reveal his most intimate creations with such detail, and in such chronological sequence, as has probably never been done for any other painter. It is an indescribable joy to wander from his restrained and precise beginnings, through the great wealth of his realism, which has mastered even biblical and mythological material, down to his last period where, behind the appearance of reality,

## Letter from Berlin

one gets terrifying glimpses of the visions of a super-sensuous man or of an elemental spirit. In truth it is possible to follow his pencil through all the wealth of this earth.

One cannot but marvel at the reverence and at the same time the lack of principle with which he grasped every motive—portraits, houses, mountains, animals, and nudes—in his drawings, and did so with a fire that, as is well known, did not abate in the final paintings, but was even heightened. The fact remains, of no other contemporary painter can one say that he was so purely a painter in the limitation of the subjective dream, and in the mastery of external reality. It was a good idea to bring together in one room all his self portrait-drawings from the earliest beginnings to the very last work of his hand. The path from realism to the demoniacal which he has followed in his paintings appears here in his self-observation so strong and peculiar that one must learn to read the inmost nature of his art from the way in which he has seen, compared, and feared himself.

The Academy, before arranging the Corinth exhibition of his engraved work, has given a stimulus to art in quite another field through an exhibition of American architecture. Such an undertaking is always somewhat problematic because the objects can only be seen in drawings and photographs, which cannot give a correct picture of the essential impression of the building.

Besides, the exhibition is rather incomplete. Architects who figure prominently in it, such as Sullivan, are already in reality somewhat superseded, while others, such as Wright, who are of importance to-day, are unrepresented. Classicism and Romanticism in American architecture interest us far less, as not being independent expressions, than the carrying out of modern constructive requirements, problems which even in America are not altogether solved. In any case, a number of details will send a spark into our building world which will arouse discussion. It is certainly very nice that a Government institution should make such propaganda for the future.

What in the meantime is happening with us? A highly characteristic event must be announced. In the film city, around the memorial church, since Poelzig's Capitol, a new building has sprung up for the Gloria-film, and will arouse the wonder of the world. The only Romanesque house, the style of which was in its day despotically determined by the Kaiser, has been so hollowed out that only the walls remain standing, and inner scaffolding was erected under the protection of the restaurant on the ground floor

so as to make the complete rebuilding of the theatre possible behind the walls. And how has the theatre come out? Ernst Lessing has carried out the wishes of his employer to build a sort of court theatre in the South German baroque style with so much taste that the difficult problem has become still more involved. One may well ponder whether such elegant palatial *foyers*, such delightful ornament, such delicate play of colour of the pale green walls and the radiant gold ceiling is the right thing for a picture theatre, but it is already clear that not merely a picture theatre was intended. A proper stage has been constructed, with all the modern appliances, and the most elegant accommodation for 1,200 people, so that it is less a grand theatre for films than a chamber theatre for small operas and plays, and one of the most fashionable places in Berlin for social functions. Thus the Romanesque style passed through the cultural requirements of the cinema to the representation of late baroque amusements, and, to the

despair of aesthetics, the building triumphs in its old, new, beauty.

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BERLIN. THE BRANDENBURGER THOR

By Luciano Baldessari

concentration and activity, and shone forth from a centre of organization. He is mainly responsible for the interest in Impressionism, both German and foreign, and has created the public for it here. A wonderful lack of consideration carried him from one work to another. A touch of cynicism saved him from pathos. The rogue played about his lips, but a heart full of feeling beat within him. In the main, the period of his activity was over. But his life, now again occupied with a great international undertaking, might have kept the pulse of his powerful nature going for a long time.

The other sad talk of the town is the fall of Schillings. Now that he has come to terms with the Minister (and it must be admitted that the latter did all that was in his power to bring this about) at least the ominous lawsuit has been averted. But what has Schillings gained by it, and what has been gained altogether? Schillings finds himself cast out by the new plan to combine all the opera houses, and the false system, of which he is the victim, remains again in full sway. He had the missionary impulse to

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expose all the evils of the bureaucratic administration and to fight them down. Who will take up the cause now? The letter which Bode has addressed to the Ministry reveals once again how deep the differences between the Government and art have become. Bode refuses with thanks the honour of a portrait which he does not desire, and makes a sharp attack on the officials on account of the measures they are taking against his will in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, and in the future museums.

Something is out of order. Schillings has been set aside, but Bode is too old, and Justi has too much delicacy to carry on the fight. In the matter of the opera this essential trouble is very easily veiled by the fusion or combination of interests. One recognizes with what iron determination the Ministry has always worked for this plan. First, the popular opera (Volksoper) was killed, then the Deutsches Opernhaus (the German Opera) was made municipal, then, after a long manœuvre Schillings was eliminated, and now it appears the field is clear to unite all three opera houses—the State, the municipal, and Kroll—under a single management. But all this is as yet uncertain, and it is also uncertain who are to be the managers and conductors at the separate opera houses. It would be good to raise a man like Bruno Walter to the highest position in the musical world of Berlin, and to limit the musical activity of Kleiber, and perhaps to include another prominent personality, especially Klemperer. That may be arranged. But it would be a good thing to see that all subjective forces are kept in the background before the seriousness of a situation such as Berlin, the greatest opera centre of the world, has never yet experienced. If the manœuvre against Schillings was an intrigue, it does not necessarily follow that the result will be a step back in art, though in itself one would rather see competition between opera houses than a trust which, in art, generally leads to stagnation.

The municipal opera has in the meantime made several more or less successful experiments. The least successful was the production of "Tales of Hoffmann." The producer, Pauly, who had been kept on, had no idea how to transform the rhythm of the music into a rhythm of the stage.

With a poor cast he should at least have avoided such gross pieces of bad taste as, for example, that the doll,

Olympia, should have her arms and legs torn out, with which the chorus whips itself, or that the storyteller, Hoffmann, should appear in a mystic light out of his wine cellar before every scene, and necessitating the orchestra to play specially arranged introductions out of the chorus of students. The other Hoffmanniad, Busoni's "Brautwahl," was more successful. It was very meritorious to give this opera, which is so seldom performed in Berlin, where, after all, it takes place. It is not a sensation, but is a fine spirited piece, with a certain humour, and lyrical feeling, a fantastic fairy tale, which very ably compresses Hoffmann's novel into eight scenes full of variety. The motive of the three caskets, borrowed from Shakespeare, with the two diabolical figures, the intriguing Manasse, and the reconciler Leonard, is easily understood by the public. It has grown accustomed to the music which once seemed so extremely modern, and shows appreciation for the delicate feeling and playful buffoonery. The applause grows warmer, and makes it a real success. The decorations have been made a little too pompously phantastic. A small stage would have been better for this kind of art which requires a near view. Fritz Zweig, the conductor, has a temperament suited to this original colourful music. Leonard and Manasse were the best figures on the stage, Wilhelm Guttman in breadth of song, and Kandl in ghostlike power.

In conclusion, I pass for a moment to the Negro Revue at Nelson's. It is really a solution of the problems of the day. No extravagance of exotic decoration, but only first-class artists of this convulsive, disjointed acrobatic, with bawling voices, which have become the fashion and the ideal of our epoch. Two dancers are unforgettable: Louis Douglas, with a cannibal mask, a virtuoso of gliding movements, a parodist of the first order, presenting endless richness of form, and Josephine Baker, a phenomenon of drollery, with a varnished face, and kicking legs, like a grotesque sacrificial dancer of some heathen cult. In a corner the negroes play jazz. The conductor juggles with his drumsticks, half keeping time, half beating, and throws wild glances to the mad brothers and sisters on the stage. It is so genuine ethnologically that it has overcome all our jazz-weariness. They have come from Paris, and are making a triumphal progress throughout the world which greets them with cheers.

## BOOK REVIEWS

ROMAN ARCHITECTURE AND ITS PRINCIPLES OF CONSTRUCTION UNDER THE EMPIRE, WITH AN APPENDIX ON THE EVOLUTION OF THE DOME UP TO THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. By G. T. RIVOIRA. Translated from the Italian by G. McN. RUSHFORTH. (Oxford, at the Clarendon Press, 1925.) £5 5s.

The third and greatest work on architecture by the learned author of "Architettura Lombarda" and "Architettura Musulmana," "Architettura Romana" was first published in Milan, 1921, and now we have the English translation by Mr. Rushforth from the Clarendon Press. The manuscript of the original work was practically finished in 1919, when Rivoira died; the present edition is the work of the translator of his earlier books, aided by Mrs. Rivoira, who has added some fresh illustrations and information.

Since 1921, Rivoira's colossal work has stood the test of the highest expert criticisms, and the truest testimony to its sound conclusions is the very few cases where new facts or considerations have led to the omission, in the present edition, of statements which had become untenable. New information and references have been added by the translator.

The book is, as the author claims, a continuation of Vitruvius's "De Architectura," and begins with a masterly "clearing up" of the ways in which bricks, tiles, or reticulate work were used in building at Rome during the last age of the Republic and the reigns of Augustus (29 B.C.-A.D. 14) and successive Emperors, devoting much attention to compound piers and buttresses, the probable

## Book Reviews

origin of the Roman baths, and what will prove the most interesting feature to many students—an appendix on the evolution of the dome. Throughout its scope the book is marked by the most patient and thorough investigation of the ground it covers; no statements by previous authorities appear to have been accepted on trust when opportunity to verify or dispute them was possible, while the profound scholarship of the author is evident on every page. The repeated personal examination of so many examples is so common that it impresses one as universal, while everywhere there is evidence of his enthusiasm for the art of Rome as the principal factor or origin in the history of Imperial and Christian art. No detail is too small to escape his observation, but his scientific mind relegates it to its proper place and importance.

Rivoira was the greatest advocate of the claims of Roman architecture that has yet appeared. He accuses the Greeks of a determination to see traces of their genius everywhere, and of taking good care to preserve the names and extol the achievements of their own architects while preserving silence about those of the Latin world, such as Cossutius, who was chosen by Antiochus Epiphanes (175–164 B.C.) to build the Temple of the Olympian Zeus at Athens, of which Pisistratus had laid the foundation before his death, which occurred about 527 B.C. Roman architects of the Imperial age were forbidden to inscribe their names on buildings they erected; the credit for these was given to the State, not to the architect. About these matters there is much to be learned in the section of the book which deals with Hadrian. According to Vitruvius, the State architects of Rome were military engineers who had worked with the legions on service and also practised as civil architects. In military works of the time they must have acquired an experience of mass, solidity, and equilibrium—in short, the science peculiar to Roman building which made them masters of the greatest and original system of vaulted architecture in the world yet known. Certainly it affords a sure foundation for the later Western vaulted buildings, and the English eighteenth-century Palladian mansions owe much to it, though its grandest features were perhaps undervalued.

The last dome described in the appendix is that of St. Paul's, London, which is illustrated by three plates, one of them being the section showing construction from the engraving by E. Rooker, after S. Wale and J. Gwyn (1755). The work includes 358 excellent illustrations derived from photographs, mostly taken expressly for it, from drawings by the author and from the sources to which they are credited.

**CHARLTON LECTURES ON ART: THE DEVELOPMENT OF MODERN LANDSCAPE**, by the RT. HON. LORD NORTHBOURNE, R.E.; **VERMEER OF DELFT AND MODERN PAINTING**, by GEORGE CLAUSEN, R.A. **THE EYE OF ERASMUS**, by WILLIAM NORTON HOWE, M.A. 119 pp., 2 plates. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.) 8s. 6d. net.

This volume contains three of the annual fine art lectures given at Armstrong College, Newcastle-on-Tyne, on the Charlton Foundation. The first lecture consists of a short account of landscape painting throughout the history of Western art, with a more detailed estimate of the work of the last two centuries, and especially of the English school. Lord Northbourne considers Turner "the greatest genius in landscape that this (or any other) country has produced"; it is therefore, perhaps, not surprising to find him offering a revindication of detail in landscape painting. He instances the effect of spaciousness which can be conveyed by the

multiplication of forms of clouds and of hills receding into the distance, and which he considers cannot be so well produced by the broader methods at present in vogue. Sound common sense appears in some of his judgments on recent movements, as when he accuses pointillism as being "fundamentally opposed to that expressive use of the brush which is the pride and glory of fine painting," but he is perhaps unjust when he deplores the neglect of decorative values in modern painting.

In Mr. Clausen's short lecture on Vermeer of Delft we have the appreciation by a painter of one who appeals above all things by his consummate knowledge of the painter's craft. Mr. Clausen ranks him next after Jan Van Eyck and Velazquez among the three or four really perfect painters of all time. He has studied Vermeer's method, which he characterizes as "apparently very simple, yet most mysterious," and comes to certain conclusions: one is that the design for his pictures must have been planned in detail beforehand, although no preliminary studies are known to exist; and another that the whole picture was probably laid in with a greenish-grey under-painting before the actual tints were added. The "Woman Pouring Milk" at Amsterdam receives its due meed of praise as one of the world's masterpieces, and Vermeer's special qualities are brought into relief by a comparison with his compatriot de Hooch. The moral is applied to modern art in a plea for smaller pictures, more attention to technique, and a more sympathetic attitude to the great works of the past.

In the third lecture, "The Eye of Erasmus," Mr. Howe quotes a letter from Erasmus showing that the great scholar himself painted flowers, and gives other evidence to support the view that he had been trained as a book-illuminator and painter in the course of his early monastic career. But when he comes to consider Erasmus as a critic or connoisseur, the result of his investigations is mainly negative, for there is a singular absence of allusions to art in the scholar's letters, even when written from such hotbeds of artistic activity as Venice in the early years of the sixteenth century. Holbein's sitters seem to have had more interest for Erasmus than the "remarkable craftsman" himself; in one of his dialogues, however, he shows enthusiastic appreciation of Dürer's woodcuts and engravings. But the evidence given seems hardly enough to maintain the author's contention that Erasmus had "an artist's mind," and throws little light on the artistic activities of the period.

**THE ART OF WATER-COLOUR PAINTING**, by E. BARNARD LINTOTT. "Universal Art Series," edited by FREDERICK MARRIOTT. (Chapman & Hall.) 21s. net.

"Although this book has been written primarily with the idea of giving as much aid as I can to students of water-colour, it has also another purpose. That purpose is advocacy of the establishment of a National Gallery of British Water-Colour Art." With these words its author introduces this new and well-illustrated volume of the "Universal Art Series," edited by Mr. Frederick Marriott.

It is perhaps fortunate that Mr. Lintott's book, following so closely upon Messrs. Richmond and Littlejohn's volume on the same subject, should differ almost entirely in approach and purpose. Mr. Lintott, however, has complicated his task by attempting to run technique, æsthetic, and history concurrently, with the inevitable result that the separate threads tend to become tangled and even broken. Moreover, artists writing on a medium which they themselves practise are of necessity prejudiced. Mr. Lintott is

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no exception to the rule, and his book contains omissions—if omissions can be said to be contained—which are historically hardly defensible, and one or two inclusions, such as a very slight and quite unimportant "Sargent," which are technically of little significance.

Apart from these defects, mentioned only to put the intending reader on his guard, the book contains a great deal of extremely useful matter, technical, historical, and æsthetical. The book deals not only with technical matters, such as "methods," "technique," papers, and pigments,

but also with the vexed questions of "Design, Composition, or Arrangement," "Colour in Design and Composition," and "Figure Painting in Water-Colour." To the chapters dealing with such matters are added six chapters devoted in the main to the principal water-colour painters from Paul Sandby to John Singer Sargent, and the book ends with a stimulating chapter on "The Future of Water-Colour Painting." There are over eighty illustrations, which, with the afore-mentioned reservation, are in themselves an education.

H. F.

## ART NEWS AND NOTES

### *Mr. Charles Cundall's Exhibition at Colnaghi's.*

By a strange coincidence this month's "Notes" deal with modern manifestations of art that are nearly all typically natural and English.

Mr. Charles Cundall, whose exhibition at Messrs. Colnaghi's Gallery has won him golden opinions from the public and the press, has chosen his subjects mostly from France, but his outlook is entirely English, and at the same time very personal. The now unusual low tone and uniformity of the paintings in their general aspect is due to the painter's habit of painting in sunlight and facing the sun. Had Mr. Cundall belonged to the immediately preceding generation, this view-point alone would have sufficed him as the subject matter of his art, and in fact to the casual observer pictures like his "Saint Servan sur Mer," or even the "Boat Race Day, Hammersmith, 1925," would seem reminiscent of the Friedenson and the Wyllie pictures in the Tate Gallery. But the younger generation is no longer satisfied with atmospheric impressions and the study of tone values, and Mr. Cundall eschewing cubistic experimentalism adds the human interest to the landscape. Sometimes this human interest seems accidental, as in the "Boat Race" with its umbrella-covered crowd, or in the "Pont des Arts," or the "Voitures de Vannes." Closer inspection reveals an interest that is slightly anecdotal, as in the attitude of the cab driver in the foreground of the last picture. The butcher, "Monsieur Bétemps," outside his shop is, however, pure anecdote, told, moreover, in a childlike manner, which is less easily forgiven in the street scene, "Belvedere, Bath"—the title is manifestly ironical. "Le Théâtre Guignol, Champs-Élysées," and his "Derby Day, 1923," demonstrate Mr. Cundall's Brueghel-like spirit—a conclusion one finds confirmed in Mr. Muirhead Bone's enthusiastic preface to the catalogue.

### *Mr. Joseph Southall's Exhibition at the Leicester Galleries.*

Mr. Southall is a typically English artist. He has all the love of good craftsmanship and of precise statement, which is the envy of the continent, and which, after the riot of post impressionistic art, is bringing the most advanced artists of the continent back to a technique that reminds one of nothing so much as pre-Raphaelitism.

Mr. Southall, as a Birmingham man, began in the pre-Raphaelite manner, seeking and finding inspiration

in Morris, Burne Jones, and the literary subject and interest in old processes, fresco and tempera painting to wit. From the literary subject, impressionism, with its concern for the moment, drew him to representation of contemporary life, and those who have seen his fresco in Birmingham will have been struck by the curious conflict between the "modern" subject and the ancient technique. Cubism has in more recent years influenced him, perhaps unconsciously, and in addition to the everyday subject he now delights in the cubic forms of architecture and the recessions of streets and canals as in the "View of San Stefano," in Venice, and the fascination of unusual perspective.

Devoted to the tempera medium as he is, Mr. Southall is compelled to give his figure paintings a certain monumental stillness which does not always agree with their subject-matter. But if we must ascribe to the technique a certain loss of vitality, it is, at all events in his hands, the cause of the beautiful mellow, golden light, and rich, transparent blues which give his work a rare quality, romantic, lyrical, and entirely admirable.

### *Francis Unwin's Memorial Exhibition at the St. George's Gallery.*

Francis Unwin, whose Memorial Exhibition is being held at the St. George's Gallery, is another of those artists who seem especially English by reason of their neat work and precise craftsmanship. It may be doubted if Unwin, even if he had not been "beaten in his long and plucky fight with consumption"—as Mr. Campbell Dodgson says in the sympathetic memoir that forms the preface to the catalogue—it may be doubted if his talent was wide enough to have allowed him the full scope of a great painter. From the very beginning he was a stylist in the very literal sense of the word, a man who expressed himself with the paint to the paint. He had an ascetic temperament that disdained the appeal of colour in the usual sense of the word, but translated it into an arrangement of line and tone values. Furthermore, his pre-occupation was with structure, and the beautiful drawing of "Wilderswil Bridge, Bernese Oberland," done in 1920, and now bought by the British Museum, is a triumphant example of the vision he possessed, and which was even in the de-Witt-like "San Felice, Florence" of 1911, or the charming "Window" of a sunny interior, of 1914, and the atmospheric "Flask Walk, Hampstead," of 1919, delightful in its use of common

## Art News and Notes

writing ink, finding its way into the forcedom of personal expression. That goal is reached in the severe and cubistic-looking "Schreckhorn and Finsteraarhorn," also drawn in writing ink, and in the fine etchings of Engadine scenery. These etchings represent what posterity will, doubtless, regard as Unwin's real contributions to art. In these prints every line bears its relation to the threefold unity which every work of art should possess, the unity of its psychological, æsthetical, and technical elements.

*Mr. L. D. Luard's and Mr. Claude Muncaster's Works at the Fine Art Society.*

Although by no means confined to the representation of horses only this exhibition of Mr. L. D. Luard's pictures and drawings is mainly remarkable for his "percherons," which form the subject of a special note in his catalogue. Many painters have attempted similar themes—the heavy carthorse in strenuous action, but few, if any, have so convincingly rendered the interplay of stresses and strains that take place in the bodies of these magnificent animals. I do not know whether the public would agree with the artist in calling his representations of their tremendous muscular efforts beautiful, but I confess my entire agreement with the artist—they are even more than beautiful, they are exciting, and ought to convince the sworn enemies of naturalistic representation that Mr. Luard has succeeded in doing what no camera could do.

Especially admirable and most successful as a design is the picture of "A French Stone Cart from Bird's-Eye View."

Compared with these strenuous paintings and drawings of draught-horses, Mr. Luard's landscapes appear singularly calm and unexciting.

Mr. Claude Muncaster's name conceals the identity of a young son of one of our best-known R.A.s. Mr. Muncaster, I understand, is only twenty-two, and already he has created little masterpieces of composition and water-colour drawing in such pictures as "North Bridge, Halifax," and "Waterloo Bridges—Old and New." Mr. Muncaster's work is another example of the English outlook, with its neat and clean precision which is the admiration of foreign artists. There is only one danger to the technique he employs—delightful as it is, and always will be—its very neatness and precision tends to curb the emotions, and to cause difficulties when the artist attempts to deal with such a mobile element as water, as Mr. Muncaster has tried to do in a shorescape of "The Sussex Coast."

*Mr. John Wells's Portraits, Pictures, and Drawings at the Alpine Club Gallery.*

Mr. John Wells is presumably still a young man—at least one hopes he is for his own sake. Of his cleverness there can be no doubt, nor of his impressionability. Mr. Wells has looked at many pictures—there are numberless "inspirations" in the works he exhibits, and a queer medley these inspirations represent. "Sirena," for instance, is a Van Eyck-cum-Van Dyck inspiration. "Six o'Clock" seems an Orpen-cum-Vermeer collaboration, "Masrur," a nigger, may be "Salisbury-cum-Philpott." "The Star of Bethlehem" is Jan Gossaert, and so on. There is, of course, no reason whatever why an artist should not seek his inspirations as much from art as from Nature, and in such portraits as "Katharine," "Christopher," and "Negro Head," Mr. Wells shows that even

Nature can inspire him, for these things are entirely admirable. The trouble with the subjects constructed from the elements of other painters is that they smack of affectation. Affectation, too, speaks from the portraits of "Alison and Margaret, Daughters of Major-General Lord Ruthven, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O." The young ladies look in their "ad hoc" get-up as if they were doing a turn on the music-hall stage. All these things are regrettable, because Mr. Wells is manifestly an artist of considerable talent. Perhaps if he gave up looking at pictures, and even at Nature, for a while, and turned his gaze inward, he would find himself, and it looks as if that self were worth finding.

*The late Robert Bevan: Memorial Exhibition at the Goupil Gallery.*

Born in 1865, trained at Julian's in Paris, and working for many years as a follower of impressionist and dividarist theories, Robert Bevan came into prominence as one of the "moderns," when he associated himself with the small groups of much younger artists that eventually expanded into the London Group. Bevan, however, was at least one half a sportsman: his pictures and lithographs of horses are among the best things he has done. After seeing his early set of excellent lithographs, hunting scenes of 1898, and the impressionist paintings, such as "The Smithy at Szelicwy," of 1900, and "Ploughing on the Downs," of 1906, one is a little in doubt whether the angular formula which he later deliberately adopted did not hamper rather than advance his powers of expression. That, too, is true of the consistent preference he gave to the tertiary colours and in particular to certain purple tones. Nevertheless, the formula suited his pictures of London suburbs, such as the expression "Houses in Sunlight, Hampstead," and the sloping "Adelaide Road" better than his landscapes, and, in fact, the "Luppitt Common of 1924," shows signs of a return to less angular rigidity. It is, however, his pictures of horses and horse sales that will endear his memory alike to picture and to horse lovers.

*The Arts and Crafts Exhibition at Burlington House.*

There is something wrong about the Arts and Crafts Exhibition at Burlington House, but it is not quite easy to diagnose its ailment. Visitors will find in this small show a great number of objects beautifully wrought, and often also of excellent design. I have not the space to enter into details, and can only mention a few names. There is the furniture by P. Waals, A. Romney Green, and Charles A. Richter; stone carvings by Herbert Palliser and Reginald Lewis and William G. Simmonds, whose "Black Mare," carved in wood, will win admiration from every lover of good design, solid form and fine finish. Equally admirable though in a strictly traditional manner is the lettering on stone by Frederick Etchells, and design and lettering of a gravestone by L. A. Turner and S. Swain. Potters such as Leach, Murray, Alfred Hopkins, and W. B. Dalton need fear no rivals, and this also holds good of such different crafts as represented by J. Paul Cooper's and L. Colarersi's silver and shagreen boxes and bowls; of the well-known productions of the Ashdene and Golden Cockerell presses; of the manuscripts and illuminations of Graily Hewitt, Jessie Bayes, M. C. Oliver, and Charles Meeham, of the engravings by Stephen Gooden, done in the seventeenth-century manner; of Sybil Pye's original book-bindings; and on a slightly more popular account, of the

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pottery figures by Beatrix Blythe, Dorothy Bell, and others. One might, in fact, extend the list to other branches. But if this is the pleasant side of the problem there is also another, less pleasant and more serious. It must be doubted whether the aims of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society are very clear.

The gravest doubts assail one as regards economics. Some of the exhibits, for example, are priced without any relation to their material value, to the purpose they serve, or to the labour involved. Possibly the price is put on their æsthetic value, but that should be left to sale-rooms of posterity. Next to these doubtful economic standards there are certain very "ninetyish" affectations: for example, the naked display of tenons and treenails; formerly necessities of joinery which the old progressive craftsmen tried, for very good practical reasons, to conceal rather than to expose. Further, there are such ill-directed efforts of "village industry" as patchwork counterpanes, done without any controlling design, and the more censurable as many of the individual "patches" show both originality in design and skill in execution. Neither is there any real sense in letting an artist design a wall hanging in patchwork in an affectedly naïve manner and employing "twelve village women" to carry it out. Let the village women invent their own designs.

There are only two alternatives from which good may result: either we carry on tradition in a traditional technique, or we scrap tradition and let design and execution develop their craft afresh.

The strange foreword to the catalogue is, however, typical of a fundamental lack of logic which mars the exhibition as a whole, and makes it smack—despite individual exceptions—too much of "hobbies."

HERBERT FURST.

### *The First Edition Club. An Exhibition of Bookbindings.*

Let no one think that the First Edition Club, as its name might imply, exists merely to foster a collectors' cult, for it aims as well "at materially advancing the art of making beautiful books," and for the furtherance of this policy several exhibitions have been held illustrative of the book and its ancillary arts. A seriousness of purpose is proved by the quality of the exhibition of sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth-century bookbindings held at 25 Park Lane (lent by Sir Philip Sassoon, Bt.) early in February. Inasmuch as the exhibits were all from private collections, a very comprehensive selection was shown, and we almost suspect the beginnings of an English Grolier Club.

The English bindings were the most interesting and presented a fairly complete record of bookbinding in this country during the period. Of these the most notable were some excellent specimens of early sixteenth century blind-stamped covers, especially those by John Reynes, and four volumes printed between 1675 and 1679, and bound by a contemporary hand in Mearne's "all-over" style. The panels formed by a fillet of curved lines, made by successive impressions of a tool variously described as a scroll, draw-handle, or double-horned curve, make a decoration of admirable conception that is essentially English in feeling. Enthusiasts who expected a galaxy of Roger Paynes—the most original and typically English bindings of the eighteenth century—were disappointed to find only one very small example of this great artist's work.

A very fine example of Irish binding covered a Baskerville Bible of red morocco, inlaid with a lozenge-shaped piece of white leather. It is bound—I quote Sir Edward Sullivan's explanatory label—"in the unmistakable Dublin style of the period, the scheme of decoration bearing a very close resemblance to that on the Journal of the Irish House of Lords of 1776-78. (One of the magnificently bound set of the Irish Parliamentary Journals which, to the number of 149 volumes, were reduced to ashes in the burning of the Public Record Office in Dublin in 1922)."

The French bindings were rather incomplete: we saw no example of Le Gascon's exquisite *pointillé* work, and the elder Derome was represented by an unusually richly tooled and florid binding which was remarkable rather for its marvellous state of preservation than for intrinsic beauty. The greatness of this minor art surely lies in its formal values: by decoration these values can be enhanced or they can be destroyed, and it is strange that an increase in technical excellence, brought to an unsurpassable pitch by the later French binders, should be accompanied by a decadence in artistic expression. The early Italian and Grolier bindings are, in comparison, inaccurately finished, but by this very freedom of handling they gain in vitality and power—everyone would feel this if they saw the beautiful French binding of 1550-60 bearing the Longueil arms and Grolier's motto, and the large folio, and the inlaid Homer bound for Maioli.

In addition to the early sixteenth century English bindings already mentioned, there was a wealth of contemporary German covers, both in blind-stamped leather and in pigskin, and in the latter material there was a fine example of the very rare panel of "The Man of Sorrows," after Dürer.

A small and intimate exhibition of this kind, though not historically complete, and in this instance showing too many heavy armorial bindings, yet affords an excellent survey of the development, perfection, and decline of bibliopegic art, and convinces us that those who would innovate a new style would have but scant success without a study of the work of the master-craftsmen of past centuries.

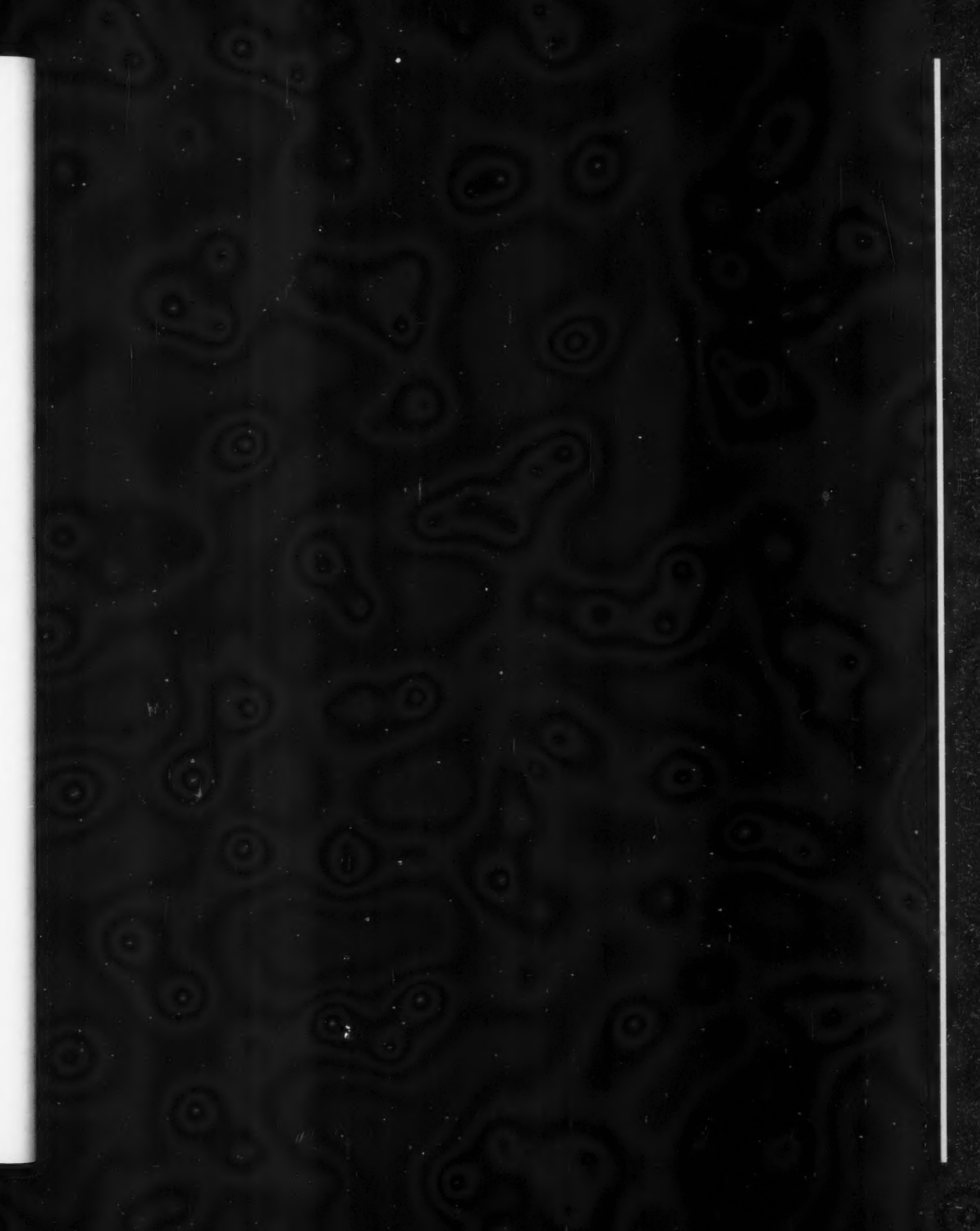
PHILIP B. JAMES.

### *The Greatorex Galleries.*

An exhibition of water-colours of English gardens by the well-known specialist on that subject, Miss Beatrice Parsons, will be held at the Greatorex Galleries during March (private view, March 10).

### *Mr. William Bateson.*

A very noticeable gap is caused in the ranks of London collectors by the death, on February 8, of Mr. William Bateson, F.R.S. The eye of the great botanist and Mendelist was very keen in its appreciation of beauty; and especially as a collector of drawings, Mr. Bateson achieved results of more than ordinary significance and interest. His marvellous Tiepolo sketches would be sufficient to give distinction to any collection; but his taste was very catholic, and a rare charm of personality added singularly to the pleasure which sprang from a discussion of any artistic topic with him.





# THE EUMORFOPOULOS COLLECTION: WESTERN OBJECTS—I

By HERBERT READ

THE Eumorfopoulos collection is justly famous for the great range and beauty of its Oriental and near-Eastern objects, and the general impression of its exclusively Eastern character is likely to be strengthened by the magnificent catalogue which is in course of publication. It may not be inopportune, therefore, to draw attention to what we may call a neglected aspect of the collection. Mr. Eumorfopoulos has confessed, in a preface he contributed to the first volume of Mr. Hobson's catalogue, that his guiding motive as a collector has always been æsthetic, and, naturally, such a motive does not confine itself to one land or one period. Besides the Eastern objects we find not only fine examples of contemporary art but also a small and select series of Western objects, mostly of the Renaissance period. It is proposed to give a brief description of some of the more interesting of these latter in two consecutive articles, the first of which will be devoted to ceramics, glass, and enamels. In a second article Miss M. H. Longhurst will describe the ivories, bronzes, and allied objects.

If we proceed chronologically, the first piece to mention is a champlévé enamel box of a very rare and interesting type (Figs. I and II). It belongs to the group which Dr. von Falke, in his authoritative work on the German enamels of the Middle Ages,\* has designated "The Hildesheim Welandus Group." Since Dr. von Falke has given his considered opinion on this particular example, I cannot do better than quote from his letter to Mr. Eumorfopoulos. He begins by drawing attention to the form and purpose of the box. "As the box, in regard to its shape—rectangular with two semi-circular apses—is a unique example, its original purpose is not at once apparent. The most natural supposition, that is to say, that we have here a shrine for relics, is not admissible, because the master, whom I call Welandus, was always in the habit of indicating the reliquary contents in the inscription upon the border of his other reliquaries, and such is not the case in this instance.

In spite of its quite unusual shape, the box is rather, and without the least doubt, a *portable altar*." Dr. von Falke goes on to say that such liturgical adjuncts were, in the twelfth century, much in favour with princes and the higher ranks of the clergy, who used them on their travels. In the thirteenth century they again fell out of use, and, consequently, portable altars can be confined in date to the twelfth century.

The fact that this is actually a portable altar is, in Dr. von Falke's opinion, evidenced by the nature of the design on the lid. The middle panel shows us the symbols of the sun and moon concealing their faces in sorrow, and beneath them the crucified Christ between (on the left) the figures of the Church with the Banner of the Cross and Mary and (on the right) the Synagogue, with blindfold eyes and toppling crown, and St. John. The semi-circular plaques on each side represent the types of the Crucifixion, that is to say, the Old Testament analogies of the sacrifice of Christ. On the left Abel is shown offering up a lamb as a sacrifice, and on the right Abraham is seen about to sacrifice Isaac. Both the plaques have explanatory inscriptions in Lombardic characters. As Dr. von Falke points out, these subjects have particular significance for an altar, but would have none for a reliquary, and for this reason alone it must be concluded that the object is a portable altar.

The middle panel was repeated by Welandus on several occasions: once, very similarly, on a semi-circular enamel plaque in the Cluny Museum,\* and a second time, almost identically, in the Hildesheim gospel cover in the Cathedral Treasury at Trèves.† It is on the basis of this evidence that Dr. von Falke concludes that there is no possible doubt as to this portable altar belonging to the group of Welandus's works.

It is impossible in the scope of a short article, which must include several other important works of art, to say more of the work of Welandus. It may, however, be mentioned that he was a pupil of the celebrated Cologne

\* *Deutsche Schmelzarbeiten des Mittelalters*, Frankfurt-am-Main, 1904, chap. iii, § H, p. 105.

\* Formerly in the Spitzer collection. Illustrated by O. von Falke, *op. cit.*, fig. 40.

† Illustrated by O. von Falke, *op. cit.*, plate 103.



FIG. I. PORTABLE ALTAR OF CHAMPLEVÉ ENAMEL  
(Hildesheim) German; second half of the twelfth century

goldsmith Eilbertus, a Benedictine monk of the monastery of St. Pantaleon, who worked in the first half of the twelfth century, and was responsible for the high degree of perfection attained by the German champlevé enamels of that period. Dr. von Falke remarks, in the letter from which we have quoted, that "Welandus, in his enamel technique, never deserted the Cologne school; but in his drawing he soon acquired a personal style, and though the younger master (his works date subsequent to 1150) he has at times surpassed his teacher. In his careful works, amongst which we must count the portable altar in question, his drawing is freer, more fluent, and more animated than that of Eilbertus."

We now turn to a different art, though one not far removed in its origins and technical processes, that of glass-painting. Of the two examples illustrated here (from a collection which comprises many other panels of great interest) the earlier in date is an English panel of the middle of the fifteenth century, representing St. George and the Dragon (Fig. III). It is a very typical piece of English work, showing a skilful use of yellow stain and grisaille outline against a background of diapered foliage, and is evidently a tracery light from a Perpendicular window. The second example is a beautiful roundel of the end of the fifteenth century, representing the Annunciation (Fig. IV). Its nationality is



FIG. II. COVER OF THE PORTABLE ALTAR ILLUSTRATED IN FIG. I  
THE CRUCIFIXION, WITH THE OLD TESTAMENT TYPES—THE SACRIFICES  
OF ABEL AND ABRAHAM

*The Eumorfopoulos Collection: Western Objects*

more in question: this particular treatment of the subject should be compared with a roundel in the Leicester Museum,\* and the same subject in a panel at St. Peter Mancroft, Norwich, is rather reminiscent of our roundel. But mainly on the score of the features, which do not seem in any way distinctively English, and the diapered background, which I do not recall in any English roundels of the same period, I am inclined to give a Flemish or Rhenish origin to this roundel, though without any absolute conviction on the point.

The goblet illustrated in colours (Frontispiece) is the masterpiece of the small group of Venetian glasses which Mr. Eumorfopoulos has included in his collection. It belongs to the earliest and most-prized kind of the glasses enamelled at Murano, and is in all probability from the workshop of Angelo Beroviero, who is said to have invented this particular process—though it should be remarked that this is a statement for which there is only traditional evidence. In any case, it belongs to an early type of the enamelled glasses of Venice, dating from the third quarter of the fifteenth century, which are painted in thick opaque enamels of light green, red, light blue, white and gold. They all seem to be painted by the same hand, with triumphal processions (as of Justice, Venus, or Chastity) of the kind so popular in the *Quattrocento*, and deriving their inspiration from the *Triumph* of Petrarch.† There are many Venetian woodcuts of the period with such representations, and probably the enameller of these goblets based his designs on them. Similar goblets are to be seen in the Bargello, Florence ‡ (with a triumph of Justice), and in the Slade collection, British Museum, where a very comparable goblet is decorated with the triumph of Venus.§ The present goblet, which has, unfortunately, lost its foot, differs from these by the built-up formation of the stem, which consists of a blue knop of the same metal as the bowl, but separated from it and from the foot by clear glass. The subject appears to be an illustration of the Triumph of Fame—not the actual



FIG. III.  
ST. GEORGE AND  
THE DRAGON  
Stained glass panel.  
English; middle of the  
fifteenth century

triumph itself, but the progress of one of those "gente di ferro e di valore armata" mentioned in Petrarch's poem.

The other two pieces of Venetian glass which we illustrate are dishes of fine quality, one with a medallion in coloured enamels (Fig. VI), the other (Fig. V) elaborately engraved by diamond-point with bands of phœnixes

\* Cf. the illustration in the *Archæological Journal*, vol. 75 (1918), "Painted Glass from a House in Leicester," by G. McN. Rusforth.

† Cf. A. Venturi: "Les Triomphes de Pétrarque dans l'art représentatif." *La Revue de l'Art Ancien et Moderne*, vol. xx (1906), pp. 81 and 209.

‡ Illustrated by R. Schmidt, *Das Glas*, 1922. Abb. 53.

§ See *Catalogue of the Collection of Glass formed by Felix Slade*, London, 1871, p. 70, and plate xiii.



FIG. IV. THE ANNUNCIATION  
*Roundel of painted glass. Probably Flemish or Rhenish; end of the fifteenth century*

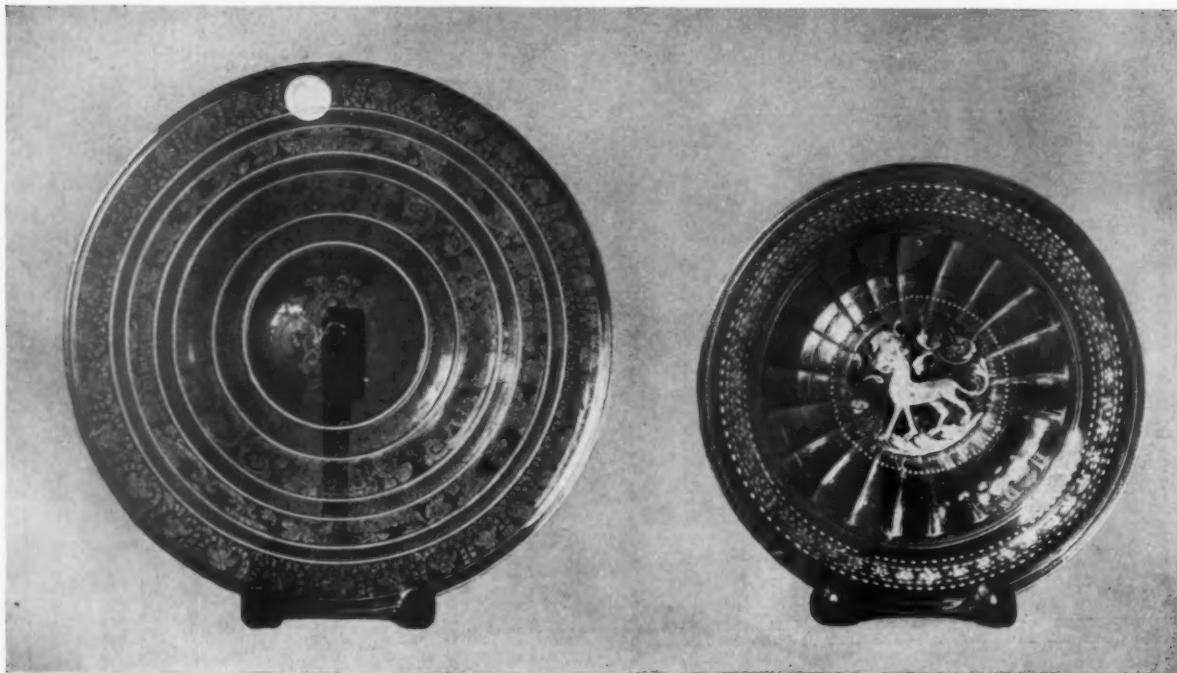


FIG. V. DISH OF VENETIAN GLASS  
*Engraved with a diamond-point. In the middle the arms of a Medici pope, probably Leo X (1513-1521)*

FIG. VI. DISH OF VENETIAN GLASS  
*Painted in coloured enamels; sixteenth century*

*The Eumorfopoulos Collection: Western Objects*



FIG. VII. PLATE OF "MEDICI" PORCELAIN  
*Made at Florence about 1580*

and demi-figures holding swags, and in the middle with the arms of a Medici pope, probably of Leo X (1513-1521).

The collection contains a specimen of that very rare and highly-prized ware known as "Medici" porcelain (Fig. VII). This, the first artificial porcelain known to have been produced in Europe in emulation of blue-and-white Chinese porcelain, was made at Florence about 1580 under the patronage of Francesco Maria de' Medici, second Grand Duke of Tuscany, who died in 1587. It owes its beautiful soft tone to the fact that it is a soft or hybrid paste, not a true porcelain. The manufactory, which was in the Boboli Gardens, only continued for a few years; hence the extreme rarity of its products. The most usual mark was the dome of the Cathedral of Florence, with the letter F, and this mark is borne by Mr. Eumorfopoulos's specimen.

We pass now to certain rare examples of French pottery of the Renaissance. First in date, and perhaps of the greatest interest, is a piece of the so-called "Henri II ware," of a unique and delicately modelled form (Fig. VIII). Henri II ware, which is now usually attributed to a workshop at Saint-Porchaire, in the department of Deux-Sèvres, Poitou, has for many years been a hotly-debated problem in ceramic history. This is not the place to resume the many theories that have from time to time

been put forward to explain its origin, but the one now generally accepted is that of Edmond Bonnaffé, which is based on contemporary documents, and is supported by the heraldic devices often found on the pieces themselves. The ware, which appears to have been made between 1525 and 1560, was not in any sense a commercial product, but more probably the product of a dilettante craft patronized by Pierre de Laval-Montmorency, the lord-lieutenant of the district in which Saint-Porchaire is situated. Technically the ware consists of a fine whitish body, decorated with patterns composed of impressions obtained from bookbinders' stamps, and filled with an inlay of coloured clays, the whole being coloured with a yellowish glaze. In some examples, which are usually supposed to be the latest in date, additional ornamentation



FIG. VIII. VASE OF ST. PORCHAIRE (SO-CALLED  
"HENRI II") WARE  
*French; about 1540-50*



FIG. IX. CHRIST AND THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA  
Earthenware group, enamelled in colours. School of Palissy (factory of Avon); early seventeenth century

in coloured glazes is found. Mr. Eumorfopoulos's example is only a fragment, probably the bowl of a vase, but it is of extremely fine quality, and the swags of fruit in relief, delicately tinted in enamel colours, are typical of the most attractive period of the evolution of the ware, between the rather drab severity of the earliest pieces and the excessive ornamentation of the latest. It is illustrated in colours by Delange,\* and was at that time in the Hope collection.

The two remaining pieces of French pottery which have been selected for illustration belong to the type known as Palissy ware, from the name of the famous potter, Bernard Palissy, who was born at Agen about 1500-1510. Palissy began his career as a stained-glass painter, but about 1540 he was fired with the desire to emulate the wares of St. Porchaire, and began a long series of experiments with coloured glazes. He established his pottery first at Saintes and later in Paris. In 1586 he was imprisoned as a Protestant, and died in the Bastille de Bucy in 1590. Before he left the scene, however, he had established a strong tradition, and it is, as a matter of fact, extraordinarily difficult to distinguish Palissy's work from that of his associates and followers. But it may be noted that all Palissy's work was cast, either from metal vessels or from natural objects, and never modelled; it was also

\* *Recueil de la Faïence française dite de Henri II*, Paris, 1861, plate 35.

renowned for the richness and brilliance of its colours and glazes. Of the two pieces illustrated here, the group of the frog and the newt (Fig. X) bears incised in the base a mark which looks like J.L. in monogram, and for that reason we may, perhaps, assume that it is the work of an associate or follower rather than of Palissy himself. The piece was formerly in the Massey Mainwaring collection, and came originally from the Strathallan Castle collections, with a record that it was bought in Paris in the year 1800. The inkstand, in the form of a group of Christ and the Woman of Samaria (Fig. IX), can be more definitely ascribed: it is identical with one illustrated by Delange,\* and also described by Tainturier.† Tainturier mentions another example of the model which bears the double-B mark. This is probably the mark of Claude Bertélémy de Blénod, the son-in-law of Jean Chipault, who established a pottery at Fontainebleau at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Mlle. Ballot‡ has suggested that the double-B mark might equally well stand for Beaulat-Bertélémy, for the daughter of Claude Bertélémy married, in 1613, a certain Claude Beaulat, who is cited as enameller to the King in 1618. One of these groups, perhaps the one formerly illustrated by Delange, is now in the Louvre, and is illustrated in colours by Mlle. Ballot (Plate 43). It is there ascribed to the "fabrique d'Avon," Avon being a village near Fontainebleau where several potters of the school of Palissy worked, including the Claude Bertélémy already mentioned. I think that Mr. Eumorfopoulos's group might confidently be given the same origin.

\* *L'Œuvre de Bernard Palissy*, Paris, 1862, plate 88.

† *Les Terres Emaillées de Bernard Palissy*, Paris, 1863, p. 117.

‡ *La Céramique française*, par M.-J. Ballot (Bernard Palissy et les Fabriques du xvi<sup>e</sup> siècle), Paris, 1924, p. 31.



FIG. X. FROG AND NEWT  
Earthenware group, enamelled in colours. School of Palissy; late sixteenth or early seventeenth century

## THE DRAWINGS OF BERNINI

By ARCHIBALD G. B. RUSSELL, LANCASTER HERALD

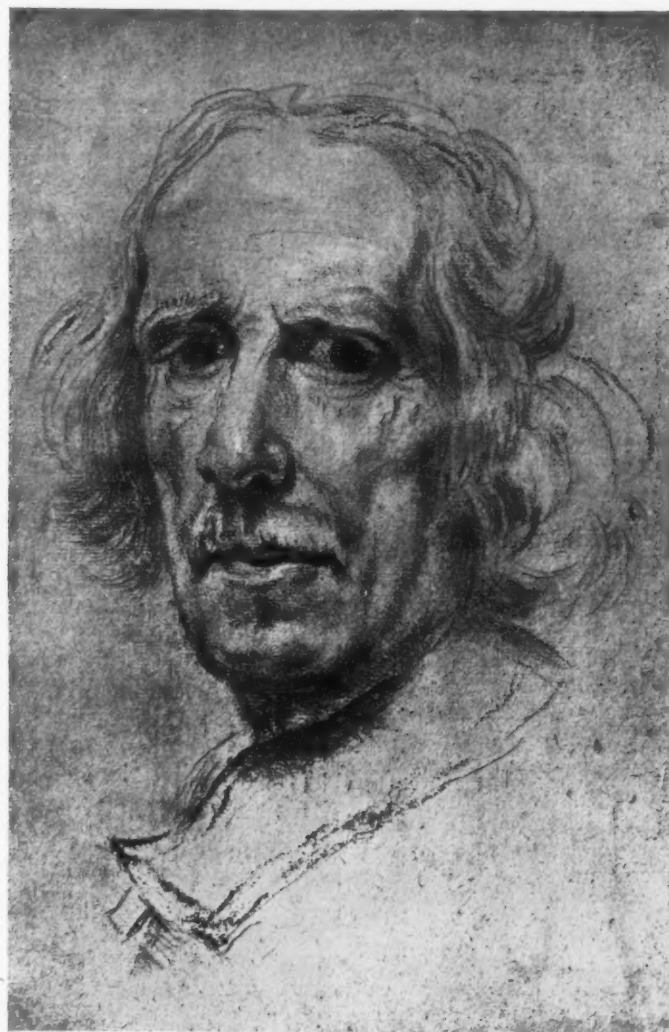


FIG. I. PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST

*Black chalk*

THE incomparable series of original studies by Bernini contained in the Royal Library at Windsor is relatively little known to students of the sculptor, and it was with a chorus of wondering surprise that the half-dozen examples included among the Italian *seicento* drawings exhibited at the Burlington Fine Arts Club last year were received by those who had an opportunity of inspecting them on that occasion.

The collection at Windsor, as in the case of so many of the outstanding personalities in *seicento* art, forms artistically, as well as numerically, the most important group of the master's drawings in existence. Like the other great series of the period, it was originally acquired for King George III from the cabinet of Consul Smith at Venice. The collection consists in the main of more or less carefully-finished designs for the sculptor's monuments.



FIG. II. PROJECT FOR FOUNTAIN  
*Black chalk*

Many of these, while of incalculable value for the student, are from the nature of their purpose necessarily somewhat mechanical in execution, and in themselves of comparatively minor artistic interest. It is in the less elaborate and consequently more spontaneous studies that the finest draughtsmanship is discovered, and it was from this standpoint that the specimens exhibited were chosen. By the gracious permission of His Majesty five of these wonderful studies are here illustrated.\*

The portrait of the sculptor in old age, executed in black chalk, heightened with white on buff paper (Fig. I), is not only a human document of extraordinary interest for its searching delineation of the noble features of the artist, worn by age, but with the fire of genius burning undimmed in the eyes.

\* By the courtesy of the committee of the Burlington Fine Arts Club we are here permitted to make use of photographs which were specially taken for the forthcoming illustrated catalogue of the Exhibition of Italian Art of the Seventeenth Century held at the club.

It is a masterpiece of draughtsmanship, too, at once large and sensitive in the handling, and notable for the majestic construction of the head, and for the indefinable suggestion of the calm beauty of age conveyed in the rhythmical curves of the hair. Striking, moreover, is the essentially painter-like character of the drawing; for the fact that Bernini, like so many of the great Italians, was painter as well as sculptor is often lost sight of. We may suspect, indeed, that he must at times have wavered in his allegiance between the two arts. It is among the painters, those especially of the preceding century in Venice, that we must in any case look for his antecedents as a draughtsman. He is in spirit here nearer to Tintoretto than to any of his predecessors in sculpture. Earlier in date and more consciously plastic in rendering is the portrait Head of a Youth, drawn in red and black chalks, heightened with white on buff paper (Fig. IV). It has been suggested that the sculptor is here represented in youth. While a family resemblance seems



FIG. III. DESIGN FOR FOUNTAIN OF THE TRITON  
*Pen and bistre wash*

## *The Drawings of Bernini*



FIG. IV. HEAD OF A YOUTH  
*Red and black chalk, heightened with white*

apparent, the style of the draughtsmanship would suggest a more mature period of the artist's development: while certain facial characteristics, such as the structure of the nose with its strongly-marked aquiline curve below the bridge, would seem to point to another countenance, perhaps that of one of his sons. Admirable in its handling of the medium, and in the compression of a theme viewed in a spirit of riotous abandon within the limits imposed by an almost austere conception of design, is the project for a fountain with Neptune and Tritons, sketched in black chalk (Fig. II). The design for the celebrated Fountain of the Triton, in pen and bistre wash (Fig. III), is more staid and, indeed, comparatively tame in execution, in spite of evident pandering to the baroque taste of the day in the somewhat theatrical representation of the playing waters. Of singular beauty is the Study

of a Kneeling Angel, executed in bistre wash over black chalk on buff paper (Fig. V), and probably to be connected with the angel kneeling on the right of the *ciborium* at St. Peter's. The construction, it will be seen, here approaches that of a sketch in clay. In its largeness of handling, in the sense of movement conveyed, and in its passionate qualities of creative loveliness, the drawing is unmatched in Bernini's work, and must be regarded as among the most precious relics of the Renaissance in Italy.

It may be of interest here to refer to a phase of Bernini's activity as a draughtsman, as exemplified by his designs for the stage, which, although unrepresented on the present occasion, holds a not inconsiderable place among his sketches. The theatrical element is, indeed, a by no means negligible factor in Bernini's artistic composition. Herein lies the seed of decay. For once the fine quality of the highly-cultured individual patronage in which great classic art has ever had its basis begins to fail; there is no artist so strong as to be proof against the general lowering of standards which ensues.



FIG. V. STUDY OF A KNEELING ANGEL  
*Black chalk*

# MY CLAVICHORD—AND THE DEVIL

By H. E. WORTHAM

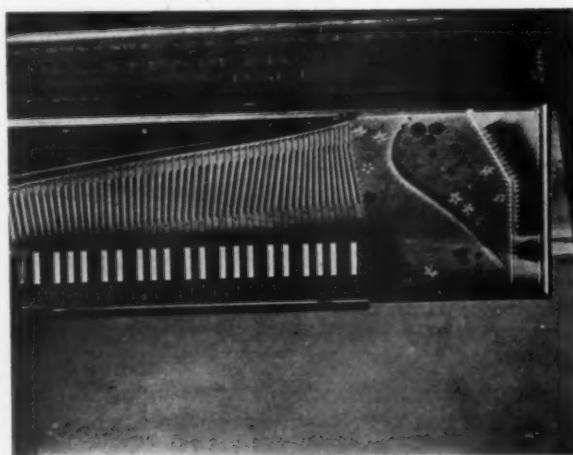
FOR some time past I have been wanting to pay the homage of the written word to a very delightful companion which stands near my table as I scribble this. It (for, like the angels, my friend submits neither to the limitations nor the tyranny of sex) has the two qualities beside which all others are as the dust that blows—the qualities of beauty and virtue. The one breathes in every timbre of its upper and middle register; only its bass reminds me occasionally that angels have been known to fall. Beauty lies in every line of its black, oblong pearwood shell, elegantly patterned with gilt, and supported by four slender spiralled legs, in every gay flower of its sounding board whereon butterflies flit joyously with outstretched wing. A well-born child, it tells me, in bold lettering three inches high, every time I open its case, that gentleness does more than violence — *plus fait douceur que violence*—an unnecessary affirmation, so far as it is concerned. For your wildest piano-tamer set before its narrow black keyboard imbibes its gentleness of spirit and becomes as timid as a nervous school-girl. That feathery



MY CLAVICHORD

touch is something undreamt of in his philosophy, that Virgilian cantabile, half tearful and infinitely thrilling, which comes from the tremulous caress of the fingers after the keys have been pressed down, eludes such as he. His hands slide fearfully on that thistledown surface, his feet grope instinctively for non-existent pedals; and he is quit with some self-conscious tribute, hollow as that one pays to a clever girl of eight or nine who sees through the pretence of one's patronizing manhood.

More wisely the Steinway, which has been condemned by destiny to live cheek-by-jowl with this idealist in the shape of a clavichord, remains stolidly silent: the cynic's strong tower. But what use should that lusty person have for such simple wisdom? *Plus fait douceur que violence* indeed. He and his tribe of grand pianos have not for nothing been rulers in the tents of Israel, in the concert-halls and drawing-rooms of the continents during a century and more. They know that music and noise can alike be reduced by the insight of science to lines which wriggle unbeautifully across a sheet of paper — I



THE CLAVICHORD AS SEEN FROM ABOVE  
Showing the sounding board and key mechanism

## My Clavichord—and the Devil

speaking of things that I have seen—that if noise is not music, music nowadays is very often noise. Where principles are so ill-defined our pianos have concentrated on prowess. They have kept their place by the adaptability which any governing class must possess if it will endure. Demos is a restless, a fickle, a million-eared monster. His vanity must be flattered, his passions made to appear glorious. The piano will do that for him. Does he feel that he is a devil of a fellow with a soul that yearns for the stars? Play him a late Beethoven Sonata. Or does he (Demos can, of course, be feminine) want to fight his soft battles over again, to relume in memory some torch of love? Chopin is willing. In fact, there is nothing the piano cannot do; from scrawling sensational headlines across the score of a concerto to acting as the pulsing background of a jazz band. "Ich dien" is its motto. Since Gregory the Great, the Pope has called himself *servus servorum*. Your shining business man to-day professes that his desire is service, not dividends: so the piano. It serves in order to rule; its determination to maintain its position is such that it will make you music by means of a mechanism within itself. It keeps laughter and tears, sentiment, romance and joy in rolls, even as the sunlight of the South is stored in your wine-bins. Truly, a supple, clever person who deserves his success.

My clavichord has none of this pliability. You might as well put a Fra Angelico saint in control of a big departmental store, or make a Cardinal Newman editor of a sensational daily, as expect it to hold its own in the world of to-day. It yearns for the quiet of the cloister. It shrinks even from the common domesticities of the home. A stainless creature, like a Coventry Patmore bride, the lights of heaven are reflected in its tones. Or, to make a more august comparison, its small, still voice is like that of God. It seems to pluck the soul of music on the verge of the precipice of silence. Its ethereal spirit trembles at the grossness around it, not least at the clumsy clay of my fingers and particularly of my thumbs. "From a monkey are you sprung and a monkey you remain" it whispers to me in the accents of divine charity.

The mantle of quiet in which it enwraps itself can be cruelly rent by the noise of footsteps in the room above, of a motor-car

in the street below. Before the gurgling noise that silly pipe-smokers are wont to make it wilts and fades: and rightly. Do I smoke in Westminster Cathedral? Would Moses have lit a cigarette at the burning bush? Is it a decent act to strike matches and puff tobacco when the clavichord is singing of the realms of light?

God, grown more protocolar with the years, now only talks to His creatures vicariously. He speaks to me through the clavichord. Yet even since I began this act of homage my fallible human intellect has been plagued with the problem of evil. An All-Wise Being has been at considerable pains to communicate with one of the most worthless of His creatures. He has sent a John Sebastian Bach into the world to write the Chromatic Fantasia, an Arnold Dolmetsch to fashion a clavichord. He has taken an aunt unto Himself so that I might inherit the wherewithal to call it mine. He has granted me a measure of solitude. . . . Not a quarter of an hour since the chain was complete, and my shy and virtuous beauty was evoking cloud-capped towers and heavenly mansions from the soaring runs and massive harmonies of that amazing efflorescence of genius. My fingers were moving with the lightness of an Ariel. There was no Caliban in me. Then the Devil spoke, and the glory of the Chromatic Fantasia lay around in irretrievable ruin. And how simply he achieved his ends. He had whispered a wrong number into the ear of the young lady at the Western Exchange. The telephone bell did the rest. "I'm sorry you've been troubled" was the coda to my message from the Infinite, to my glory of creation. Was ever the dissolution of a world atoned for with such facile regrets? And still my clavichord asserts that *plus fait douceur que violence*.

Take it therefore as the shyest instrument that ever grew out of the mind of God, and be sure that in no society which one can conceive in the future is it likely to emerge from that blessed condition of rest in the absolute. True it is that Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch by the cunning, the genius of his hands, has wrought this example of perfect craftsmanship which at the moment, like its remote cousin the Steinway, is brooding in silence within my modest chamber. But though one hears it darkly said that there is "a demand" for clavichords, and there is talk of putting a

model on the market to sell at £40, it can assuredly never take out papers of naturalization in a century where music is laid on to the home like water and gas. To become a clavichordist is to feel out of touch with life, to be consumed, maybe, with spiritual pride. Many are disgusted with contemporary things. They dislike to see God's first gift to this planet being utilized for the advertisement of port wine and motor-cars. They dislike the income-tax and Elgar's music and Barrie's plays—*et omnia opera Rudyardi Kiplingensis*. But they have means of escape. They can, like Lamb, ruffle it with the Elizabethans, or transport themselves amongst the perukes and laces, or look forward to an age when birth-control has solved the problem of original sin. Not so the esoteric brotherhood of clavichordists to which I belong.

For the clavichord was never able really to acclimatize itself in any period. John Sebastian loved it (may those who say that he would have preferred the piano, had the choice been open to him, die expensively in their beds!). His son, Philip Emmanuel, wrote a treatise on how to play it. Mozart kept one near his work-table—an illustrious example indeed. Yet it was never appreciated at its proper worth by what we consider the fine taste of the eighteenth century. The people of that time had curious lacunæ, as one would expect from men and women who dressed exquisitely but wore dirty linen. And before the politicians discovered that all men were free and equal, the clavichord had been generally ousted by another distant relative, the harpsichord. For the enlightenment of those who may be uncertain of the difference between them, I may explain that the action of the harpsichord is to pluck the strings, so that variety of tone must be obtained by stopping. In the clavichord the strings are struck and pressed with a tangent which is directly affected by the way the fingers touch and hold down the keys. The clavichord might thus without inaccuracy be given the name which Mrs. Thrale used to employ habitually for the instrument then tickling the ears of society by its novelty—the forte-piano.

Before this slight digression I said the clavichord had been generally ousted—an abominable phrase and not even an accurate one. The clavichord never had a century, was never popular like the spinet or the harpsi-

chord. Popular—one might as well apply the word to the Archangel Gabriel, or the aurora borealis. To be popular one must flatter, descend to the level of the human animal; one must at least pretend to serve him. A clavichord will do none of these things. The slightest digital stumble it pitilessly records. It is useless for accompanying the human voice—a defect in itself that asks too much of human reticence, and virtuosity means no more to it than would the income of Mr. Henry Ford to an Indian fakir. Shakespeare, who uttered so many romantic heresies about music, celebrated his mistress's nimbleness on the virginals. He could not have done so had she played the clavichord.

On the other hand, the harpsichord was ideally suited to a society whose paradise was the *salon*. An aristocratic instrument, it treats emotion in the witty, impersonal way that is essential to any group of intelligent people who are constantly meeting together and talking without reserve. The glitter of the candelabra, the toying of fan and snuff-box, the thrust and counter-thrust of gallantry and repartee are reflected, for instance, in the harpsichord music of Schobert. There we have the Paris of the 1760's in more imaginative form than any other of the arts can conjure up; a gay, delightful world, resolute to enjoy the lovely superficiality of life. But always the canker is at the heart of the rose. Your marquise is lovely, but her under-linen is none too clean. The dark shadow of ennui lies beyond the spot-light of the epigrams, it forms a background in the shape of an Alberti bass to Schobert's facile spirit as he ranges with easy melodiousness back and forth from tonic to dominant. Assuredly they had lacunæ, our eighteenth-century masters in the art of polite living. Even the ageless Mozart falls under the Schobertian magic. He tastes of the Alberti bass and, the harpsichord abetting him, he finds it good. Such treason benefits it little. Already its day is nearly done. Wolfgang has been introduced to the Stein pianoforte at Munich. And the enchanting duchesse de Choiseul, most adorable of women, is entertaining Balbatre amidst the splendours of Chanteloup. He is gone there with his *pianoforte organisé*; they are all agreed it is the most beautiful instrument in the world! Why is it all good things—the harpsichord being one—die unregretted? Mme. de

## *My Clavichord—and the Devil*

Choiseul clapped her elegant hands at Balbatre on his piano, just as our county councillors cheered when the figures were announced of the division that decreed the destruction of Waterloo Bridge. Anyhow, there the piano was. A few years later Mr. John Broadwood invents the damper-pedal and the romantic movement in music becomes inevitable. The harpsichord had stooped to conquer. But it had not bent low enough.

The clavichord, true to itself and the spirit of polyphony, wherein it rivals the organ without any of that monster's brutal resources, true to John Sebastian Bach and the "Forty-Eight," which remains for ever its book—the shy and beautiful clavichord, I say, despising such trumpery as Alberti basses and harmonic platitudes, has eschewed popularity. But for a few of us, shy too, and like itself, terribly high-brow creatures who are frightened at the loud-speakers of this strident time, the quiet colours, the effaced tones of the clavichord can convey those vague feelings of inexperienced felicity, those indefinite impressions of an unknown ideal life, which Herbert Spencer, whom I quote, looked upon as a prophecy. The incorrigible optimist! As if there could be an ideal life with a telephone *organisé*—to

say nothing of a fickle and inconstant sex. Truth to tell, I have been expecting a call. . . .

My fingers, weary with this scribbling, again tingle to play the "Fantasia of Many Colours." But if God is in Heaven, as my clavichord would convince me, there is a Devil in Hell, and a young woman, doubtless of irreproachable virtue, at the telephone exchange. Who knows that if I start again on those rushing scales she may not be made a channel of something other than the divine grace?

Ah, well! it is better not to begin. Maybe I flatter myself in thinking Satan should bother his head about such small fry as myself, when he has labour leaders and popular novelists and cardinals to try his art upon. Nevertheless, the most dilettante philosopher knows that the smallest action may set in train momentous events. So not to be entirely alien from an ungrateful age, I will act on one of its own slogans: "Safety first." Granted that the safest thing would be to have never been born. But if I cannot achieve this counsel of perfection, I can at least gain a measure of safety by renunciation. It is painful. I *want* to play my charming clavichord. But *la douleur est la noblesse unique*. And besides, I have been expecting a call the whole afternoon. . . .

## MR. FRANK BRANGWYN'S MURAL DECORATIONS FOR MISSOURI

By CROSSLEY DAVIES

**T**O the many important mural decorations designed by Mr. Frank Brangwyn, R.A., for America must now be added the great panels for Missouri's new Capitol. They have taken something like five years to complete. But that is not surprising. In superficial area these canvases must represent one of the biggest jobs of the kind commissioned in the last fifty years. With malice aforethought the word job is used, strange though its application may seem to a work of art. The reason is that Mr. Brangwyn, whose unshakeable faith in the value of work is so evident in his treatment and selection of subjects, prefers to talk about jobs rather than about "works of art." "You

can be certain that it is a job but Posterity alone can say that it is a work of art," he says. We may in his own case challenge the dictum, but it is refreshing to find an artist in these days who, with so great and world-wide a reputation, takes so modest a view of his own achievements. So, in deference to his wish, we will leave to Posterity the final judgment on these decorations which are now in position in the great dome of the new and fine State House of Missouri. The fact that this prosperous Middle Western State came to a British artist to decorate the central and most public part of its governmental headquarters is a striking enough tribute to his position in the little world of mural decoration. But that,



STUDY FOR PANEL, "THE PIONEER"

while American artists are also represented in the work in the new building, he was chosen to depict in permanent panels the story and industries of the State means much more. To those who knew what they think of Mr. Brangwyn in the United States this commission came as no great surprise. It was not the first, nor was it the highest, honour America had paid him.

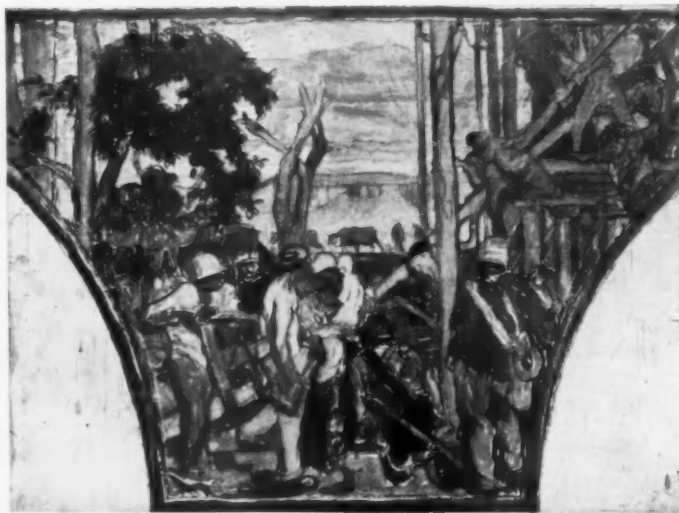
The work has been done in two sections. The first part was completed in 1923. Almost as soon as the paint was dry the panels were packed up and sent off to Jefferson City, the seat of their permanent home. The second part was completed in 1925. The panels have never been shown in England or America, but they can now be seen in the hall for which they were designed. Since mural decorations should be an integral part of the building for which they were painted, this is, perhaps, just as it should be, but many people will regret that they had no opportunity of seeing the panels before they were placed in position in Jefferson City.

There are twelve panels in all, and a ceiling-piece. Four of the panels are more than forty feet across and twenty-four feet from top to bottom. The rest are some sixteen feet from top to bottom, and about twenty-eight

feet across. The figures in the vast ceiling-piece are eighteen feet high, and those in the lunettes are twelve. The building is classical in design, after the manner of public buildings in the United States, and is built of a beautiful grey stone. Its main feature is the fine dome, which has an inside diameter of sixty-eight feet.

"The one form of decoration which occurred to one," Mr. Brangwyn explained to me, "was something very light and pure in colour. That is why I have used a colour-scheme of bright blue and gold, with splashes of rich deep orange. The panels are painted in flat oils, which will give to the canvases the appearance of tempera."

So against the great walls of the central hall these panels, with their symphony of blue and gold and orange, will look like a gorgeous Oriental carpet. Seen as a whole they will seem an essential part of an architectural unity. And that is the purpose as it is the secret of mural decoration. They must fit into the building as an inevitable part of it. On seeing such panels in place the observer must feel that the dome, without them, would be incomplete. That is why pattern is all-important. It is the vital link in the chain. And no one else recognizes this better than Mr. Brangwyn. His

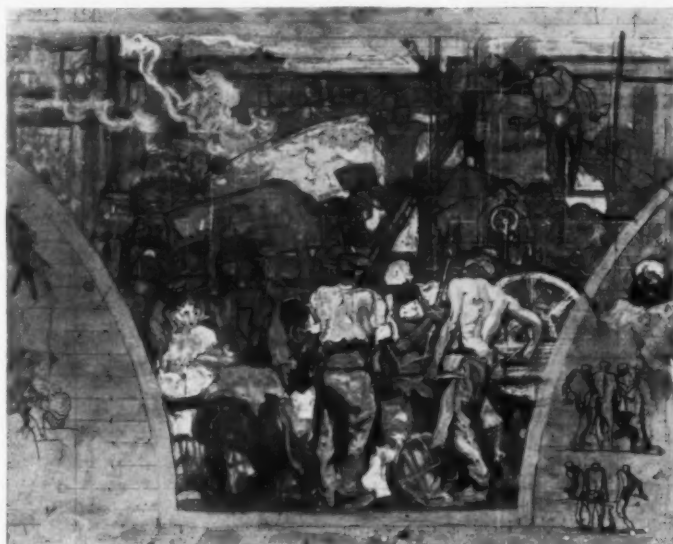


STUDY FOR PANEL, "THE SETTLERS"

## *Mr. Frank Brangwyn's Mural Decorations for Missouri*

decorations do not look like an after-thought of the architect. He has grasped the scheme of things entire. The first impression, which is always the last, is that of a richly-patterned dome blending with and enriched by the soft grey of the stonework. So architect and artist have together conspired. The architect has designed the frame. The artist has put in the picture, and the two have become one.

The four biggest panels symbolize the story of the State. The first panel recalls the historic landing, 160 years ago, of Laclede, the man who founded the now great city of St. Louis. The composition of the picture is strong and balanced. The colouring is rich. Set against the blue and gold background of river, trees, and sky the barbaric robes of the Red Indians strike a bold, impressive note. The artist has pictured the approach of the intrepid white pioneers. The foremost figure has jumped out of the boat and, with arm outstretched in friendly appeal, wades toward the curious and vigilant Indians, while one of the party in the boat stands, hand on trigger, ready for the first sign of treachery. Laclede was on a trading mission and, like so many of the early traders, he laid the first stone of the



STUDY FOR PANEL, "THE MODERN STATE"



CEILING DECORATION

magnificent State which is now Missouri, and from the bank of the mighty river the State began. From that vantage point pioneers adventured out into the uncharted wilderness in their famous prairie schooners. These hardy folk, who faced unknown perils with grim courage, made history, and it is fitting that history should not forget them. Now in the dome of the Capitol at Jefferson City they will be immortalized. The second panel is devoted to the pioneers. Behind the central figure of the composition are the immemorial forests. Ahead—what? The man stands, resolute and ready, on the eve of adventure. Roughly clad, blanket on shoulder, powder flask in belt, gun easily held, he is obviously prepared for any foe—wild beast or savage. With him is a friendly Indian guide. This is a happy thought, for the Indian, too, had his share in the founding of the State for which these humble pioneers blazed their lonely trail. The pioneer has taken his family with him into the wilds. The woman sits on the front of the wagon, and the family is rounded off by two boys and a baby in arms, the new generation which is to carry on the building of the State a step farther. The mother is fearful and anxious. The alarm has been raised. The little party has stopped, as is evident from the grazing oxen. The man shows a fearless front to the suspected danger. The woman, unarmed, helpless, because she has a child in her arms, lacks the sustaining

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tonic of a well-primed gun and the knowledge of unerring markmanship. Yet she stays where she is. Hers is another kind of courage and a higher.

After the pioneer the settler. It is the inevitable sequence, and so we get the third panel. It is a lyric of toil and its refreshing fruits. The days of peril are over, and the homestead takes the place of the prairie schooner. Now come the activities of the house-builder and the husbandman. The forest is being cleared. Carpenters are at work fashioning from the raw material of the lumbermen, seen at work in the background, the timbers which are to form the log cabins in which the first settlers made their homes. There are oxen tilling the soil. A boy is gathering fruit. A hunter stands watching the scene. In the foreground children play with a goat, and dominating the canvas is a mother holding a sturdy infant. It is a happy conception, and it symbolizes in one scene all that went to the peopling of the wilderness of the Middle West. Indeed, it symbolizes much more than that. It tells in an easily-read story the history of the making of the home. The details are merely incidental. The theme is universal.

From the first settlements to the modern city is not a far cry. It is the crowning of the efforts of pioneer and farmer. It is the obvious subject for the fourth and last panel of this series. The composition is masterly, for there is here a difficult problem to solve. To epitomize in a single panel all the activities of a modern State is no easy task. The artist has achieved it by a simple, but unusual, device. He represents the building of the most famous bridge in Missouri as the best symbol of modern progress. This bridge, the great iron bridge over the river at St. Louis, was an engineering triumph. It opened up the whole of that part of America to commerce. So in the industrial and commercial progress of the State it is a vital factor. Its appeal to the citizen of Missouri is sure. And any bridge can fittingly stand as a symbol of civilization. By making the bridge the basis of his composition the artist serves the double purpose of symbolism and design. The splendid span that forms the background of the picture gives to it cohesion. It also introduces the river along whose banks the prosperity of Missouri has been won. And there are few cities in the

world to which a bridge and a river are not vital. The trade and products of Missouri are cleverly suggested in naturalistic fashion. There are workmen busy on the bridge. In the foreground some brawny smiths swing great hammers. From the riverside porters bring in boxes and in bales characteristic products of the State.

So in four masterly panels the artist tells the story of the founding and building of a State. The symbolism is not stressed, but forms part of a natural scene. The subjects are romantic, but they do not lose touch with realism, and this combination of romance with realism, of symbolism with sheet-anchor facts, is rare in art. It is rare because it needs a sure mind and an unerring hand. Behind the outward simplicity of these panels there is hidden much thought and no little mastery of technique. To have painted one of these panels is an achievement. But to have produced them all, and in their production to have woven them into one complete pattern, is a triumph that few could attain. Whatever Posterity may say, it is at least certain that none but a master of the art of mural decoration could have done it. The colour-scheme is carried on in the ceiling-piece. This is frankly symbolical. Here there are four groups representing the mainsprings of the prosperity of the State. The groups are painted in soft shades of gold and blue. Applied Science is represented by the draped figure of a man surrounded by cog-wheels and other symbols of mechanical progress. Agriculture is typified by Mother Earth in whose hand is a sheaf, while at her feet are piled the implements of the husbandmen and the fruits of the soil. Commerce is represented by a merchant who holds up the model of a ship. Behind him is the globe, over which ships can be seen sailing. At his side is an anchor, and at his feet is the sea. Behind the figure of Education there is also a globe. At the feet are a church, an organ, and a lute. This is a quiet hint that education without culture is worthless. Each figure is supported by two boys, one on either side, the citizens of the future. The signs of the Zodiac are in a golden circle, set in a starlit, blue sky.

The remaining eight panels decorate the lower dome. Their colouring is attuned to that of the four panels above them. The chief panels take as their subjects the four elements—





### *Mr. Frank Brangwyn's Mural Decorations for Missouri*

earth, water, fire, and air. Mr. Brangwyn painted some famous decorations on this theme for the Panama-Pacific Exposition, but these for Missouri are in an entirely new vein. His panel Earth is a memorable parable of the human family. It is a gorgeous pastoral, teeming with life. The artist has not failed to take advantage of the decorative value of the fruits and roots of the earth. The matronly woman who carries on her head a great basket of produce at once suggests earth, the mother of all. And earth's fecundity is symbolized in the boy at her feet, and the sitting man who also bears on his head a basket "full to the brim and running over." By force of the design these three are inseparable, and so we get the human trinity of father, mother, and son which completes the circle of mankind and forms its basic unit. The boy leans over to gather a luscious bunch of grapes. So youth ever looks forward to garner the prizes of life and the fruits of the father's toil fall into the hands of the son. But, above all, the highest, most insistent note through these symbolic panels, is the greatness of the family, the importance of all-conquering, continuous life. Behind the State there is always the family. It is the pillar of the State, the mainspring of man's progress, and the secret of his toil. The artist has chosen harvest time, symbol of achievement. On the left three men are loading the sheaves on to a wagon. And in the corn red poppies glow. For the earth has its flowers as well as its fruit. Beauty and utility go hand in hand. With man's meat there is also grace.

Again in the panels Water and Fire the family appears. In Water fishermen are seen hauling in a net. On the right boys are drying themselves after bathing. A mother and baby look on while in the background are some men at work on a boat. A fringe of reeds and the flowers that flourish by river banks give a splash of colour to the foreground. As water gives us food, transport and health, so these gifts are typified here.

Fire is the handmaid of the smith and the engineer. So in the panel they are seen at work. In the right-hand corner a potter turns his wheel, moulding the clay for the firing, while his family watch him at his work. On the left two men work a modern steel-thread cutting-machine. Bits of machinery, cog-

wheels, engineering tools, and a row of pots litter the ground. It is a paean of the industry which springs from the magic flame.

The fourth element, Air, is given a purely symbolical treatment. The obvious method of painting aeroplanes and airships against a background of blue sky has been avoided. Instead there are birds in flight, a boy sailing a toy ship, a man studying the wings of a cockatoo, and a youth playing on a pipe. So the artist suggests man's conquest of the air and the sea, and his joy in the one art that comes from the air. The panel is a splendid poem, rhythmic in its movement, balanced as birds swinging, with all the fresh glory of the spring foretold in its cloud-riven, but sunny, sky. Here is music. Here is the great adventure of the sailing ship. Here is the dawning of the ships that sail the heavens. Yet with all its poetic symbolism the scene is natural, capturing romance without running away from reality.

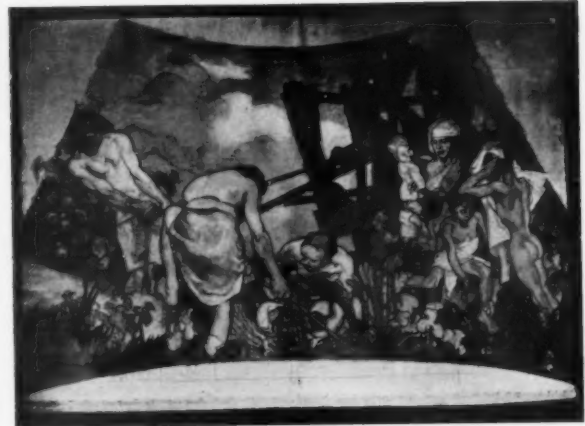
The last four panels are frankly symbolical. They represent the culture of modern civilization. So rounding off the whole inspiring story of the State the artist leaves us with the picture of the finest flower of progress. Here are the arts and the sciences, the crystallization of the highest human knowledge, the source of the purest and the most intellectual aspects of contemporary life. These panels go in between the other four and bind the whole into a linked and logical design. There are the four elements, and side by side with them the fruits of man's conquest over them. Each of the last four panels has a group of figures, framed in an arch of flowers. Space will only permit me to deal with two, and they must be taken as typical of the rest. The panel Education represents a teacher in cowed gown, which, ever since the days of the monasteries, has been the form of the academic dress, with three boys looking over his shoulders at an open book. At the feet of the teacher are the materials of his craft, an hour-glass for time, a skeleton globe for geography, manuscripts for letters and music, and a retort for chemistry.

In the group for Science a very modern note is struck. Among the many implements worked into the design to represent the various lines of research and results there are a radio crystal set, an electric battery, and a camera. A feature of the panel is the skeleton of a

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EARTH



WATER



FIRE



AIR



SCIENCE



EDUCATION

## *Mr. Frank Brangwyn's Mural Decorations for Missouri*

mastodon on which sits a boy who has a telescope to his eye. On the mastodon's skull butterflies disport. Thus the artist suggests that science is concerned both with life that is past and life that is still with us.

So ends this story in oils of the progress of man. The sequence of the decorations in the upper and the lower domes is complete. The story of Missouri epitomizes the story of mankind. The savage,



SKETCH FOR FIGURE IN  
"THE SETTLERS"

the pioneer, the tiller, and the townsman. The gradual growth of knowledge, the slow winning of culture, as from the wilderness man conquered his place in the sun—it is all set down in the universal language of symbolic art. Brangwyn has written anew the history of man. It is an illustrated history that needs no text. It is a document as well as a decoration. Missouri has no finer monument, mankind no better history.

## MUSIC IN A LIFE

### IX.—THE PIANO AND ITS INFLUENCE

By FILSON YOUNG

THE pianoforte is the embodiment of the music of the nineteenth century. It may almost be said to have been the genius of that period of our musical history. It was the application to music of the mechanical age. The harpsichord, like its predecessors, was a delicate, intimate, but not very practical instrument, requiring to be constantly tuned in, sensitive to interpretation and atmosphere, and, in its lack of emotional range, comparable to a zither or a guitar. But the mechanical development of which Silbermann, Pleyel, and Erard were the pioneers produced a keyed instrument capable of considerable dynamic range, stable as regards tuning, and with a roundness of tone which was something entirely different from the stringy and sandy tones of its predecessors. Suddenly the whole range of polyphonic music was brought within the grasp of a single performer on a single instrument; the literature of music entered into the home.

Consider that until the advent of the piano, the only kind of music heard in the home was that of an occasional quartet or chorus and of a solo instrument or voice. For music on a larger scale, people had hitherto relied on the Church, or, in Germany, on such domestic orchestras as were attached to Courts. The concert as we know it to-day had not yet come into being, nor had the opera; concerted music

was practically limited to the church performances of masses, oratorios, cantatas. There was a good deal of keyboard music contemporary with that of Handel and Bach; but very few people performed it. Bach himself cultivated what may be called domestic music, and was indeed the father of the modern pianoforte; he made the clavichord a practical instrument by his introduction of equal temperament tuning; and he himself lived to see the earliest examples of the pianoforte. But it was not until long after Bach had been laid in his unknown grave that the pianoforte entered into its kingdom and became enthroned in the home. Nothing, with the possible exception of broadcasting, can have so widely influenced the development of music as this bringing into the home of an instrument on which practically all music could be performed.

The individual musician could now study music for himself instead of having to rely on the performance of other people in other places. One such student in a family impregnated the whole life of a household, whether they liked it or not, with music; and for a whole period, now almost ended, the mornings in cultivated homes throughout the continent of Europe were filled with the rise and fall of scales and the fountain cascades of arpeggios. There was no nonsense about it. In England

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from "Hemy's Pianoforte Tutor" to the last book of Czerny's "School of Velocity," the anatomy of music was studied at the keyboard on the pianoforte. And when the opera came in Germany, and made orchestral performances as familiar as church and chamber music had hitherto been, it was all brought back to the pianoforte in the shape of scores adapted for keyboard performances. Then came Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin, and Liszt, with the modern literature which was for the time being to displace, or at any rate supplement, the works of Bach and Beethoven and Mozart, which brought the pianoforte to the footlights as a concert instrument, and, in the shape of pianoforte recitals, founded the modern concert.

Now the interesting thing about all this is, that the people whose chief link with music was the playing of the piano, whether they did it badly or well, had a more intimate knowledge than, and a quite different sense of the structure of music from, the new generation of musical amateurs whose performance is limited to pumping the bellows of a mechanical player or adjusting the needle of a gramophone. Those hours, tedious and painful as they often were, spent at five-finger exercises and scales, were the real *Sesame* to the world of music. You can really know nothing of how a thing is done unless you know how to do it for yourself; and this applies equally to cooking, painting, writing, sailing a boat, or making music. And it will be very interesting to observe the development in the musical taste of a generation whose ideas are not being formed at the keyboard and in the home, and are entirely independent of the ability of the individual to perform music.

If the piano is the characteristic instrument of the home (and I think it is), its influence on music will decline with the decline of home life. When I was a little boy, the evening party of a simple kind was still the fashionable form of social recreation. People came and "brought their work"; if there were many young people there, round games were played; if the party was rather senior, music and cards were the only amusement; but in either case the moment always came when the hostess suggested "a little music." People were asked if "they had brought their music," and blushing admitted that they had, and that it was outside in the vestibule with the outer garments which they had discarded on entering.

People took music with them to these entertainments as a matter of course, and played or sang. Sometimes the playing or singing was good; more often it was mediocre; and not seldom it was atrocious. One was expected to sit and possibly to be tortured by bad singing. But the playing was, as a rule, better; people did not usually play unless they were actually studying music with a teacher, and generally performed some piece which they had studied and practised under the master's eye.

But all this kind of thing, I imagine, has quite gone out of English life now; the gramophone has almost superseded all musical instruments, and even the whine of the harmonium on a Sunday morning is now seldom heard in the land. The pianos, but for the banging of rag-time, have fallen silent, or else had mechanical players attached to them, performance on which is a form of mechanical sport rather than of art, and is more akin to motoring than to music. That common affliction of the town-dweller, the practising pianist, is now a rarity; and Carlyle, who was so eloquent on the subject of noises, might to-day have to go too far to encounter the kind of plague which he describes as "the fiend next door raging on the piano."

It is undoubtedly a good thing if public taste has so improved as not to tolerate the clumsy mutilation of art which was, too often, the result of the average amateur's dealing with the piano. But what was wrong was not so much the doing of it, as the doing of it in public. It is not by doing a thing well or ill, but by trying to do it at all, that we learn. A man may learn a good deal about painting by daubing in private. It is only when he frames and hangs his pictures that they become offensive; and the private study of music, even by stumbling fingers, may be real and genuine study. The trouble involved in it is that golden key without which the inner mysteries of art are never unlocked; and the fact that a generation has ceased to do it, has, for the moment, relegated the piano as a solo instrument to the concert room, and taken away from it its peculiar intimacy and genius the source of that music of the salon so perfectly represented by Mendelssohn and Chopin, or the music of the home, of adolescence and romance, so perfectly represented by the music of Schumann.

(To be continued.)

## TWO VENETIAN PICTURES OF QUEEN ANNE'S LONDON

By TANCRED BORENIUS

THE artistic relations which existed between Venice and England during the eighteenth century form a chapter of considerable interest in the history of Rococo painting, and the introductory episode in that chapter is one which has frequently been alluded to, but never exhaustively studied. It is Horace Walpole who, in his "Anecdotes of Painting," under the heading of the artists of the reign of Queen Anne refers to the arrival in England of Antonio Pellegrini, brought from Venice by Charles Montagu, fourth Earl and afterwards first Duke of Manchester (*d.* 1722). With Pellegrini, says Walpole, arrived Marco Ricci, and he and Pellegrini eventually disagreeing, Marco Ricci went to Venice, and he prevailed upon his uncle, Sebastiano Ricci, to accompany him to England, where the two Riccis produced a number of works.\* As pointed out by Mr. C. F. Bell in his masterly essay on Venetian painters in England in the eighteenth century,† Walpole's account of the circumstances under which Pellegrini and Marco Ricci came to England must not be accepted too literally; Mr. Bell suggests that the Duke of Manchester persuaded Pellegrini to try his fortune in England either about 1696, when the duke was accredited as Ambassador from King William III to the Republic of Venice, or a little later when, in 1699, the noble diplomatist was transferred to Paris. Accurate data in this connection are, as a matter of fact, largely still wanting; and I do not know on what authority Col. Grant, in his recent and valuable work on Early English landscape-painters, puts the arrival of Pellegrini and Marco Ricci in this country as late as 1710.‡ Mariette, who at any rate knew Sebastiano Ricci personally, states that Marco Ricci accompanied his uncle on his return to

Venice,\* and from contemporary Venetian sources we know that Sebastiano was back in Venice in any case by 1716.†

As to the division of labour between uncle and nephew we know that Sebastiano had as his speciality the large historical or allegorical compositions, while Marco generally painted subjects of landscape and architecture, and we have Mariette's authority for stating that details of landscape and architecture in Sebastiano's pictures were often painted by Marco.

The two original associates, Pellegrini and Marco Ricci, can to this day be studied at Castle Howard, the palatial home of the Earls of Carlisle, built from the designs of Vanbrugh, and commenced in 1702. Pellegrini executed in the cupola and spandrels of the great hall large paintings—in fresco, or in oil on the plaster—of the "Fall of Phaëton" and the "Four Elements"; while Marco Ricci painted a long series of decorative subjects, landscapes, architectural pieces, and the like, as overdoors, etc.

Two of the Marco Riccis, formerly at Castle Howard, are now in London, in the collection of the Hon. Geoffrey Howard, who most kindly has allowed me to reproduce these very interesting examples.

The topographical subject had ever been dear to the heart of the English amateur, and in one of these pictures we find Marco Ricci, the romantic painter of ruins and landscape *capricci*, expressing himself with an exactitude of topographical statement which places him among the direct forerunners of Canaletto. The picture in question (51½ by 75 in.) is a view of the Mall in St. James's Park on a spring or summer morning, with a mixed crowd—young ladies and gentlemen of fashion, clergymen, nurses with their charges, street arabs, etc.—strolling under the trees of the long

\* "Anecdotes of Painting in England," third edition, London, 1782, vol. iii, p. 265 *seq.*

† In the Catalogue of the Exhibition of Venetian painting of the eighteenth century at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, 1911, p. 17.

‡ M. H. Grant, "The Old English Landscape Painters," p. 22.

\* "Abecedario," iv, 392.

† See the quotation from the "Giornale de' letterati" of 1716, given by Osw. von Kutschera-Woborsky, in the "Monatshefte für Kunstwissenschaft," viii (1915), p. 397, n. 2. In Dr. J. von Derschau's elaborate and useful monograph on Sebastiano Ricci (Heidelberg, 1922), proof is given (p. 9) that Sebastiano cannot have gone to England until after 1708.



51½" x 75"

THE MALL IN ST. JAMES'S PARK

By Marco Ricci

London, Hon. Geoffrey Howard

avenue, or across the green lawns of the park, on which cattle are grazing. A conspicuous object in the animated scene is the coach, drawn by six white horses, in the middle distance on the left. The silhouette of St. Paul's is visible in the background, and the familiar outline of the Banqueting Hall can also be made out as it emerges over the tree-tops.

If, as already remarked, the general character of the composition leads our thoughts to Canaletto, many details in it—notably the female figures, several of whom wear masks—bring in a note which later in the century was to be constantly struck by Pietro Longhi. The whole makes a delightfully gay and festive scene, and preserves for us an aspect of Queen Anne's London which one would decidedly be sorry to be without.

The other picture, of much smaller size (18½ by 21½ in.), is an interior, with a company of musicians busily rehearsing—a rehearsal of an opera, in fact, as we learn from some MS.

notes at the back of the canvas. The names of several of the characters are stated also—"Nicolini in red, at the Harpsichord," "Margarita in black, with a Muff," "First Violin, Festin," "Violoncello, Corporali," "Margarita's Mother, Mrs. Tofts," "Doctor Pepush in the Red Cloak." The notes, moreover, direct attention to a companion picture formerly at Strawberry Hill: this I find was No. 114 in the twentieth day's sale at Strawberry Hill, on May 17, 1842, and described in the sale catalogue as follows:

*"An equally curious and interesting picture, representing the REHEARSAL OF AN OPERA, with caricatures of the principal performers: Nicolini stands in front, Mrs. Toft is at the harpsichord, Margarita is sitting in black, and the gentleman in blue, with a patch on one eye, standing next her, is Sir Robert Rich, father of Elizabeth Lady Lyttelton; the landscape in this picture is by Marco Ricci. Purchased at the sale of the property of John*

*Two Venetian Pictures of Queen Anne's London*



18½" x 21½"

REHEARSAL OF AN OPERA

*By Marco Ricci*

*London, Hon. Geoffrey Howard*

*Duke of Argyle, who bought it at that of Charles Stanhope, Esq. By SEBASTIAN RICCI."*

The present whereabouts of the Strawberry Hill picture is not known. The "landscape" in it can hardly be supposed to have been of greater consequence than the rapid indications of foliage seen through the window in Mr. Howard's picture. Although one of the old labels at the back of the latter assigns it to Sebastiano Ricci, there can scarcely be any doubt that the alternative attribution to Marco, also put forward in an old hand, is the correct one for this as for the Strawberry Hill example. All the characters are well-known figures in

the musical world of early-eighteenth-century London—the famous singers, Nicolino Grimaldi, Margarita de l'Epine, her rival Mrs. Tofts, the celebrated musician Dr. Pepusch, who married "Margarita" in 1718, etc.

The picture is painted with much spirit, in a free, sketchy technique, and its great interest lies in the fact that it is, as it were, a Hogarth long before Hogarth. Indeed, on the strength of both the pictures here reproduced, Marco Ricci will have to be regarded as an important figure among those who prepared the way for the typical English eighteenth-century interpreters of contemporary everyday life.

## DRINKING GLASSES COMMEMORATIVE OF WILLIAM III

(Conclusion)

By W. A. THORPE

OF another and very similar type of society, the Mughouses, we have even fuller information in a pamphlet published in 1717, entitled "The Mug Vindicated." The first Mughouse was established about twenty years previously at the sign of the Mug, in Long Acre, and was for some while frequented by a mixed number of Whigs and Tories "who met there to drink Healths and sing Merry Songs by Word of Command." But the first Mughouse, properly so called, was opened early in the reign of George I at the Mug in St. John's Lane, the parent of all the similar societies which established their headquarters at various taverns in the City of London, the Roebuck in Cheapside, "where met a loyal Society of Young Men who made a gallant opposition to the Jacobite Mobs both in the late (Anne's) and the present (George I's) reigns," Reade's Coffee House in Salisbury Court, the Harp in Tower Street, the Roebuck in White Chapel, the Ship in Tavistock Street, and numerous other inns in various parts of London. At the same time Muggite societies were established in the provinces at Norwich, Exeter, York, and elsewhere.

The Mughouses, which are mentioned by Steele\* in 1710, seem to have been uniform in their procedure, but were probably not affiliated to a single central organization, such as were the Orange societies in Ireland after 1795. Of their character as a kind of "Fascisti" and their relation to the Jacobite societies, the pamphleteer gives an admirable account, which I quote in full: "We did not hear of one Mughouse set up in the first year of His Majesty's reign, but when the Malcontent Spirit of Discord strove with might and main to hinder His Majesty's establishment on the throne and in the Affections of his people: when for this end our King and Royal Family were scandalously reviled, our Ministry traduced and the Honest clergy exposed to scorn . . . when the 6th of February, the 23rd of

April, the 29th of May, and the 10th of June were turned into days of Rioting and Defoliation to keep up the Memory of the late Queen's birth and coronation, her Uncle's restoration and the birth of her pretended brother, while the 28th of May, the 1st of August, and the 20th of October were ordinarily distinguished by the same disaffected party in their wearing of Green Boughs, Thyme and Rue as days of humiliation for the birth, accession, and coronation of the present most excellent Majesty, and when at last a vile unnatural rebellion was set on foot by the same abandoned High Church Party in Conjunction with profess'd Papists both at Home and Abroad to subvert our Happy Government . . . then it was that the Zealous inhabitants of London and Westminster did form themselves into voluntary societies, to suppress the rage of the disaffected Mobs at Home." The same writer describes how after the President called "Silence for the King's health," which everyone drank, mug in hand, standing and uncovered, "they do in like manner drink to the Glorious Memory of King William." The Mughouses, like the Calf's Head Club, had their "loyal merry song or honest ingenious copy of verses," one of which gives their usual toast list and reads thus:

When Loyal Numbers fill the spacious Room  
And the appointed Hour is fully come  
The President in turn assumes the Chair  
And bids them all for George's Health prepare.  
This done with him they all uncovered stand  
And each his brimful Mug takes in his hand;  
They then at once advance, then silent are  
The Royal Heart-reviving Health to hear  
"Here's George's health our only Lawful King  
Who like Great Nassau Liberty did bring  
Long may he sway the Sceptre in his Hand  
And bring new blessings on our Happy Land . . .  
William who came and set this Nation free  
From Romish Biggots and vile slavery  
And left to us this Blessed Legacy  
We drink to his Immortal Memory."

In 1713 this practice of drinking to William's memory was sufficient to provoke great religious controversy with a political

\* Tatler, No. 180.

*Drinking Glasses Commemorative of William III*



FIG. VIII. WILLIAMITE DECANTER AND GLASSES

*Middle of the eighteenth century*

*Bles Collection*

motive, "whether drinking in remembrance of the Dead excepting only in Remembrance of Jesus Christ is an action itself Sinful, and whether the Custom of Drinking in Remembrance of a Departed Monarch is so in particular." Peter Browne, Bishop of Cork, in that year wrote an address to the clergy of his diocese protesting against the practice, which contains the following passage and gives us most of the variants of the inscription on Orange glasses: "Another says, He knows Drinking to the Glorious and Immortal Memory to be sinful and therefore he drinks a Health only, To all those that love and honour the Memory of King W—m. Some stick to the first form, viz: To the Glorious and Immortal Memory of K. W—m; to all that lov'd him when alive and honour his Memory

now he is dead. Others who are shocked at this drink only to the Glorious Memory but leave out Immortal." "In which," says the indignant bishop, "they transfer the whole compleat action, which by Express Command and Positive Institution of Christ is made the most solemn part of Christian worship to the honourable Remembrance of a Mortal Man." To this many "Country Curates" made reply, but none with such savour as "Alectruonophonia" (1716): "I have heard of a Person that was endowed with this extraordinary Gift ('making distinctions where there is no diversity'), and being at enmity with the Pastry cooks went a great way to put the world out of conceit with Minc'd Pies at Christmas: He held that the crust was the Sepulchre, that the minced Meat was the Mangled Body and that

the Spices were the Imbalment of it. I think this had as good a foundation as his Lordship's doctrine."

This entertaining period comes to an end probably a few years before the death of George I, for during the suppressed phase of

Jacobitism "Loyal Healths" were a dull business, and the clubs fell into desuetude. The mugs of the Muggites were almost certainly of glass, but as far as I know none of them has survived. The use of mugs seems to imply that beer was the drink originally consumed, but later on, when the place of the Mug as an emblem was established, wine was almost certainly used, as we may infer from the bottle and wineglass depicted in Fig. V last month, and there are certainly inscribed Williamite glasses (perhaps Fig. VII (b) is one of them) which may on form be assigned to the Mughouse period. The two Rees Price glasses, "God save King George," and "God save King G.," undoubtedly belong to George I's reign, and were probably used by Muggite societies. Mr. Bles' famous glass with the full toast is certainly before 1727 or thereabouts. There is nothing about its form to necessitate a

later date, and the toast itself is almost entirely compact of political cries and catchwords which were in every Whig mouth in the reigns of Anne and George I, and frequently

occur in pamphlets, and there would have been little point in reviving them for a Boyne festival in the middle of the century when the political issues had changed colour. "A true account of the Last Distemper . . . of Tom Whigg, Esq., 1710" is very suggestive of the toast in sentences of Tom Whigg

such as "Lord Deliver us from Popery and Arbitrary power," and "Why, I dreamed that such a one, meaning a very Great Man in the Ministry, was drawing a Wooden Shoe on my Foot and rubbing the flesh from the bone," the shoe being of course an allusion to the French support of the Jacobite interest. The other allusions in the toast are sufficiently obvious, except the Great Gun of Athlone, which seems to refer to the Irish war of 1690; but I have not been able to trace the exact incident.

During the middle years of the eighteenth century, although Orange societies still met, the commemoration of William and the Boyne was in Ireland almost entirely a social festival, and in this country nearly extinct. William's birthday (November 4), the Battle of the Boyne (July 1, O.S.), and the Battle of Aughrim (July 12,

O.S.)—the two latter by a confusion of the Old and New Styles falling on the same day—were regularly celebrated in Dublin, at the Boyne, in Enniskillen and elsewhere by



*British Museum*

FIG. IX. GLASS WITH "JACOBITE" ROSE AND BUD AND THE INSCRIPTION "THE IMORTAL MEMORY"

*Probably a Williamite glass, about 1740-1750*

## *Drinking Glasses Commemorative of William III*

parades of militia, processions of civilians, and banquets at which the toast of the Glorious Memory, the Glorious and Immortal Memory, or the Ever Glorious and Immortal Memory was drunk from glasses engraved with the equestrian portrait as those in Fig. X, and it is to this period that most of the surviving glasses belong. The initiative in the demonstrations was taken by bodies known as the Derry, Enniskillen, Boyne, and Aughrim Associations. In Dublin there was the Royal Society, later known as the Royal Boyne Society, and a higher order, presumably formed out of it, known as the Knights of the most Glorious Order of the Boyne. The knights were established fairly early in the century, had secret signs and passwords, and admitted to their ranks none but Protestants born of Protestant parents; but their proceedings were probably quite as secret as those of the Cycle Club, and in 1886 an attempt made in *Notes and Queries* to elicit further information about them was quite without success.

It is, perhaps, surprising that Scotland should yield evidence which best bridges the gap between the old and the new Orangeism, and shows that, early in the eighteenth century, clubs were formed there to maintain the Protestant religion and to counter the political agents of the Stuarts. Some years ago a document was discovered in the Scottish family of the Agnews which reveals the existence of a secret organization called the Old Revolution Club, which was formed long

after the original Orange Association had ceased to be. This document reads, the italics being mine: "Compeared [*sic*] Sir Andrew Agnew and humbly desired to be admitted to be a member of the Old Revolution Club and having declared the grateful sense he has of the deliverance of the Kingdom from Popery and slavery by King William and Queen Mary of *glorious and immortal memory* and of the further security of our religion by the settlement of the Crown upon the illustrious house of Hanover We do admit the

same Sir Andrew Agnew a member of the said club in testimony whereof these presents are signed by our clerk and our seal is appended thereto." This certificate is dated 1747, and the seal has a buff and blue ribbon with the mottoes, "At length the good cause triumphs," and "With mind and hand." The first of these certainly refers to the defeat of Prince Charles in 1745, and the disintegration of the Stuart cause. The date of the document is particularly interesting in connection with glass, for it is to the 'forties that we must assign

two types of loyalist glass, those which have a George II coin in the stem (Fig. XI (b)) or other evidence of Hanoverian interest, and those which dispute the Stuart monopoly of the quasi-heraldic rose by bearing it side by side with the horse of Westphalia, the word "Liberty," and even a phrase so peculiar as "The Imortal Memory" (Fig. IX).

In England, on the other hand, the evidence of continuity during the middle



FIG. X. GLASSES WITH AIR TWISTS COMMEMORATIVE OF WILLIAM III

*Middle of the eighteenth century*

*Victoria and Albert Museum*



*Victoria and Albert Museum*

FIG. XI

- (a) Glass with coin of William III, probably 1740-1750  
(b) Glass with coin of George II

years is much slighter: and not unnaturally so, for the House of Hanover was set in a bovine security, and the country as a whole so soon as it had ceased to enjoy the "Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform" of Walpole's reign was too preoccupied with an embryo imperialism and the French fleet. We do hear, however, of a Britannia Society, a loyalist and no doubt imperialist body which met in secret and was in some degree benevolent in character. It may be suggested that some at least of the glasses which are engraved with the figure of Britannia emanated from this society. Even the practice of wearing Orange badges is continued here, as is

evident from Lord Chesterfield's charming epigram:—

Say, lovely traitor, where's the jest,  
Of wearing orange in your breast,  
While that breast upheaving shows  
The whiteness of the rebel rose.

So much for the interim: we come now to the new Orangeism which has survived into our own times. The reaction against the Protestant ascendancy in Ireland begins in fact in the early years of George III, and nearly thirty years elapsed before the Catholic insurrections finally drove the Protestants into the Loyal Orange Institution and a Unionist policy. The English conquest of Ireland, of which the Battle of the Boyne was significant,

## Drinking Glasses Commemorative of William III

(A)

(B)

(C)



FIG. XII

Bles Collection

- (a) Glass depicting the parade of the Irish Volunteers on College Green, Dublin, November 4, 1779  
 (b) Decanter engraved: "THE LAND WE LIVE IN." Probably commemorating the Irish agrarian movement of the latter part of the eighteenth century  
 (c) Tumbler engraved: "WILLIAM REX THE III" and "ORANGE LODGE, No. 60, July 12, 1690." After 1795

was essentially a conquest to despoil the Irish of their lands, a fact which we have seen illustrated in the case of Jeremiah Scott. Its effect was to leave the Irish people almost in a state of serfdom, and dependent upon absent and alien monopolists who usurped the profits of their labour and of the soil. That is why Irish history has so often been a tale of agrarian agitations. In the middle of the eighteenth century the land in Ireland suffered from two evils, tithes and rent, and any movement for alleviation was necessarily a combination of the people against the law.

The first and most important of these combinations was the Whiteboy league which was afoot in the early 'sixties and continued active until the end of the century; and it had its counterpart among the Ulster Dissenters, who likewise had to pay tithes to maintain an

alien church, and gave vent to their grievance in "The Oakboys" and other associations of its type. Mr. Bles has a very interesting early Irish decanter inscribed THE LAND WE LIVE IN, which I believe to be a relic of this agrarian movement (Fig. XII (b)). Meanwhile, although the Catholics were quite submerged the Irish Protestants had their own grievances, and a struggle was beginning between colonists and the mother country which was in many ways comparable with the split with the New England colonies, and was likewise provoked by the proprietary intolerance of the English Parliament. This discontent found expression in the Nationalist movement and leadership in Henry Flood and Henry Grattan; and the fact that both Protestants and Catholics had grievances in common (though not common grievances) went far to promote the Pan-Irish Nationalism expressed in Grattan's epigram:

"The Irish Protestant can never be free until the Irish Catholic has ceased to be a slave." England meanwhile was fighting a hazardous war with France, Spain, and America, and Ireland was drained of troops; and when a privateer appeared off Belfast and the Mayor asked for troops, volunteer companies were instantly formed, and the movement spread like wildfire over the country, and was eagerly supported by Protestant Presbyterian and Catholic, Ulstermen and Southerners alike. That is the historical context of a remarkable glass which Mr. Bles has recently added to his collection (Fig. XII (a)). In 1779, when the Irish Volunteers numbered 40,000, and the Irish Parliament was reluctantly compelled to acknowledge them indispensable, Grattan seized his opportunity and moved his famous resolution in favour of Free Trade. There was no division against him, and when the English Government showed no sign of acting on the resolution, the Irish Volunteers, with an Irish *flair* for the picturesque, arranged the decisive gesture which broke the bigotry of Lord North, rid Ireland of commercial restrictions, and is commemorated on Mr. Bles' glass. On November 4, the birthday of King William, who was by this time *ἐπὶ τὸ μὲν ὄντες ἐκτανυκτοῦς* and the patron saint of Ireland, the Dublin Volunteers paraded in force in front of his statue on College Green, their cannon hung with the label, "Free Trade or This." Lord North said "Free Trade," and Ireland won.

Irish "Liberty" being thus achieved, Catholics and Protestants had a prize worth fighting for among themselves, and the squabbles and outrages were accordingly resumed and greatly invigorated by the disastrous appeal made to Irish sentimentalism by the French Revolution. The Armagh Presbyterians organized themselves as Peep-o'-Day Boys, who did a little house-wrecking among the Catholics at night-time and provoked a rival organization, the notorious "Defenders," which was soon as widespread and formidable as Whiteboyism once had been. The strife between these two bodies, and the opinions they represented, finally bore fruit in 1795, when the two parties met at a place called the Diamond, in Armagh, and the Catholics were routed.

The same evening the Orange Society was formed. It rapidly enlarged and organized

itself as the Loyal Orange Institution of Great Britain and Ireland, which at once extended its influence over the greater part of Ireland, founded lodges in England and Scotland, and soon developed the solemnity and ubiquity of a world-wide Freemasonry. Its rules and regulations, which were first published complete in 1820, contain the following passage: "We also associate in honour of King William the Third Prince of Orange whose name we bear as supporters of his Glorious Memory and the true religion by him completely established in these Kingdoms and in order to prove our gratitude and affection for his name we will annually celebrate his victory over James at the Boyne on the first day of July in every year which shall be our grand Aera for ever." The tumbler in Fig. XII (c), which bears the legends "William Rex the III," and "ORANGE LODGE, No. 60, July 12, 1690," certainly dates from this last phase, for there were no organized and numbered Orange lodges before 1795; the N.S. date for the Battle of the Boyne is interesting because, as we have seen, the old date, 1st of July, was preserved long after the change of calendars in 1752, and is actually specified in the above declaration.

Late Orange glasses, which in their engraving follow the established tradition, are not uncommon. I recently saw an interesting specimen in the possession of Mr. Cecil Davis, a rummer of 1830 period with a scroll "THE GLORIOUS MEMORY OF KING WILLIAM," enclosing the familiar equestrian portrait. Very similar, too, are the picture and inscription on the cover of "The Williamite," a collection of Orange songs and toasts published in Dublin about the same time. Even as late as the 'seventies of the last century, Thomas and Richard Pugh, the last of the Irish flint-glass makers, were producing glasses with similar portraits and inscriptions, in which the Orange lodges obeyed the injunction of their song:

Come let us all with heart and voice  
Applaud our lives' defender  
Who at the Boyne his valor shew'd  
And made his foes surrender  
To God above all praise we'll give  
Both now and ever after  
And bless the Glorious Memory  
Of King William that crossed the Boyne water;

and echoed the old wish:

May the Orange cock and Purple hen  
Bring forth chickens ten times ten.

# NICOLAS POUSSIN

*Some Pictures in the National Gallery and at Hertford House*

By PHILIP HENDY

**T**RAVEL-  
LING in  
1624 was not  
a pleasant  
affair. Coaches were  
not so very long in-  
vented, but the dangers  
of roads impassable to  
anything but a horse-  
man or a pack-mule  
were slight compared  
with those encountered  
in the streets of strange  
cities at night. Poussin  
had tried to reach  
Rome before and had  
failed, forced back,  
exhausted and with  
empty pockets, when  
almost in sight of his  
goal. Even when he  
arrived his welcome  
was uncertain, for the  
French Academy at  
Rome was founded  
only after his death to  
encourage in his foot-  
steps the less courage-  
ous. Nevertheless,  
reach Rome he did,  
after trudging most of  
the way on foot, with  
no money in his  
pockets, very little food  
to sustain him, and  
an exhausted constitu-  
tion. Established  
there, he was only  
kept from necessity by  
an early marriage.

But the artistic ideals which Poussin had  
embraced could be fully realized only at Rome.  
In his lifetime the classical spirit attained its  
climax: the world was united in the worship  
of the "antique" and the effort to win back a  
lost, ideal past, supposed to have existed some  
time concurrently with the Roman Empire.  
The earlier ages of the Renaissance had



PHOCION  
By Nicolas Poussin

*National Gallery*



ST. GEORGE SLAYING THE DRAGON  
By Domenichino

*National Gallery*

drawn inspiration for  
their new life in-  
differently from every  
available source, from  
east and north as well  
as from the Roman  
past. In the sixteenth  
century the other ele-  
ments were eliminated  
and Italy sought in-  
spiration solely in the  
antique. By the seven-  
teenth century even  
Holland, whom to-  
day we look on as the  
antidote to classicism,  
joined in its worship.  
Rembrandt was chid-  
den for conceit in  
imagining that he  
could do without Rome  
and, while his literary  
contemporary, the poet  
Vondel, was singing  
her praises, the  
Italianizing painters  
like Jan Both and  
Nicholas Berghem  
found an easier living  
and readier applause  
for their invocations  
of an ideal past than  
any of the landscapists  
who glorified Nature  
in the present.

In France there  
was no division of  
opinion, and there the  
glorification of ancient  
Rome reached its

height. As Poussin made his painful way  
towards the common goal, his head was full of  
the austere grandeur of a past conjured up by  
prints of Mantegna and Raphael; when he  
arrived in Rome he found his vision was  
already shattered by his Italian contemporaries.  
Italy was in the full sway of a romantic revolt,  
known to us as the Baroque.

*Apollo: A Journal of the Arts*

There has recently been a partial revival of interest in this art of seventeenth-century Italy. It is more than a change of taste, it is rather a change of morality, for we are asked to admire to-day exactly what we were expected to condemn in the nineteenth century. Mr. Osbert Sitwell's praises in his introduction to the catalogue of an exhibition of seventeenth-century painting\* read very much like the condemnations of another age. "If [painting in the seventeenth century] was now more akin to furniture than pure art, it was, nevertheless, the most gorgeous furniture ever produced." "Luca Giordano evinced his taste as a connoisseur by numerous essays in the manner of Titian, Veronese, and even Velasquez. He was also the whirlwind decorator of his age . . . in twenty-four hours he could evoke a quite convincing new world of goddesses and flying angels, palm-trees and rainbows, ostriches and elephants upon wall and ceiling."

Among such contemporaries Poussin was not at home. To him virtue and virtuosity were not the same. In his disgust the first great French painter headed the first definite reaction in modern art. In the perspective of history every art appears to tend to follow a recognized course of evolution. It progresses steadily forward from the archaic, becoming richer and more potent with every generation until it reaches the classical. But sooner or later the artistic character of a race seems to have exhausted its possibilities. To the classical succeeds the romantic age, which tends towards dramatic exaggeration: its practitioners exploit the freedom given them by an inherited weapon of colossal power, and too often they forget the pain and restraint with which that weapon was forged. The Italians of the seventeenth century inherited Michelangelo's vast knowledge of the human figure and his assertion of the supremacy of contours, Correggio's apotheosis of chiaroscuro, the balance of light and shade, over all other means of dramatic expression, and Titian's subordination of each of these aspects to the sublimity of colour. They revelled in all these possibilities, exhibiting their virtuosity by essays in each opposing element, and too often in an impossible attempt at combining them all brought each to a theatrical pitch of over-emphasis. The Caracci family, who attempted reform, could only suggest a more

exact eclecticism. It was to the studio of one of their followers, Domenichino, that Poussin attached himself on his arrival in Rome, and it was in Poussin that the movement initiated by the Caracci attained fruition. The Caracci suggested a stricter application of the principles of the classical masters like Titian and Raphael. Poussin was also an eclectic, but he saw that, if Titian's colour was to be combined with Raphael's purity of contour and sense of space-design, each must yield something to the other. While Poussin's colour evolved from the careful study of Titian was subordinated to the strictest relevance, in form itself he went back beyond Raphael and simplified the modelling and contours of his figures. He is the first pre-Raphaelite, but he did not, like those who so christened themselves, disdain the lessons of the past. His historical position is of importance; we now have reactions in almost every generation. Poussin's was the first.

His principles are seen in their simplest realization in "A Dance to the Music of Time" at Hertford House. It is a picture which seems to fall between the admiration for the more opulent glories of the Titianesque phase, so well represented in the National Gallery, and the praise of the severe, more Raphaellesque style which succeeded it; yet it has the virtues of each, and is one of the most complete of all the nation's Poussins. The subject is typical of the age, an allegory of the classical type probably set the painter by his patron, a future Pope. Happiness and Fame, Poverty and Riches dance the dance of life in human form to the music of Time. Riches will only touch the wrist of Poverty, while gladly clasped by Happiness, yet dance together they all must, while the swift passing of the hours is symbolized in every part, by Phæbus in his chariot, by the old musician, by the hour-glass and the fragile bubbles, and by the terminal figure with its double face of youth and age. And the story is told in language fittingly austere. The landscape, though reminiscent in every aspect of Titian, the first of modern landscape painters, and giving with its low horizon a vivid impression of the open air, is yet rigorously limited in depth, lest the eye should be tempted to wander past the figures, whose rich colours it faintly echoes. The group of dancers is arranged with the strictest symmetry within a square,

\* Burlington Fine Arts Club Exhibition, Spring, 1925.



*By the courtesy of Mrs. R. A. Workman*

**WOMAN AT A TRELLIS ARRANGING FLOWERS**

*By Gustave Courbet*



## Nicolas Poussin

yet severity is avoided by the subtle undulation of the line of heads, the rise and fall of arms and feet, and the clever curving of the base beneath. As with the design, so with the modelling. Within clearly defined outlines the tones fall into two uniform masses sharply distinct, and the eye is carefully prepared for this by the pedestals at each side with their simple, precise planes and the two unvaried tones which distinguish them.

As with the tones, so with the colour. Its strict subordination to the form only increases the subtlety with which the warm orange of the central figure, and the Pompeian red on either side, are set off against the cool blue and white tunics of the foremost pair. Over the whole picture Poussin has set his thumb, impressing its mark clearly over every touch of paint: thus any distracting accidents are ruled out, and a uniform texture of perfect refinement binds the scene finally together.

In the landscape of the National Gallery

(No. 40) Poussin uses this gift of construction to create an open scene. Its convincing reality is best seen by comparison with the landscape of Domenichino (No. 75), charming in its way, but seen remotely as if through a window, and quite unsubstantial. In Poussin's landscape the blocks of masonry set in each corner lead one straight into the open space and satisfy the eye with their solidity. The flat fountain basin, before which

Phocion sits washing his feet, prepares one with its broad surface for the larger spaces of the ground. In its reflections it offers a promise of the daring blue sky, and binds together those opposing elements of air and earth. The diagonal of the path leads the eye inwards to the river bank, whose line conducts it again to the hill, which closes the horizon. All is exactly defined, perfectly constructed. And yet nothing is lost to the emotions by

this science, which gives so astonishing a reality of space that one feels one could set foot on the scene. And what a scene to enter! What a stately dignity is in the huge trees; what romance is in their shade and the cool fountain! What grandeur in the spaces! Poussin is the Milton\* of painting: he has the same deep learning, that same union of passion and austerity, of a complex technique with a rigorous simplicity of outlook. In each the man and his instrument are perfectly at one.

And Poussin, too, is not always on his dignity. He strongly in-

sisted that the design should always suit the character of the subject, and the "Bacchanalian Festival"† of the National Gallery (No. 42) has a much less simplified construction; its chain of elaborately composed groups offers at



BACCHANALIAN FESTIVAL

By Nicolas Poussin

National Gallery

\* The comparison was made by Hazlitt in "On a Landscape of Nicolas Poussin," in "Table Talk."

† Recently identified, as one of a set of three bacchanals painted for the famous Cardinal de Richelieu, by M. Paul Jamot, *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, July-August, 1925. He suggests the more exact title of "The Triumph of Silenus."



A DANCE TO THE MUSIC OF TIME  
By Nicolas Poussin

Wallace Collection

*Nicolas Poussin*



THE EDUCATION OF BACCHUS  
By Nicolas Poussin

*National Gallery*

first sight a sense of riotous confusion. And this tumultuous revel is real, too, it is no academic convention: our Bacchus is magnificently drunk, and the sheer splendour of physical existence has its apotheosis in the massive solidity and the springing curves of the female satyr on her prancing goat. The pagan spirit has become a reality again, as it had not been since Mantegna. This spirit of pagan mythology has echoed through five centuries to inspire our poets and musicians and painters. It is lost to us to-day for the first time for five hundred years. Whatever the cause, the classical revival is over at last.

But if we no longer find our romantic longings realized to the full in the world

Poussin created as a poet, we shall never cease to find lessons in his vision as an artist. The first great French painter has inspired a score of subsequent movements towards a purer ideal, and he is the pioneer in particular of a long line of French painters who have explored the possibilities of contours and of formal design. From him grew the fastidious line of Ingres, the chaste contours of Puvis de Chavannes, and the sense of design which Degas retained, even when his whole affections were transferred to light. From him Cézanne drew his wonderful sense of structure, and an ambition which he expressed as "to do Poussin over again from Nature." Our Picassos and Braques pursue similar ideals to-day.

## SOME VINCENNES PORCELAIN FIGURES

By WILLIAM KING

THE Baroness Salomon de Rothschild, who died in 1922, bequeathed to the Louvre, among other treasures, the ormolu and porcelain clock here illustrated. It is 28 inches in height, and closely resembles in style the famous "Bouquet de la Dauphine" at Dresden, which was made at Vincennes in 1749 as a gift to Augustus III, King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, from his daughter, the Dauphine, and which was first identified and illustrated by Prof. Ernst Zimmermann in the "Gazette des Beaux-Arts," third series, vol. xxxii, p. 238. The pretty rococo fashion for porcelain flowers, gaily coloured and modelled in full relief, seems to have become outmoded with the removal of the Vincennes factory to Sèvres in 1756, although examples of individual flowers used as knobs for vases are found as late as 1758. The

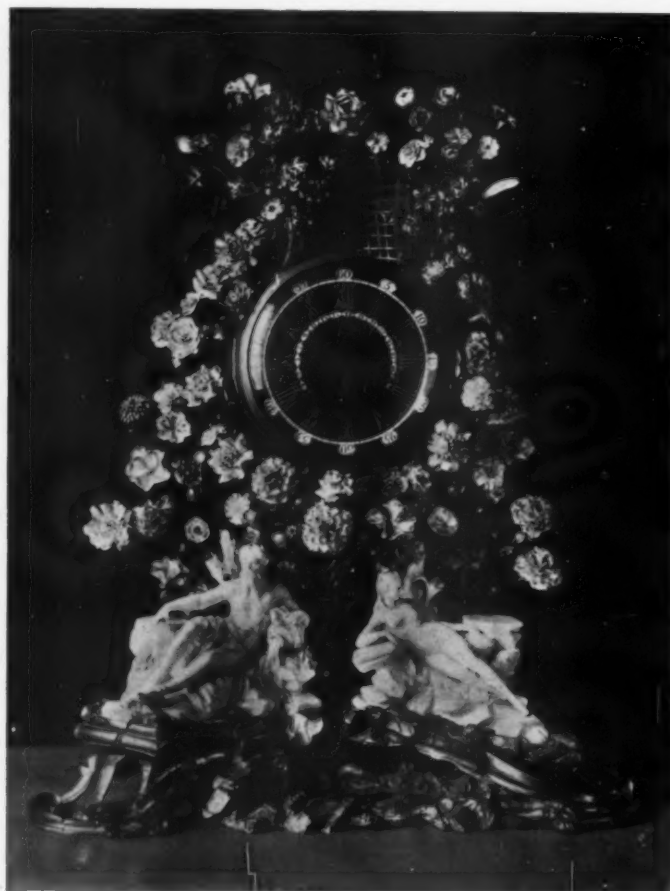
exact date of manufacture of this clock is, however, fortunately revealed to us by the mark, "Gauron 1754," which is incised under the base of the male figure. The name of Gauron appears nowhere else in connection with either Vincennes or Sèvres, but this is hardly surprising in view of the scantiness of the

factory records preserved for us in relation to these earlier years. It may be presumed that Gauron was not necessarily the sculptor who created the model, but merely the workman who put together this actual example of it, although it is not impossible that the same man

might sometimes perform the double function; see on this point the documents quoted by Chavagnac and Gröller, "Histoire des Manufactures Françaises de Porcelaine," p. 261, from which it appears that Fournier acted in this dual capacity in connection with certain figures of river-gods and naiads made at Vincennes in the years 1746 and 1747. The figures on this clock may very probably represent two of the Fournier models in question.

The invention at Vincennes in 1751 of biscuit porcelain provided a material which, as a vehicle for figure-sculpture, was soon to oust from

Sèvres the ordinary glazed white porcelain of which the figures on the clock are composed. Very few glazed figures from either Vincennes or Sèvres have been preserved. The Victoria and Albert Museum is the happy possessor of two of this selfsame type, both representing the goddess Diana. One (No. C. 360—1909) was



*Louvre, Paris*

CLOCK

*(Rothschild Bequest)*

### *Some Vincennes Porcelain Figures*



Victoria and Albert Museum

DIANA

(Fitzhenry Gift)



Victoria and Albert Museum

DIANA ASLEEP

(Dingwall Gift)

given to the Museum by J. H. Fitzhenry; it is 4 $\frac{3}{8}$  in. in height, and is practically identical in pose with the female figure on the clock. The accessories, however, differ, the most important modification being the addition of a crescent moon to the forehead, to indicate that the figure represents Diana, whereas the lady on the clock is merely a nameless naiad, a pendant to the river-god and no more. A third version of the same model, also lacking the crescent, was in the Pierpont Morgan collection; it is described and illustrated in Chavagnac's catalogue of that collection (p. 40 and pl. xxi), which also contained a companion female figure; an illustration of the latter model may be found in Bourgeois and Lechevallier-Chevignard, "La Biscuit de Sèvres, Recueil des Modèles de la Manufacture de Sèvres au XVIII<sup>e</sup> Siècle," pl. 4, No. 463. Chavagnac's note on the Morgan naiads is that they are undoubtedly the pair modelled in 1747 by Fournier. If this is so, Fournier was presumably also the modeller of the male figure on the clock, as well as of the sleeping Diana in the Victoria and Albert Museum (No. C. 294—1919). This enchanting little figure is 3 in. in height; it was a gift from that enlightened and munificent benefactor to the Museum, Lt.-Col. Kenneth Dingwall, D.S.O.

A possible clue as to the subsequent

history of the mysterious Gauron is furnished by Jewitt in his "Ceramic Art of Great Britain," vol. ii, p. 72, where he quotes the "weekly bill at Chelsea from June 19 to the 26, 1773." It appears that a certain Gauron was being employed at the Chelsea factory at this period, and seeing that his wages are given as 8s. 9d. a day, which is very considerably more than what any of the other workmen are mentioned as getting, it is probable that he was employed as a modeller, and that he was already a modeller of some experience. Whether he should be identified with the personage whose signature is found nineteen years earlier on the Vincennes clock is as difficult to prove as whether Gauron or Fournier was the original sculptor of the French models here illustrated. What work he did at Chelsea is equally hard to determine. We cannot even argue from analogy with known Chelsea—or rather, at this period, Derby-Chelsea—models, for by this time the rococo spirit had ceased to influence either France or England, and it is a far cry, indeed, from the free and graceful modelling of the Vincennes Dianas to the sexless, pseudo-classical form of the goddess (illustrated in my "Chelsea Porcelain," pl. 5), who looks down from her pedestal to receive the unsanctified vows of Jason and Medea.

## GLASS TRANSFER PICTURES—II

By STEPHEN WINKWORTH

THE art of France made a great appeal to Englishmen of taste in the eighteenth century, and prints after the great French Masters found a ready sale, especially, it would seem, in the form of glass pictures. No wonder, when we look at Figs. I and II. The first is after Boucher, who has here left his rose-tinted Venuses and Cupids for the artless grace of a simple village idyll. Fig. II, in sharp contrast, shows how attractive may be the studied elegance of the grand world, and is after De Troy. Both prints were probably engraved by Faber, Jr., under the assumed name

of J. Johnson. There are many other charming glass pictures of the same kind. "The Masquerade," by Simon, after Watteau, is a well-known one, and a number of subjects taken from La Fontaine appear, such as the "Baiser Rendu," after Pater (a pair), and "La Fleuve Scamandre," after Boucher.

The allegorical and symbolical series is very large, and of great interest to the collector, for the subjects are generally charming, and it is far from easy to get complete sets.

Fig. III shows one of the prettiest sets of



FIG. I. GIRL WITH BASKET OF EGGS

By J. Johnson, after Boucher



FIG. II. CONVERSATION GALANTE

By J. Johnson, after De Troy

## Glass Transfer Pictures



FIG. III. THE SEASONS

By J. Simon, after Lascart

"The Seasons," while equally well known and beautiful is that by Simon, after Rosalba; four lovely half-length girls; a treatment followed, but within architectural ovals, by Simon in his rare "Elements," by and after himself.

"The Senses" form another favourite series: splendidly bold is the early one (1739) by Van Haeken, after Amiconi, while more delicately lovely is that by Houston, after Hayman. "The Arts and Sciences" turn up frequently in two's and three's; there should be six in all (music, painting, poetry, sculpture, architecture, and astronomy). But a much more beautiful set must be that by Simon, after Le Claire, of which I have seen only two, "Geography," and "Painting," both of wonderful quality.

Another well-known series of six is "Domestic Amusement and Employment,"

after Mercier, Heilman, and Miss Benwell, by Houston.\* The longest of all must, I think, be "The Twelve Months," of which I have only seen one complete set. By and after Burford, the collector may well pause before attempting their assemblage.

Sacred subjects are innumerable, and though the modern inclination is to pass these by *en bloc*, there are many which the collector might do well to acquire. The same remark applies to pictures illustrating classical mythology of which "Diana and Actæon," by J. Simon, after Carlo Maratti, is a charming example.

Sporting prints are not represented so well as one might expect, until one remembers that a large proportion of these were aquatints, which only came into being towards the end

\* "Knitting" was engraved by J. Watson.



FIG. IV. THE DUKE OF BRIDGWATER'S "STAR"  
*R. Houston, after J. Seymour*



FIG. V. A VIEW OF THE BRITISH FLEET  
*Under the command of Admiral Duncan, breaking through the Dutch line off Camperdown, October 11, 1797*

of our period, and, as the name suggests, were usually tinted in water-colour. Fig. VII, however, is one of a rare set of early aquatints by Jukes, after Seymour, which have been treated by the transfer process.

Of course, there are also many charming and quaint mezzotints of various sporting subjects. Fig. IV shows a racehorse in training on Newmarket Heath with the historic "ditch" in the middle distance.

A beautiful set of four hunting pictures may also be mentioned (by Burford, after Seymour), and a stirring portrait of Eclipse\*—"the rest" are "nowhere"—by Houston, after F. Sartorius.

Naval prints are likewise rare for the reason given above, but in Fig. V we can see how helpful the softness of aquatint has been in the making of a glass picture.

In conclusion a

\* This horse sired three out of the first five Derby winners.

word must be said about frames—fakes or counterfeits—and those decadent examples, mostly a product of the nineteenth century, which may be described as the final flicker of our eighteenth-century rushlight.

These are the coarsest of prints, ill-drawn and poorly painted, the subjects mostly patriotic or scriptural, the "Death of Nelson" being perhaps the most painfully persistent.

Frames take an important part in the completion of a glass picture; as, indeed, they do in the case of pictures and prints proper.

The Hogarth frame of pine or pearwood, with slight gilt carving on the outer and inner edge, occurs frequently. But the type of frame most usually associated with these pictures, and most valuable as an embellishment, is the reversible pattern of pearwood veneered on pine, with a carved



FIG. VI. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER  
*Sir G. Kneller, after J. Smith*

## Glass Transfer Pictures

and sanded gilt flat. Gilt frames also occur both carved and of composition, and the well-carved wood frames, occasionally silver-gilt, usually surround a fine example (Fig. VII). Very rarely we meet with one of the pearwood frames with gilded lead corner-pieces in the Chippendale style (Fig. I of first article).

Much ingenuity and labour are now devoted to the forgery of what have become objects of considerable value and desirability in the eyes of collectors.

The detection of counterfeit glass pic-



FIG. VII  
*Francis Jukes, after J. Seymour*

tures, however, is rarely difficult. They generally smell of paint when the backboard is removed.

They are usually done on flat modern glass.\* Moreover, they always present a slightly muddy or dim appearance, with none of that peculiar brilliance which is always present in the old pictures, and, as in every attempt to distinguish the false from the true, the best test of all is that which

found out the unfortunate Dr. Fell.

\* Of late the old Crown glass has been used and old frames requisitioned.

## A GOSSIP ABOUT PRINTS

By MALCOLM C. SALAMAN

DONALD SHAW  
MACLAUGHLAN

THE Fine Art Society has done a good turn to the collectors of modern etchings by bringing back to London the publication of Mr. Donald Shaw MacLaughlan's prints, and auspicing this with a retrospective exhibition of the etched work of that accomplished and distinguished

American artist of Scotch origin, Canadian birth, and European domicile. Before the war his name was becoming charmingly familiar in the ears of British collectors, for Mr. Richard Gutekunst was his publisher, and with many collectors Mr. Gutekunst's fine taste and rich knowledge, founded, as they knew, on constant study of the Old Masters, would count for much when he backed a modern etcher. From the walls, then, of the little gallery in



SUSSEX HEDGES  
*By Donald Shaw MacLaughlan*

comprised as many as 217 plates. During the next three years he did no etching, and when he resumed in 1917 he had no longer a London publisher. Meanwhile his prints had seemingly become an elusive quantity in the English market, and many a collector must have asked "What's become of MacLaughlan?" with as much sympathetic curiosity as Robert Browning in his poem asked about the brilliant and elusive

Grafton Street, that one remembers so pleasantly, or from the well-filled solander boxes on the tables, Mr. MacLaughlan's etchings would find their way to the portfolios of sympathetic collectors. There was already a numerous and attractive selection available, for, by the time that the war put an end to Mr. Gutekunst's business in London, Mr. MacLaughlan's *œuvre*

Waring. For it was not in human nature, to say nothing of the collector's, not to desire more MacLaughlans when already so many connoisseurs delighted to treasure proofs of some of the early Paris and Venice plates in which the etcher had first revealed his authenticity of vision and happy vivacity of line, as well as the masterly "Lauterbrunnen" of 1908, the beautiful "Curved Canal" of 1909, the vivid and capacious "Life of the Thames" of 1910, and such delightful things as "In Giorgione's Land," with its sunny leafiness, "The White Palace," "Cornish Landscape," "Sunlight and Shadows," "Leaves of Asolo," the very rare "Venetian Noontide," and "Song from Venice, No. 3," with which Mr. MacLaughlan had signalized his production just before the war. The recent exhibition in the galleries of the Fine Art Society, however, must have pleasantly reassured these long-denied collectors, for it gave happy proof, indeed many charming proofs, of Mr. MacLaughlan's renewed etching activities, while the Society's publishing tradition, already distinguished by such names as Whistler, Seymour Haden, and Frank Brangwyn, promises to acquire fresh distinction from association with Mr. MacLaughlan's work.

In 1917 his own country for the first time engaged his needle, and Tennessee inspired a few plates, but America could not hold him long, and he was pictorially happier, I think, when he revisited England the following year. That the English landscape delighted him with its trees, its fields, and its hedgerows, especially in its serenity of aspect under sunny skies, we see in plates of such characteristic charm as "Gwinnear Fields," "Sussex Landscape," an

exquisitely delicate piece of etching, and "Sussex Hedges," the last of which is reproduced. Could any English-born etcher have depicted with more loving verity of vision this typical tract of English countryside, letting his needle coax with caressing intimacy the very sunlight among the lines of stem, branch, and foliage? No human figures are seen here, yet how homely the look of that stile, with its proffer of restful support, suggesting that any moment some tired rustic may come along from behind that pollard willow and

lean awhile against the friendly bars for sunny refreshment. To turn from "Sussex Hedges" to "Towers and Gardens, Venice," is to find Mr. MacLaughlan in another mood, a mood of designing for design's sake, with the human incident allowed to happen for the animating pictorial purpose. How well it is done! Here is Venice in hot sunshine, here are trees taking light and shadow vivaciously, here are waiting gondolas, while the canal waters lap the steps where groups of people stand about watching a sacerdotal procession receding under a dark pergola. We



TOWERS AND GARDENS, VENICE  
By Donald Shaw MacLaughlan

look up to the towers beside a dome, we enjoy the rhythm of the design, and we let the incidental significance interest us as it may; then we turn to another of Mr. MacLaughlan's newer Venice etchings, "Sunlight Façades," still more characteristic, perhaps, and memory goes back delightfully to the first freshness of his early Venice plates, and we realize that the Adriatic's Queen has found in this masterly American etcher not the least faithful interpreter of her beauty.

## *A Gossip about Prints*



THE BRIDGE, CHIOGGIA  
*By Martin Hardie*

### MARTIN HARDIE AT HIS BEST

Mr. Martin Hardie enjoys a "busman's holiday." Whenever he leaves behind him temporarily the care of the prints and paintings in the Victoria and Albert Museum, wherever he may choose to spend his well-earned leisure, be it in Venice, in Brittany, on the Suffolk coast, his luggage always includes an ample equipment for watercolour drawing and etching, and he returns with a substantial amount of work as a result of his holiday. Last October he was in Venice, and the graphic records of his stay there include, besides the charming watercolours represented in the attractive exhibition at Dunthorne's, two prints, an etching with dry-point and a dry-point—"The Bridge, Chioggia," and "A Street at Chioggia"—the first of which was one of the most desirable exhibits in the unusually interesting show at the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers. It is reproduced here, and I venture to say that in his pictorial conception of the scene with its sunny atmospheric calm, Mr. Hardie has revealed a mastery of symmetrical design and harmonious balance of light and shade beyond anything he has yet achieved upon the copper. John Addington Symonds, in "A Venetian Medley," written over forty years ago, takes us enchantingly with

him in his gondola to Chioggia, and describes this very bridge: "Not far from the landing-place a balustraded bridge of ample breadth and large bravura manner spans the main canal. Like everything at Chioggia, it is dirty, and has fallen from its first estate. Yet neither time nor injury can obliterate style or wholly degrade marble. Hard by the bridge there are two rival inns." Symonds would have revelled in Mr. Hardie's beautiful print.

### LOUIS ROSENBERG AND THE PAINTER-ETCHERS

Since, some months ago, I drew the attention of *APOLLO* readers to the prints of architectural interest by the accomplished American etcher, Mr.

Louis C. Rosenberg, his advance in the estimation of collectors, both in the United Kingdom and across the Atlantic, has been quite remarkable, and his publisher, Mr. H. C. Dickins, tells me that many of the editions have been exhausted as soon as the print-market has become aware of them. But what, I believe, has been to the young etcher himself the most gratifying evidence of his success was his election to the Associateship of



HOUSE OF THE SALMON, CHARTRES  
*By Louis Rosenberg*

the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers. There were some sixty candidates, and Mr. Rosenberg was one of the three chosen, the other two being Mr. Ian Strang, a talented son of the late William Strang, R.A., one of the most imaginative and distinguished etchers of our time, and Mr. Paul Drury, the very promising son of Mr. Alfred Drury, R.A., the eminent sculptor. At the same time Mr. Oliver Hall, A.R.A., was welcomed back to the fold of the Painter-Etchers, having once again taken up the needle which some years ago he had laid down after using it brilliantly and beautifully for landscape-etching. Mr. Rosenberg signalized his election by showing

some characteristic prints in the recent exhibition, since when Mr. Dickins has issued three new dry-points in which, as usual, the etcher animates the architectural features with the actual human atmosphere of the place. In "The House of the Salmon, Chartres," reproduced, he shows a market-place surrounded by old gabled houses, interesting in character, with a happy balance of sunlight and shadow. The other two new plates are "Little Market, Tours," with the market-folk trading at the back of a great church, and "Rue Mirabeau, Bourges," a narrow old street with the sun full on the houses of one side, while dark shadow envelops the opposite side.

## RUSKIN AND MUSIC

By EVA MARY GREW

THOUGHT about music, and a warm appreciation of it, accompanied Ruskin all through his life, affording him many convenient comparisons and parallels by which he could clarify his ideas on painting and art generally. But his understanding of music altered very much between youth and middle age, and his lack of technical or scientific knowledge often caused his allusions to be obscure and his statements to be occasionally incorrect.

For a long time he did not consider the two arts equal, painting claiming and holding his devotion entirely above music: it was his belief then, that "the musician must be honoured, but the painter revered."

It seems to me, however, that his eye was too frequently jealous of his ear. In the year 1843 he writes that "a keen eye for colour is a faculty far more rare than an ear for music"; and he writes at another time, "Nothing is more wonderful for me than to hear the pleasure of the eye spoken of with disdain as 'sensual,' while people exalt that of the ear in music. Do they really suppose the eye is a less noble bodily organ than the ear?" Ruskin would have been more truly philosophical in his complaint if he had centred it not upon the actual operation of ear and eye, but on the mind as the mind reacts to impressions received through those bodily organs; and he would

have then been able to demonstrate—out of his own youthful feelings on the matter—that the impressions of music could be far more "sensual" than those of the pictorial or plastic arts.

His simpler and more exact parallels are illustrated in the following: "In all the noblest compositions, utmost power is permitted, but only for a short time, or over a small space. . . . Music must rise to its utmost loudness and fall from it, colour must be graduated to its extreme brightness, and descend from it." His obscure parallels are illustrated by: "Order in its highest is one of the necessities of Art, just as Time is a necessity of Music," which is obscure, because it is not so much the element of *time* which prevents music from becoming disorderly, as that quality of *form* which Ruskin calls "order."

His incorrect, or rather incongruous, references are perhaps few in number; but when they do occur they are indubitable. "Take any noble musical air," he says, "and you find, on examining it, that not one even of the faintest or shortest notes can be removed without destruction to the whole passage in which it occurs; and that every note in the passage is twenty times more beautiful so introduced, than it would have been if played singly on the instrument. Precisely this degree of arrangement and relation must exist between every

## Ruskin and Music

touch and line in a great picture." The incongruity consists here in implying that there is any comparative value between a detached musical sound and one of the sounds that are part of a melody: the detached sound is like a dab of colour on a plain surface; as part of the melody, the sound may be like the gold in a picture of a sunset. And it is not altogether correct to say that a short or faint note cannot be removed without destroying the melody; but this error is relatively insignificant. The famous lines from the "Abt Vogler" of Browning express the truth that Ruskin was striving after:

And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,  
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but  
a star.

Consider it well: each tone of our scale in itself is  
nought . . .

It took Ruskin half his lifetime to realize the equal labour at the back of music-making and art production. Few other men, however young, could have ventured to write: ". . . let us consider the difference between a fine air and a fine painting. The first thing that strikes us is the proportionate time and labour requisite to produce them. The tune may be dashed off by the inspiration of five minutes; the picture is the result of the labour and thought of months." The truth of this matter is, that while a Rossini or a Schubert can frequently dash off a tune in five minutes, other composers cannot: a Beethoven will labour at a tune for a period of time running from a week to twenty or thirty years, and a Bellini (and even a Balfe) will try fifty times before they hit on the turn of phrase they require; while a large symphony or sonata, which is the only music to be named along with a "fine painting," is, in modern times, invariably "the result of the labour and thought of months." Ruskin speaks finely of the persevering and steady patience with which painters pursue their calling; none knew better than he that when they have conceived a subject and have made a variety of sketches, they proceed to a finished drawing of the whole, and then make more detailed drawings of the separate parts—heads, hands, feet, and pieces of drapery and decoration, all before they actually paint the picture; more exact knowledge of music-making would have enabled him to say that the symphony writer follows exactly the same course, planning his work in vast architectural

sections, leaving empty spaces while he fashions vital modulations and climaxes, and constantly returning on his path to modify effects perhaps thought finished. Having this more exact knowledge, Ruskin would have offered to music equally with the other arts that fine exclamation of his: "How divine the Law of Nature is, which has so connected the immortality of beauty with patience of industry!" an exclamation that is the romantic or emotional re-statement of Carlyle's more classical (because more "reasonable") declaration that genius is a "transcendent capacity of taking trouble first of all."

But in the end Ruskin realized quite fairly the character of the art of music, and he could then say: "The entirely first-rate musicians and painters are born: like Mercury, their words are music, and their touch is gold; sound and colour wait on them from their youth, and no practice will ever enable other human creatures to do anything like them." Also he could make his allusions and parallels exact, so that they help both musician and painter; as when he writes, "It is utterly vain to endeavour to reduce this 'proportion' to finite rules, for it is as various as musical melody, and the laws to which it is subject are of the same general kind, so that the determination of right and wrong proportion is as much a matter of feeling and experience as the appreciation of good musical composition—not but that there is a science of both, and principles which may not be infringed, but that within these limits the liberty of invention is infinite." He expresses the same thought again, in a slightly different aspect, when he writes: "I trust the time will soon come when melody in painting will be understood no less than in music, and when people will find that there also the great melodists have no rules, and cannot have any, and that there are in this, as in sound, no precepts for the production of the beautiful."

Here speaks the lover of the beautiful who learned finally of music from Plato (especially of music as a factor in the education of the young and in the development of personality), and he echoes in his own manner what Bacon had said more than two hundred years before him: "A Painter may make a better Face than ever was; but he must do it by a kind of felicity, as a Musitian that maketh an excellent Air in Musick, and not by rule."

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No. 37

No. 30

No. 34



No. 65

No. 11

No. 65



GROUP OF SMALLER PIECES

## CHINESE BLUE AND WHITE PORCELAIN THE GOLDSCHMIDT COLLECTION—II

By JOSEPH BURTON

THE decoration of Chinese blue and white porcelain is of great interest, and although it cannot fully be dealt with in a short article, even a few words on the subject may be worth while. In the first place, it must be borne in mind that Chinese decoration is always symbolic, and that it is very difficult, if not impossible, for a European to appreciate its full significance. The Chinese make use of all kinds of natural objects: human figures, animals, birds, landscapes, clouds, trees, flowers, fabulous monsters—dragons, and the like—and of a large number of definite symbols and signs, and of purely conventional ornamental devices. They often give pictorial representations of religious and historical events and fables, and of hunting, warlike, domestic, and everyday scenes; but the subject is treated from the decorative rather than the naturalistic point of view. For example, in the garden scenes, which are such a favourite subject for decoration, there is no attempt at real perspective, the figures and other objects are grouped to give a pleasing disposition of mass and colour, and the clouds, trees, and landscape generally are conventional and purely decorative.

In the Ming period the drawing and painting were broad, spirited, and sometimes rather crude, but the general effect is simple, spontaneous, and fitting. In the Kang Hsi period the drawing was more skilfully executed, yet not laboured, more refined, and yet spirited. The figures and other objects were painted in outline, and the colour then floated on in washes of varying thickness, thus giving a richer and finer colour quality, whilst retaining a certain simplicity and breadth of treatment. In the good examples of this period there is a nervous quality of line altogether admirable, and a fine feeling for quality of colour effect, both in mass and disposition. The grouping and treatment of figures, clouds, and landscape are often excellent, and contrast very favourably with the naturalistic treatment of similar subjects on European porcelain of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The saucer,

No. 58, is a beautiful example of Chinese decoration of this type. The drawing and the scale and grouping of the figures and other objects are admirable, and the general effect is simple, broad, and decorative. The artist has taken advantage of the concave form, and so disposed his decoration as to suggest the idea of space and distance. The colour is excellent, and is undoubtedly enhanced by the masterly disposition of the ornament. No. 79 is one of four finely-decorated plates, where the drawing and brushwork are noteworthy, and the design quite good. The saucer-shaped plate, No. 90, is not only a fine example of well-drawn and well-disposed decoration, but part of the ornament is painted in underglaze "peach-bloom" colour, which was obtained by being painted in a copper pigment and then firing in a reducing atmosphere. In this way the copper pigment develops a reddish colour instead of the usual green or turquoise obtained in the ordinary firing atmosphere, and the delicate tint known as peach-bloom is highly valued by connoisseurs. This is a rare and beautiful piece, and makes a spot of interesting colour in the collection. The rims of plates and bowls and the necks of vases suggest borders, and the Chinese artist was wonderfully fertile in his border decorations. In fact, he often let himself go—not always with the happiest results—in the intricacy and multiplicity of his borders. This latter statement, however, applies more justly to the *Famille Verte* and *Famille Rose* decorations than to the blue and white, where the use of monochrome exerted a restraining influence. These borders were sometimes purely conventional or formally floral, but often they were made up of suitably shaped panels of bird and flower subjects—sometimes of figures—connected by a band of diapers, arabesques, or other purely conventional ornament.

The collection contains many good examples of these borders, and several were shown in the illustrations in the last number. These bordered plates and bowls were much in vogue

for the export trade, and the formal setting-out of the design is more in conformity with European standards than is the type of decoration illustrated in No. 58, for example. The latter type may not be in keeping with our Western tradition in design, which demands a certain formal disposition of ornament in relation to the shape and the space to be decorated, but there is a real if more subtle feeling for shape and space in the disposition and scale of the masses, although the decoration may be freely drawn and apparently informal. The ewer, No. 48, is a beautiful example of the potter's art. The shape and decoration are both excellent. The body is elegant in form, and the handle and spout are finely balanced in line and mass. The decoration is a good example of fitting design in conformity with the shape, and although it is full of detail there is a unity of effect which is very pleasing and satisfactory. The decoration is rich but simple, and its all-over character gives a special colour quality.

The bottle, No. 50, although of fine quality and very good shape, is not nearly as satisfactory in decoration as No. 48. The design in this case is more intricate and composite, and bears no especial relationship to the shape. The vase, No. 17, is of typical Chinese form and decoration, and the definite masses of dark blue colour show up well against the white background. No. 30 is one of a set of three bowls of interesting colour and decoration. The blue colour is slightly grey in tone, and of the type more highly prized by the

Chinese than the European collector. The bowl, No. 37, is unusual in form, and No. 34 is a fine bowl, with interesting decoration depicting scenes in the life of a mandarin. The pair of plates, No. 65, have borders moulded in compartments and decorated with conventional and floral ornament, with well-drawn and well-designed centres. No. 11 is a typical beaker, with borders of figures in panels, and a centre band of floral decoration.

A group of smaller pieces is shown. Many of these are of very fine quality, and attention may be drawn to the pair of straightsided beakers, which are unusual in shape, and to the decoration of the two central teapots, which is very good in design. The cups and saucers are of the very thin porcelain known as eggshell, and they are good specimens of this technically admirable ware.

There are many other pieces in the collection worthy of note, but space does not allow a detailed description of these. There are many examples of very fine colour, which must be seen to be appreciated. The blue colour on the brush pot, No. 13 in the catalogue, is exceptionally rich and brilliant, and the small ginger jar, No. 59, is also of remarkably intense and brilliant colour. There are, too, many examples of fine drawing and brushwork, and, in fact, the collection is full of interesting pieces from every point of view. Reference may again be made to the catalogue compiled by the collector for detailed information of the pieces contained in this very interesting and valuable collection.

## THE SLADE SCHOOL APPEAL

*The present appeal is made with the object of raising the sum of £30,000 for the needs of the Slade School, and we warmly commend it to the support of our readers. Full details were given in our January number. Donations will be acknowledged in APOLLO, and should be sent to the Treasurer of the Slade Appeal Fund, C. Koe Child, Esq., University College, Gower Street, W.C.1.*

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No. 50

No. 17

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CHINESE BLUE AND WHITE PORCELAIN



## The Slade School Appeal

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## LETTER FROM PARIS

By ANDRE SALMON

EXHIBITIONS continue to be plentiful. Many of them are interesting; anyway, the average should satisfy any taste. They show that very decisive and very successful victories have been carried off by the creative temperaments. Those who are not driven by a strong personality have at least placed themselves under the guidance of a *Derain*, a *Matisse*, a *Vlaminck*, a *Dufy*, or a *Marie Laurencin*, *Lhote*, *Kisling*, *André Favory*, *Simon Lévy*, etc. Doubtless this is only a matter of reflexions, still it perpetuates a plastic intelligence. It is curious to notice that while *Brague*, a true cubist but with essentially French qualities, which are really inherited from *Chardin*, has numberless imitators, disciples, and copyists, *Picasso*, who preceded him, and who gives the impression of genius rather than of talent, an artist who might as well have been a poet or a musician, following his sovereign caprices, has far fewer shadows following in his wake. He is only pillaged indirectly, if I may say so. One also hesitates to copy *Utrillo* without shame, that landscape painter of "Leprous Factories," a man of genius rich in subconscious, subterranean appeals, but who is mad, alas! positively mad. I shall say two words of this alcoholic delirium when speaking of the painter before his works. The painters and their copyists present a motley show.

Soon the old rue de Seine, which made the reasonable heart of Anatole France beat so fast, will be nothing but an immense gallery of modern art. The last booksellers can scarcely hold out. Several of them hang canvases amidst their dusty libraries. An unexpected critic who has never seriously aspired to anything but the benefits of a picture-dealer (a dealer in apartments, in "rooms," as the painter *Pascin* has said, and this is one of the peculiarities of modern Paris) quotes in "Les Marges" the opinion of a poet who holds that "painting is the poetry of the illiterate." A

blasphemy that would not even win for him the friendship of booksellers ready for any capitulation.

Poetry of the illiterate! That is the painting of the copyists, the painters at second-hand of whom I spoke just now. They offer a theme for easy reveries of a literary order to greedy and careless spirits, dispensing with the kind of sacred attention which the book demands. But they only offer it by their mortal defect of genuine plasticity, by all that assures that they will have neither an artistic nor a literary future.

As for our wealthy dealer, who has become a critic, he denounces the scandal of speculation. That is rather comic. Leave them alone and let them talk. Apollo will recognize his own. Snobbery and speculation have often served better causes. Do not let us show exaggerated prudery because everything is easy for the painter. The old *Odilon Redon* (1840-1916), who had known the difficult period (that of which *Degas* said: "In my time one did not arrive"), rejoiced about it. *Redon* did not die without tasting fame. To-day the Central Union of Decorative Arts is organizing an exhibition of his painted and engraved work in the Pavillon Marsan, which is a wing of the Louvre palace (facing the Rue de Rivoli), and might be called the anti-chamber of the Museum.

This exhibition, together with the "Trésors du Moyen Age" at the Bibliothèque Nationale, and the "Trente Ans d'Art Indépendant" at the Grand Palais, which precedes by a few weeks the "Salon des Indépendants," is at the summit of the artistic manifestations of the season.

*Odilon Redon*, born at Bordeaux, where he feasted on Goya and the exotic charms brought by the sea wind, was a true Frenchman of his time, in black clothes, clean linen, a high hat, and with a square beard that turned white early. Nourished on classic literature he lived paradoxically

## Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

amidst eccentric dreams, from the divine to the infernal, finding intellectual equilibrium only in the bosom of Asiatic Nirvana. Greek reminiscences occur sometimes in his works and a conscious confusion of two mythological systems as in the Buddha in a chariot, crowning the heavens of the Hellenic world. A friend of the least orthodox poets and writers, understood by Stéphane Mallarmé, and severely rallied by J. K. Huysmans, Odilon Redon had a romantic imagination. Though he may have remembered the lessons of Delacroix, his art, generally limited by the proportions of the easel, prepared the way almost as much as Seurat, the divisionist, the epic constructor of his themes in realistic simplicity for the founders of the contemporary school, especially for Henri Matisse, the inventor of coloured volume. Who knows if the frenzies of colour in the Russian ballets, created since 1905 by Bakst, do not owe a great deal to Odilon Redon?

Redon was also a productive lithographer. Since he honoured me with his confidence, I may write that "black and white" aroused in him the idea—the vivid sentiment—of the book, so that Redon the lithographer approached his friends the poets almost to the point of satisfying his desire to be literally merged in them. He was a tragic lithographer, and braved all the literary dangers. Critics may reproach him with the abuse of metaphysical nightmares; the fact remains that his prints constitute a rare education in the craft of lithography, for he took over certain secrets from Delacroix himself, who is all too little known as a lithographer. Finally, Redon, who was a botanist at least, after the manner of J. J. Rousseau, painted quite as many flower pieces as fantastic or esoteric scenes. He painted them as a realist, as a colourist, mistrusting the reality of the naturalist-impressionists. "The Impressionists," he said to me in 1912, "are small because they have denied imagination."

Redon served it as a priest, and the combat between his devouring imagination and the plasticity which reclaimed all its rights was the drama of his life.

The flowers of Odilon Redon renew the tradition that was interrupted in the eighteenth century. They can satisfy the companion to the walks of the herboriser. They can exalt the poet. There exists a fairly good literary version of Odilon Redon's flowers. Strangely enough we owe it to the writer who was most completely cut off from the art of his period, to him who disowned the work of his fellow student at the college of Aix-en-Provence, the great Paul Cézanne, whom he had the cruelty to caricature in "Le Rêve," that very feeble novel, the idealistic but heavy caprice of the chief of the naturalists: we owe it, I say, to Zola. In "Docteur Pascal," the last volume of the Rougeon Macquarts, Claire, the doctor's niece, paints pastels of living flowers, which are also fireworks, and which is assembled by that choice which is art itself, the conscious at the service of the unintelligible, are those significant glimmers without design *a priori* which surmount, cross, and sustain our dreams between heaven and earth. These are indeed the flowers of Odilon Redon.

The treasures of the Middle Ages, miniatures, illuminated manuscripts, and borders and sculptures, give the impression to minds that have been corrupted by certain vices of education based on politics, of an age with a refined culture, very broad, opening the way to spiritual discoveries, which the materialism (so well disguised) of the Renaissance retarded by four centuries. How far this is from the gloomy Middle Ages in which

Leconte de Lisle believed, himself hypnotized by a millennium for the anti-clerical club. One would like to have an account of this exhibition by Chesterton.

Finally, I will speak of the "Trente Ans d'Art Indépendant." The Salon des Indépendants succeeded the Salon des Refusés, where Manet appeared with his "Déjeuner sur l'Herbe," rejected by the official salon, which then stood alone, mocked by a crowd which had not exhausted its powers of indignation or its propensity to insulting laughter on Courbet. The rule and motto of the new group was "neither jury nor recompense." The consequence to-day is that the numbers are detrimental to the standard. Anyone can exhibit anything. Besides, interest is lessened when audacity has so many opportunities of appearing in a good place. Therefore in 1926 the leaders have tried to revive interest by a survey of the glories, brought to light by this new Salon des Refusés which, from 1885 to about 1900, was a sort of "Salon des Réprouvés."

Success has crowned the enterprise. Respect is now accorded to what once caused such loud laughter, and such high indignation. Even the most conservative papers admit that time makes one accept what at first sight seemed scandalous. Others express the hope that the State might come here to make a choice for the Louvre. Works have been brought together by Cézanne, never reassembled since the retrospective exhibition at the Salon d'Automne in 1906; by Redon; by Toulouse Lautrec, who saved sound realism from the rut of pedantic naturalism; by Van Gogh, who paved the way for Vlaminck; by Seurat, whose "Circus" has been restored to the Louvre by America for as much as a Venetian "Glory"; by H. E. Cross, his disciple in landscape painting; by the Douanier Rousseau, the self-taught, who found again the tradition of Paolo Uccello; by Milcendean, who reconquered Brittany from the insipidity of the conventional bourgeois-painter; by Maufra and Moret, good followers of the Impressionists; by Modigliani, who died so prematurely, and whose triumph is assured in 1926, for he was so tragic and tender, such a fervent colourist, our last great painter of the nude. Steinlen brings the familiar note of popular picturesqueness, of the anecdotal mind stripped of the mediocrities of the press.

Alas! It is a childishly democratic organization which every year draws the best artists away from a salon where eloquent harmonious and significant arrangements are no longer permitted. That is why the young critic, Florent Fels, writing of the retrospective exhibition in the revue, "l'Art Vivant," spoke quite frankly of the "Last Salon des Indépendants."

The theatre continues to live on the successes of the preceding month, and we shall have to wait until Lent is over for the weeks of brilliant creations. The world of musicians is afflicted by eclipse.

George Moore, in his "Souvenirs d'un jeune Anglais" ("Confessions of a Young Man"), dating from the symbolist period, has fixed certain sentiments which time does not impair. He has painted from Nature the eternal type of the sensitive stranger, who has a better ground for calling himself a Parisian than he who enters Paris by the doors which give access to the most brilliant society. This foreign friend knew well a little hall where modern music, confronted every night by decidedly classic works, found its surest support and its greatest power of penetration.

Your Rudyard Kipling praised France for being the

## Letter from Paris

first to accept new truths, and the last to reject old ones, in a poem in which his genius succeeded in reconciling the two apparently irreconcilable qualities—grandeur and familiarity.

That was greeting the virtue of prudence so natural to a country of small savings. A virtue which, however, offers serious opposition to the audacity of creative spirits. On the other hand, if snobism, so unjustly decried, has rendered undeniable service to nonconformist artists, then France (and Paris in particular, in spite of prejudice) has never been like Germany, a country of sensations. Nothing has the right to live here without the fundamental, if not universal, consent of the race. It is the French bourgeois who has, so to speak, socialized a thought which was at first revolutionary.

It is with a consciousness of these things, without subtlety, perhaps, but precisely because he had sprung from this bourgeoisie, that a musician, a violoncellist, Mr. Francis Touche, opened some thirty years ago a small hall for popular concerts. A great audacity for the period. The musical education of the public had not commenced at that time; there were a handful of enthusiasts for music and . . . all the others. M. Francis Touche was of an age enabling him to have been present at the violent manifestations of the crowd against Wagner, when he was first introduced at the Opéra, purely political manifestations though they were. He put his whole heart into the task of securing a triumph for the new impressionist music which, followed, developed, or refuted by turns, was to give France a place which she never before had occupied.

M. Francis Touche succeeded completely. He educated the public and created in the crowd first a centre of resistance, then a source of illumination.

In the beginning M. Touche was only the first soloist of what was called the Concert Rouge, not from any revolutionism, but simply after the name of the contractor, the good M. Rouge. The hall was in the midst of the Quartier Latin, there, where to-day we find the terminus of the little railway line of Sceaux, so dear to lovers for whom the Riviera is too expensive, and to the amateurs of free lilacs. Then the concert emigrated to the rue de Tournon, near the Senate, and finally Francis Touche opened the Concert Touche in the neighbourhood of the Grands Boulevards, leaving Rouge in jeopardy, deprived of his direction, his taste, and his talent as performer.

Debussyism was the first to benefit from such an effort. But who is not indebted to him, from Dukas to Deodat de Severac, from Florent Schmitt to Eric Satie and his young disciples? M. Touche neglected nothing of foreign production. He was more unusually bold even than to popularize Grieg. He literally created understanding for the classics, of whom only a few pages were to be found on our pianos, always the same—recommended by the academic professors. This popular little hall, open every evening to an ever-increasing audience, consoled Paris for the lack of any symphonic hall worthy of her, other than the old hall of the conservatoire. . . Paris is reduced to offering hospitality to the orchestras of Colonne, Pasdeloup, and Lamoureux in theatres of doubtful acoustic, and where the frequenters of cheap places receive a somewhat discouraging welcome. To-day the Concert Touche closes its doors. Its task is not completed, French music being still in a state of evolution. It is only one of the little tragedies of the high

cost of living. Not being able to persevere on popular lines it loses its *raison d'être*.

I grieve on account of all the other evils of which this is a symbol. Still I would say that there is no reason to be too distressed. I might, after all, have said that the work of Touche is accomplished. Where will the people who refuse to pay too dear for a seat at Touche's pass their evenings? At the music-hall, someone replied, covering his face. What madness! There is much to admire without regret in the modern music-hall, internationalized though it be. But it is impossible to admit that it should have absorbed at a single stroke a public that had been systematically cultivated, the more enthusiastic because it has not revoked its ethnic prudence, and submitted to a genius as tyrannical as that of music. This public will seek its pleasures in the cinema. I know some cinema-goers who remain fairly cold before the talents of "stars." But the cinema realizes the miraculous alliance. Plastic art is at last allied to her sister music, as I said long ago in a poem which the composer Honneger, approved by the Revue Musicale, has been pleased to quote, to show me that I had not strayed. Here is the first reply to Florent Schmitt's rather daring argument, which I alluded to at the end of my last letter.

The musical programmes at the picture-houses are, for the most part, remarkably well chosen. M. Raband, the director of the "Conservatoire," wrote a score for the "Miracle des Loups," which is officially presented at the Opéra. The orchestration is rather poor, it is true, and shows no understanding for the very new contrivances which it accompanies. It is an isolated experiment. The cinema score has still to be born. Meanwhile the directors of numerous orchestras are able every evening to select very adequate themes. Sometimes they have gone very far in the infinitely subtle art of correspondences in the sense indicated by Baudelaire. Let us admire what they have done without forgetting that they had to remain in keeping with the feeling of plasticity. Let Charlie Chaplin perform his antics to a tune conceived expressly by Georges Auric or Francis Poulenc. Then we shall see what the cinema, still in its infancy, can give us in the way of new emotions.

Meanwhile, let the cinema be the concert of the poor. Its success helps us to bear that disaster—the disappearance of the Concert Touche—more easily. This evening a young Englishman, a disciple of George Moore, sits in the Salle Marivaux, or even in some more modest house, and to-morrow, in his glory, will entertain you with it.

Just a note in conclusion concerning the concerts Colonne, Lamoureux, and Pasdeloup. One of the regular composers at these performances is at the same time the most famous writer of light music—M. Maurice Yvain, who renewed the old formula of the operette, and thanks to whom musical comedy is no longer an offspring of comic opera.

The writing of such music, easy and frivolous though it be, betrays genuine culture, for it is drawn from high sources, though diverted from the great stream. In this or that refrain or finale of a revue the critic has no difficulty in recognizing the essence of a Wagnerian pastoral, or of some delicate fragment of Couperin, taken from his "Apothéose de l'Incomparable L . . ." (Lulli). This is most fortunate for the education of the ear, and the reform of sentiment. The musical cinema provides for the rest.

## LETTER FROM BERLIN

By OSCAR BIE

THE great official exhibition of Corinth's paintings in the Nationalgalerie is visited by large numbers of people. No painter has probably yet been honoured with such an immense memorial exhibition here. The whole of the first and second floors of the Nationalgalerie have been cleared out to contain almost five hundred pictures which extend over his entire lifetime. They have been arranged, not with any single principle dogmatically carried out, but with chronology and consideration of space combined. That is, perhaps, why there is a certain lack of perspective which has to be accepted, for a strictly chronological arrangement would naturally be impossible in the existing space. For that purpose there is the catalogue, which Justi has compiled with every detail in absolute chronological sequence so that the specialist can easily find his way. For the general public the aesthetic impression is of greater importance, and that has been brought out with full force. Only a few paintings are missing from the *œuvre* of Corinth, and some others that might have been added have been omitted owing to superabundance. The overpowering force of his genius speaks to us. It has been not only a development, but a consummation in this life.

His significance is revealed best of all in the fact that one can see this wealth of expression without the least fatigue. There are few painters who can stand this. As a rule a narrow range of material, a restricted method, or the weakness of personal conception, tend to limit a one-man show. Not one of these restraints is to be found here; there might have been as many pictures again, and we would still believe that we have not exhausted the work of this one artist.

I need not further describe the style and evolution of Corinth's art. But, however well we know that he passed from precise naturalism through all impressionistic possibilities to a vision of reality, still we cannot but marvel on this occasion once again at the immense passion and graphic force with which he expressed himself during this long line of development. Nothing on earth remained foreign to him. At no time was he a specialist of portraits or landscapes, or flowers, or houses, or interiors, or streets, or still-life, or history, but he assimilated all this through a great artistic impulse, and recreated it with an enthusiasm such as only the pure painter can experience who is untroubled by any external or intellectual problems. The remarkable thing is that his technique and his colour become more stormy and more fiery the older he grows. And, again, we notice that the development of his painting moves in the same *tempo* in a large circle as in a small one. Here, too, we find a whole room devoted to self-portraits and studies of his family, a gallery of observations and experiences in his immediate surroundings, which strikes one no less powerfully than the imagination of the pictures from all the world over, in which, as is well known, the family plays no less a part as model than with all other painters.

Among the few pictures in this exhibition which were not sufficiently well known before, the portrait of his wife

in an armchair, dated 1910, is a discovery of particular importance. It resounds with colour, overflows, intoxicates itself with its own reflections, becomes a symphony of eternity, although it is the most rapid impression put down in an instant. Shall we compare it with Manet? Ought one ever to establish influences and prototypes when dealing with Corinth? There is a vast field between Deffregger and Rembrandt, in which he moves so independently that he need not acknowledge anyone above him. Between the earliest pictures of the year 1879, the little "Park at Königsberg," and the cow-house, and the last works of 1925, the mystical "Ecce Homo," the glowing flowers, the colourful "Walchensee," and the elemental "George Brandes," a life-work is enclosed, the heart of which will continue to beat long after the last years of personal contact with the master have been forgotten.

The third of our Corinth exhibitions, the engraved work at the Academy, is the least important of the three organizations. Although in Corinth's etchings his nervous drawing, as well as his temperamental colour, finds expression somehow, yet the reproductive process was never his proper field, it was only an accompaniment to his development. It is especially his illustrative faculty that finds expression here. From the tragi-comedies of his youth to the "Goetz" of his last years, with the "Tell," the "Fridericus," the "Bonaventura," and numberless portraits and landscapes (here, too, his self-portraits are united) we see a vast performance which is interesting enough owing to the peculiar technique, but which follows the same line from precision to vision as his greater art.

From here I mount to the Salon Cassirer, where an exhibition of the wood-carvings of Barlach is being held. His style has not altered from the "Wanderer at Rest" of 1908 to the "Bound Witch" of 1926; there is always the same largeness of form, with breadth and reality of rhythm. Unlike Corinth, Barlach has never completed a period and reflected the outer world anew through his personality. He approaches all suitable objects with the same system. True, in the beginning he is somewhat restrained; later he grows more monumental, more synthetic, but the outlook remains the same, a personal formula which has added not a little to the formation of the style of to-day. To see this gallery of peasants, swordsmen, solitary figures, enthusiasts, dancers, beggars, and dreamers, is to understand that inner force which is exercised through concentration in an artistic nature, which, as the lithographs show, passes so easily into the realms of imagination, and, as the dramas prove, connects with such difficulty the threads of speech. This one-sidedness in sculpture has its dangers. A decorative element is not to be denied; these figures certainly have a charm of craftsmanship, but they lack the final expression which must be sought in the lithographs and the dramas if the personality of Barlach is to be understood as a unity.

Not far off in the Lützowstrasse in the centre of the antiquarian quarter of Berlin, Nierendorf, the successor of that uncommonly capable Naumann who was once the

## Letter from Berlin

propagator of modern art, has opened his new business. Nierendorf offers an exhibition of the works of Dix. It starts with the tattooed "Suleika" of 1920, and ends with some portraits of 1925. As is only to be expected from Dix, the enjoyment is a purely material one in the sharp textural representations of funerals, skating-rinks, fancy-men, the famous "Trench," various drawing-room and love scenes, and portraits. Satire sneers behind the substance. He has gradually given up symbolism. The fleshy subjects now speak for themselves. The line becomes caricature, the colour—rouge. There is no distance between sin and horror. Dix remains the cynic among the materialists of the youngest school. His painting has something aggressive about it. Sentimentality is purposely kept away. It is cold and without intoxication, having a sort of technique of substance. In that it is the essence of our time.

A few steps towards the river, to Flechtheim's, and we see a French materialist before us—Henri Rousseau. This is the first large exhibition of the deceased master offered in Berlin. Rousseau stood in the midst of Impressionism as the first stimulator of the new materialism, and has surely had a greater influence through his personality than through the actual qualities of his art. If he once again loves the leaf of the tree, the careful painting of the flamingo, the botanical growth of flowers and palms, the picturesque drawing of a fence or a blade of grass and of all the wrinkles of a face, it is thanks to his amiable nature which knows nothing of the mist of problems, and eagerly grasps reality once more. There is no satire behind this, only a positive confirmation of Nature.

Official accuracy is strengthened by conscientiousness of representation. At bottom he remains a healthy amateur. What interplay there is between the nations! Dix could be placed beside the French satirists, while Rousseau has much in common with the old German painters.

I pass into the Bellevuestrasse, this park of fashion and art-dealers of the noblest style, and inspect the charming, intimate, newly-arranged rooms of the Gallerie Matthiessen. Here is an imposing exhibition of Daumier, brought together with the greatest pains, the more so as this master has been collected with particularly happy results in Germany. He is the great French satirist, but at the same time a painter of extraordinary force. The "Rising," the "Beggars," the many theatrical scenes, the barricade fighters, the emigrants, the railway passengers, and similar groups, laundresses, hauliers, this endless series of professional men taken from life, brought into a sharp rhythm, seen with a deep pictorial sense, and yet individually, all this offers an inexhaustible feast. There are several pieces here that were not known before, but all combine into a sonorous harmony in which the wisdom of life, the keenness of the eye, and the wit of the spirit make perfect art. The painter, Daumier, has been known for the last twenty-five years; before that only the lithographer had been heard of. But to-day we know him to have been one of the richest personalities, who

remained a painter even when working in other materials, an artist even when attacking, an idealist even in realism. There are a few figures and wood-carvings by Daumier, but there is no dogmatic one-sidedness here. What in Barlach needed the eye of the beholder to complete finds an inner unity in the case of Daumier, who can be lithographer, wood-carver and painter, without standing in need of poetry.

Our music has reached something of a standstill. The important questions concerning the Opera have not yet been settled. The plan of fusing or at least combining the interests of the Berlin opera houses seems to have been given up. Thank God for that: the competition between the State and the city will always remain more fruitful. The State Opera is for the moment placed somewhat in the background. Since the resignation of Schillings, which in the present circumstances is no credit to the Ministry, a new director has not yet been appointed. Gregor, who is just returning to Germany from America, has been suggested, but it is doubtful if this elderly gentleman still has the interests and connections which are indispensable for the position of the first German musical director. Kleiber carries on a sort of overlordship and will have to see to it that he gets on with Leo Blech, who has been recalled to this institution. What a strange fate that after trying various opera-houses in Berlin and Vienna he should have returned to the house to which he once devoted his unquestionably great gifts for the theatrical profession during seventeen years. So now we have two general musical directors at the State Opera, though not in a ready co-ordination. The younger one is placed above the older one. Will that end well? Meanwhile, Bruno Walter is enlisting all the sympathy of the Berlin public for the Municipal Opera. He has once again proved his special love and high understanding for grand opera in several productions of Mozart. The "Entführung aus dem Serail" was given as perhaps never before in Berlin. Walter conducted the orchestra with the utmost sensitiveness demanded by this style, and with a flexibility towards the singers, so that a single great ensemble is produced in which the musical thought and architectural form have been absolutely assimilated.

Walter himself acts as producer with the same flexibility and naturalness of conception, making no exaggerated experiments in the rather difficult introduction to the martyr air, but rendering it with a light pantomime between Selim and Konstanze. For the first night Walter had the two best women's voices that could be found to-day for Konstanza and Blondchen—the irresistible Ivogün, and sweet Lotte Schöne. The men were not quite so good, but, like Reinhardt in the theatre, Walter knows how to train his singers, so that with the utmost tension they produce a complete ensemble. The quartet at the end of the second act was sung with such fullness of music that one would have liked to hear it over and over again. Never enough Mozart! He is the cordial of this sterile age.

## BOOK REVIEWS

SUPPLEMENT TO THE CATALOGUE OF PAINTERS  
IN THE WITT LIBRARY. (London: Privately Printed,  
1926.)

The present volume illustrates in a remarkable fashion the growth of the unique collection of reproductions of pictures brought together by Sir Robert and Lady Witt.

In the first volume, issued some five years ago, the names of about 8,000 artists were noted, and indexing some 150,000 reproductions of their works. Now over 5,000 names have been added, and the total of reproductions exceeds 250,000. It is a very wonderful record of patient, persevering work which we have here before us, and it is

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particularly interesting to emphasize that the library is being constantly added to by photographic work expressly done for this purpose, a perpetual watch being kept on sale-rooms and private collections. The result is one of the greatest and most varied usefulness, as ever-increasing numbers of students can gratefully testify.

T. B.

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH WALLPAPER, by ALAN VICTOR SUGDEN and JOHN LUDLAM EDMONDSON. (B. T. Batsford, Ltd.) £3 3s.

It is only about thirty years since it began to be realized that English wallpaper had a history worth investigating, and that this familiar household object had been in use in England at least two hundred and fifty years before its recorded use in the furnishing of Strawberry Hill. Quite an extensive literature has by now accumulated around the subject, but it is of a very amorphous sort, being found scattered in numerous magazine articles, some of which are difficult of access. The only books to deal with the subject, hitherto, have been produced in America by authors who have naturally not had the opportunity of reading many of these periodicals.

The present volume undoubtedly marks a great improvement, and will be very welcome to those who wish a very clear introduction to a subject which has long remained obscure. The authors have been at great pains to make full use of the work of their predecessors. Whilst the researches of Mr. Hilary Jenkinson on sixteenth- and seventeenth-century wallpapers (lately printed in the "Antiquaries' Journal") might be accepted wholesale, much has been written which has long needed revision.

Discrimination has been used in dealing with that bombastic eighteenth-century paperstainer, John Baptist Jackson, whose essay on printing with colour wood-blocks has imposed on his twentieth-century admirers with much greater success than it ever did on his contemporaries. It must be admitted that both parties have been imposed upon, for modern writers have made a practice of giving works to him against all the canons of probability. The present authors have been much more cautious in making attributions to Jackson. They have pointed to the absurdity of claiming for him the remarkable paper at Harington House, Bourton-on-the-Water, which is known to have been hung in 1786 and clearly belongs to about that date. Jackson had been born in 1702 and must have been long past executing this ambitious work, even if we did not know that he ended his days, feeble-minded, as a pensioner of a kindly Scottish baronet.

Besides containing corrections of previous errors this book includes much interesting material that has not appeared before, especially on the interesting series of seventeenth and eighteenth-century advertisements and trade cards in the British Museum. The records of the principal modern wallpaper firms is an interesting innovation due to the patronage of the Wallpaper Manufacturers, Ltd. It will come as a surprise to most readers that eight of these houses have already celebrated their centenary.

We are obliged to differ with the authors on a few points which arise out of this otherwise admirable book. The dates and the artists mentioned in connection with some of the early flock-papers appear to us as rather questionable. The attribution of the curious flock-paper from Easton

Neston to the year 1600 cannot be maintained in view of the discovery that it bears the Georgian wallpaper-tax stamps as was recorded when first published several years ago. The printed Chinese wallpapers are not a figment of the brain of Robert Dossie, but a real but rare variety of these beautiful decorations.

The publishers are to be congratulated on the excellence of the illustrations. The colour plates are incomparably better than any that have previously appeared on this subject and can even do justice to the delicate colours of some of the Chinese papers.

THE NEW ANECDOTES OF PAINTING, by HERBERT FURST. (The Bodley Head.) 6s.

This is an unpretentious little book, full of anecdotes of painters, some familiar, others less so. Its name is taken from Horace Walpole's famous work, a fact which the author acknowledges and apologizes for in his introduction, written in the antique style, a form which I have always found best classified under the old American slang-word, 'highfalutin'. There are many good anecdotes in it, of which, perhaps, the best is the well-known story of Fuseli and Blake. The latter had showed Fuseli a composition which he did not admire, and said, "Someone has told you that that is very fine." "Yes," said Blake, "the Virgin Mary appeared to me and told me it was very fine. Now what can you say to that?" "Only that her Ladyship has not immaculate taste." It is a short and readable little book, but there are many misprints, we hope due to the carelessness of the proof-reader. "J. S. S. Chardin" for "J. B. S. Chardin," "C. W. H. Nevinson" for "C. R. W. Nevinson," "Arthur Symonds" for "Symons," "Uccello" for "Uccello."

THE MASTERS OF MODERN ART, by WALTER PACH. (The Medici Society.) 12s. 6d.

This book is a series of reprints, with additions and revisions, from "The Freeman." It is rather a remarkable book, both because of its well-balanced judgment and its very clearly-defined historical sense. It is also very perspicacious on the subject of American art; for when we find an American-born critic taking a sane view of Sargent's art, we are indeed in Paradise. This is the work of a cultured, sensitive man, who knows his job and how to write about it. I think he may be a thought too tolerant of Cubism, which cannot live as a great, but only as an experimental, phase of modern art, but that is a question which only time can settle. The book is beautifully produced, the paper and printing being models of what such things should be. The illustrations, thirty-five in number, are a very careful and representative collection, without being in the least obvious. I think it is possibly a pity not to have given the provenance more often, especially where it is well known, and I much regret the etching used as a frontispiece. Apart from these slight blemishes this is a book which fills a great need—that of a small and concise handbook to modern painting, which is neither superficial nor patronizing.

ROMANESQUE ARCHITECTURE IN ITALY, by CORRADO RICCI, Director-General of Fine Arts and Antiquities of Italy. With 350 Illustrations. (London: William Heinemann, Ltd.) 1925. 42s. net.

By the publication of its illustrations alone this book renders invaluable service to the art of design, whether

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architectural or handicraft, in this country. The pictures, however, are preceded by an interesting essay showing an accurate and profound knowledge of Romanesque architecture in Italy between the eighth and eleventh centuries, and reaching as far as the thirteenth. The curious phase from 550 to 750, when ugliness and crudity intervened for a time, is touched upon, but even Signor Ricci is unable to explain it satisfactorily. He is at his best in describing the new features introduced with the style: the campanile, the apse crypt, the pontile, and the erection of tombs in the interior of the church. In his judgment he is catholic and deals fairly with the Byzantine and the Norman or Arabo-Byzantine styles, while maintaining the claims of the Roman tradition, which, in Italy, outlasted the Byzantine and Romanesque styles, appeared in the Gothic, and was finally absorbed in the Renaissance. An interesting reference to the early history of bells occurs in the account of the campanile.

The value of the book, however, lies in its excellent illustrations, a goodly number of which represent buildings little known to all save experienced students of Italian building. They reveal an art full of suggestions to us moderns, romantic as a medieval dream. The rose window and pulpit of Troia Cathedral, the main portal of the Cathedral, Ruvo, the towers of S. Gimignano (Siena), and the pierced side window and other details of S. Maria, Pomposa, are especially fine reproductions.

The volume is of convenient size for ready reference and is equipped with an exhaustive bibliography, while the binding shows good taste. An index to the text would have been useful.

THE MUSIC OF INDIA, by ATIYA BEGUM FYZEE-RAHAMIN.  
(Luzac & Co.) 12s. 6d.

The author of this extremely interesting book will be remembered by readers of *APOLLO* as having written an article on "The Music of India" in last year's August number. At the same time there was an account of Mr. Fyzee-Rahamin's pictures, then on show in Bond Street, and reproductions were given in black and white of his coloured drawings of personified Indian Ragas or Raginis (male and female tunes). Some people may remember the originals, which were also on show for a time at Wembley. In the present volume the drawings are again reproduced in black and white; and it must be admitted that the mysticism, which is essential to them, is a good deal lost by the absence of colour; for colours symbolize emotions, and are closely associated with the nature of the tunes. They gain enormously, however, by the explanations given in the book, and the cruder forms of symbolism, derived from legendary sources, can easily be understood. The average reader may at first be discouraged by the artificial style of literary expression, with its frequent misuse of words and of European musical terms, and the excess of adjectives. It is well worth while, however, to pass through the first part of the book, where this is especially noticeable, to the later chapters, which deal with the six classical Ragas, their thirty Raginis (female tunes) and their ninety-six sons and daughters. These tunes are of ancient origin, and though they may be varied by the introduction of Tans (ornaments), and by different methods of performance (of which there are large numbers, some being very difficult), they remain ostensibly the same, and each has appointed times and seasons of the year. This practice is in accordance with

the general tendency of Hinduism, which gives countless actions religious significance, and regards music as essentially sacred; to perform a Raga out of season is not only offensive to the ear, it is sacrilege. Raga-Bhairon, for instance, together with its female tunes, its sons and their wives, may be performed in the months of September and October, from "early dawn to sunrise." Raga Dipak, on the other hand, belongs to May and June, at dusk. This tune, it is said, if rightly performed, is capable of producing fire, and its personification is a young man, robed in red, of whom Mr. Fyzee-Rahamin gives a picture. All the Ragas may be represented in human form, they have life-histories, and are the benefactors of mankind. Unfortunately, nothing in the way of musical notation has been given; the subdivision of the tone into five divisions no doubt makes translation difficult, but the reader would have appreciated some strictly musical description of the Ragas. A large variety of tables are included, showing the passion of the Hindus for classification and association. Even individual notes are said to possess colour, temperature, temperament, a season, a heaven, and correspondence with a god, a planet, a part of man, and a part of an animal. The table giving the possible errors of a singer and the thirteen qualities of voice will probably be more congenial to the European mind. Musical instruments, which exist in great variety, are described in detail, and seem to be for the most part used as an accompaniment to singing or dancing. Significant legends and stories are given in the last chapter, and an appendix concerning music and astrology is added by Thakur Sri Jessrajsinghji Seesodia of Udaipur. Inconsistencies in spelling and paragraphing might be remedied in a future edition. The book is the first of its kind which deals frankly with Indian music in English without adopting the European standpoint.

CREATIVE CRITICISM: ESSAYS ON THE UNITY OF GENIUS AND TASTE, by J. E. SPINGARN. (Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press.) 6s. net.

It would need a separate philosophic treatise to do Mr. Spingarn's little collection of essays justice, seeing that it is full of stimulating and challenging thought. The book is addressed to an American public, and dedicated to "my friend, Benedetto Croce, the most original of all modern thinkers on art." These two facts probably account for its good and its bad qualities alike. His curtain lecture to the American patron of art is admirable; but he skates on Croce's very thin aesthetic ice when he endeavours to uphold, say, "the distinction between utility and beauty," or insists that "to say that poetry is moral or immoral is meaningless." He tries to illustrate his point: "Do you know why my cook's pastry is so good? Because he has never told a lie or seduced a woman"—and misses it. The point is: "What was in the pie?" Four-and-twenty blackbirds, perhaps: this would, at all events, accord rather well with Mr. Spingarn's advocacy of the essential madness of art.

THE OTHER LONDON GALLERIES, by MARGARET TABOR.  
116 pp, 24 illustrations. (Methuen.) 5s. net.

This is a book which should make young people realize that a picture gallery is not a tiresome collection of more or less meaningless things to be looked at as quickly as possible, but a world of interest and delight only waiting to

be explored. It is a sequel to "The National Gallery for the Young," and forms an introduction to all the other important collections of pictures in London, including those at Hampton Court Palace and the Dulwich Gallery. Miss Tabor has the gift of sympathetic imagination, and supplies just the information the uninitiated want when they see a picture for the first time—what sort of a man the painter was, and what he was aiming at, how he stands in the history of art, what interest the subject has, and what artistic qualities are worth noting in the picture. By judicious selection a surprisingly large field is covered in

this short book, without the dullness of over-condensation. The English and French schools are dealt with at some length, as they are the best represented in the galleries; on the whole, the proportion of space allotted to the different artists shows a catholic taste, but it is perhaps regrettable that Daumier is not mentioned at all, and Monet passed over with a few lines, in the account of the French pictures at the Tate Gallery. Although meant for children, this book will interest many older people as well, and inspire them to visit some of the lesser galleries, and to look up the pictures they have forgotten in the others.

## MUSIC NEWS AND NOTES

By PERCY COLSON

### **The Decadence of the Philharmonic Society.**

—During the last few years the standard of orchestral playing in London has been going steadily from bad to worse, but it has surely never before sunk to such a depth as it did at the Philharmonic Society's concert on January 28. M. Rhéne-Baton is a fairly capable conductor, and might have secured better results had the orchestra taken the faintest interest in what they were doing. Here, however, I find some excuse for them, as I cannot see how anyone could possibly pretend to be interested in such a childishly primitive work as Rimsky-Korsakof's overture on Russian church themes with which the concert opened. When this kind of music was a novelty, a little of it was quite amusing, but the endless repetition of these village tunes becomes intensely irritating and tiresome, and even the composer's complete command of every technical resource does not hide the essential poverty and vulgarity of the work. Louis Vuillemin's suite, "En Cornouailles," which was given its first performance in England, was a worthy companion to the overture; it is the sort of thing that any fairly intelligent third-year Academy student of instrumentation can turn out by the ream, and why it should have been chosen is a mystery to me. Rousel's ballet, "Le Festin de l'Araignée," may be effective when given with its *mise en scène*. I do not know as I have not seen it, but on this occasion it seemed intolerably long and, musically, quite valueless. It is supposed to illustrate episodes in the lives of the spider, the ant, the butterfly, and the dayfly; the career of the latter insect being treated, as we were informed in the programme, at considerable length. Alas! this was, indeed, true. The soloist of the evening was Mr. Ricardo Vinès, one of the driest and most unsympathetic pianists to whom I have ever listened. He combined with the orchestra in a successful attempt to hide every trace of the beauty and grace of Mozart's lovely concerto in C minor.

At the concert on February 25, which Mr. Paul Klenau conducted, the orchestra was very little, if at all, better. It began with Brahms' "Tragic Overture," which is not one of his most inspired works; its tragedy is of a rather mild order, but the orchestra made up for this by giving it a truly tragic performance. Mdle. Enrica Morini, who is without question the finest woman

violinist I have ever heard, played Beethoven's concerto magnificently. She produces a beautiful tone from her instrument, her intonation is wellnigh perfect, and she plays with great feeling and a fine sense of rhythm; the orchestral accompaniment could hardly have been worse, and one can well understand that Mdle. Morini preferred not to essay Vaughan Williams' new work under such conditions.

**The Chenil Galleries' Concerts.**—Lovers of real music, admirably performed in pleasant and intimate conditions, would do well to study the announcements of the doings at the Chenil Galleries, as without doubt some of the most attractive and artistic concerts to be heard in London take place there. Those given by Mr. Barbirolli's little orchestra are particularly enjoyable; he is an excellent musician and has the makings of a first-class conductor, though at present his methods are inclined to be a little too stiff and restrained, his nineteen artistes are all excellent players, and their ensemble is quite exceptionally good. At their concert on January 28 Handel's "Concerto Grosso in B $\flat$ " for strings, Mozart's delightful and seldom-played "Divertimento" for oboe, strings and two horns, and Haydn's "Farewell Symphony" were given. It is probably the dreary and sterile ugliness of most of the music which has been written since the war that has caused the recent revival in popularity of these eighteenth-century composers. Certainly Mozart's music makes the efforts of such writers as "Les Six" sound like the practical jokes of nasty little schoolboys. One of his most admirable qualities is his genius for knowing exactly when to stop; he never goes on talking when he has finished what he has to say, and modern composers would gain a great deal by studying him from this point of view. I have always found that the smaller a composer's talent and the poorer his ideas the longer time he requires in which to express them.

In the "Farewell Symphony" Mr. Barbirolli observed the charming tradition of having the musicians blow out their candles and leave the orchestra as their respective parts ended. For those of my readers who may have forgotten the circumstances in which this symphony was written I quote the account given in Grove's dictionary:

"On May 1, 1761, Haydn was appointed Kapellmeister to Prince Paul Anton Esterhazy, and continued, on the

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Prince's death, in the same post under his successor, Prince Nicolaus, who was himself a performer on the viola di bordone. The Prince built a magnificent palace near Suttor in Hungary, and called it Esterhaz; it was quite out of the world, and the orchestra had to spend most of the year there, away from their wives and families. This was felt as a hardship, and Haydn composed (perhaps in 1779) the 'Farewell Symphony' with the object of persuading the Prince to shorten his stay at Esterhaz, and thus enable the musicians to rejoin their wives and families. As one after another stopped playing and left the orchestra, until two violins were left (Tomasini, the Prince's favourite, being one of them), the hint was unmistakable. 'If all go,' said the Prince, 'we may as well go too'; and Haydn knew that his object was attained."

### Madame Gerhardt and the Léner Quartette.

—I went to the Albert Hall on Sunday, February 14, to hear Elena Gerhardt and the Léner Quartette. I have heard all the famous quartettes of the last thirty years, but not one of them has given me such intense pleasure as Herr Léner's; the grace and understanding with which they play Mozart is quite inimitable. They gave a poignantly beautiful performance of the lovely "Largo Sostenuto" from Smetana's quartette in E minor, and almost persuaded us that the slow movement in Tchaikovsky's quartette, Op. 11, is great music. It is difficult to understand why Beethoven took a number of Scotch songs and dressed them up with typically Teutonic and thoroughly unsuitable accompaniments for violin, violoncello, and pianoforte, but the performance they were given on this occasion by Elena Gerhardt, Messrs. Léner and Hartman, with Paula Hegner at the piano, made one freely forgive him. Time, which wears everything away, has not spared Madame Gerhardt's voice, but she is still able to enchant us with her incomparable art. Few singers can interpret Schubert and Brahms as she does.

**Elizabeth Schumann.**—No one who heard Madame Schumann during the last two German seasons at Covent Garden can have failed to be struck by the extraordinary intelligence with which she sang, quite apart from the beauty of her voice, and this impression was more than confirmed at her recital in January at the Wigmore Hall. Madame Schumann has complete command of every phase of the singer's art; her diction, phrasing, tone colour, and interpretation are alike admirable, and her lovely voice and distinguished style form a combination

of qualities very rare in these days of all-pervading mediocrity. I should have enjoyed Mozart's aria "Deh Vieni non tardar" more had it been sung in Italian, it seems to demand that language, but the rest of the programme consisted of typically German music. Perhaps some of Strauss's songs sounded a little cheap beside Mozart and Schubert. Certainly "Ich Schwebte" and the "Wiegenlied" are both sickly and sentimental, but they were so beautifully sung that one was almost convinced of their sincerity. I should like Madame Schumann to give a recital to an audience of British singers and students of singing, who do not as a rule realize how many years of hard and self-denying work are necessary in order to sing as she does. A good voice is only the raw material of a singer's equipment.

**The Opera Season.**—Arrangements for the coming season at Covent Garden are nearly completed, and several more interesting engagements have been made, including the two German tenors, Rudolph Laubenthal, a young and good-looking artiste who has been singing the principal tenor parts in the German operas at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, for the last three years, and Fritz Krauss, of Munich, a protégé of Bruno Walter, who is to sing the rôle of Walter in "Die Meistersinger." Delia Reinhardt, Elizabeth Schumann, Maria Olczewski, and Richard Mayr are coming back, so practically all the most famous German opera singers will be at Covent Garden this summer. In the Mozart operas the accompaniments to the recitatives will be played on a pianoforte which has been specially adapted to sound like a spinet, as was the custom in Mozart's own day. The Italian tenors include Francesco Merli and Angelo Minghetti, both of "La Scala," and Zanatello will appear as "Otello." We shall all be glad to hear Anseu again in Massenet's "Manon," and Maguenet and Warnery are to sing in "L'Heure Espagnole." Their Majesties the King and Queen have taken the royal box for the season, and I hope they will frequently occupy it. It should be one of the highest privileges of Royalty to give all the support in its power to the arts, a privilege which was fully realized on the Continent in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and early nineteenth centuries. If opera is to be adequately given it cannot be self-supporting, and if the powers that be are indifferent to such matters it makes things very difficult for those who are trying their best to help England to lose its reputation of being, with the exception of the United States, the most material country in the world.

## ART NEWS AND NOTES

*Great Masters of the French Nineteenth Century at the French Gallery.*

Monsieur Paul Rosenberg deserves our thanks for having brought this small but choice collection of representative French painting to England. The names alone are indicative of its importance: Ingres, Corot, Delacroix, Daumier, Courbet, Camille Pissarro, Manet, Degas, Seurat, Sisley, Cézanne, Monet, Berthe Morisot, Renoir, Van Gogh, Toulouse-Lautrec, Bracqué, Picasso, and Mlle. Laurencin. With the exception of Ingres' work, which is only represented by two excellent drawings, all the

pictures are of importance and nearly all of the first quality. The exhibition is likely to impress the ordinary English visitor with the fact that "modern" painting is almost one hundred years old. One may perhaps regard Ingres, Delacroix and Daumier as the last of the "Old Style" painters. Delacroix's "Arabe blessé," and "Episode de la guerre en Grèce," are put together as Titianesque colour harmonies based on the contrast of "hot" (red) and "cold" (blue); Daumier's "Les Saltimbanques au repos" is founded upon Rembrandt's chiaroscuro, which in respect of colour is, however, likewise a Titian derivation,

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but in respect of lighting, comes from Caravaggio. Courbet and Corot here clearly manifest themselves as intermediaries. Courbet, whom one thinks of as a "brutal" realist, sticks uncompromisingly to truth in the "Baigneuse endormie" only in respect of the modelling, but apologizes for this temerity, with a charming pose, romantic setting, and aesthetically coquettish notes of red and blue. Even in his admirable landscape "La Plage," the "Two little Vagabonds" of the foreground are introduced, apparently for the purpose of currying favour with a possibly hostile public. His "Portrait of Madame P." is, however, merely dull. Corot's "Femme à la Grande Toque et à la Mandoline" is likewise disappointing. His "Venus au bain," however, will captivate the greater number by reason of its charm, its flesh painting, its almost Italian "style" in conjunction with the orthodox "Corot" background. The minority will be enthusiastic about his landscapes and especially about the very early "Honfleur." "Honfleur," twenty years ago, would have been—perhaps was, I don't know—quite unsaleable. To-day it might possibly be regarded as his masterpiece. Though comparatively low in key it is as taut in design and as strong in recession as any contemporary modernist could wish. And yet I am not sure that later judgment will not revert to the earlier estimate and decide that, after all, the "feathery" Corot, with the shimmering atmosphere, the quivering foliage, and the undeniable "sentiment," was the maturer Corot, and this is the point—the better one. He had poetry, the poetry which we discover with delight in Monet's rose and emerald "Vétheuil" of 1879, the poetry which Camille Pissarro, the grey-green incorruptible of the Impressionist movement, in spite of his immense visual and executive skill, lacked. Manet who must perhaps bear the blame for that far-flung school of technique which despises "finish" because it confuses it with "niggling," here, as elsewhere, impresses one with a fact which it needs considerable courage to state, namely, that he was *au fond* an amateur, a "gentleman" with a passion for "art." One cannot think of him as one thinks of Degas and Renoir, who painted because they were painters. Degas's "Femme Assise—1873" has been acquired for the nation out of the Courtauld Fund. It is a wonderful study of a head, and fine in colour.

There are four portraits and a landscape by Cézanne. The landscape is important only in size. Of the portraits, the "Portrait d'homme—1887" is extraordinarily full of sympathy and preoccupation with the psychology of the sitter and therefore one of his best. That of "Madame Cézanne—1885" is likewise sympathetic; but in the "Madame Cézanne dans un fauteuil—1890" there is a preoccupation with paint and it fails. The Renoirs are full of brilliant sparkling colour, and devoid of the bladder-like inflation of forms and the blue-pink "complex" which made so much of his later work unpleasing. The literary title of "Sous la Tonnelle-confidences" of 1878, and the traditional red note of the poppies on the hat of one of the figures in it, are interesting as signs of professional picture-making. Seurat's mechanical pointillism in "Jeune femme se poudrant," strikes one as a purely intellectual effort based on very unintellectual foundations. Berthe Morisot's tender pearly-pink and grey "Le repos" is a feminine Manet. Comparison of van Gogh's landscape "Arles—1889," with Monet's "Vétheuil," on the one hand, and of his "Femme sur fond bleu" with Picasso's blue "Maternité" of 1902 on the other, is instructive. The first pair demonstrate the difference between an overcharged

temperament rendering Nature in terms of colour, form, and pigment, and the normal and objective mind rendering Nature in terms of light and air. The second pair shows us the emotional temperament grappling with the psychology of colour and form in an emotional manner and the purely intellectual temperament applying itself objectively to the same purpose: Picasso is the antithesis of Van Gogh. His later over-life-size "Maternité," of 1921, is likewise a purely intellectual experiment and has as little of the poetic spirit in it as his geometric "Arlequin," of 1918, the "Paysage," with the anthropomorph trees of 1919, or the "Femme assise" of 1923. It will be seen that as we reach the present day painting becomes more and more a mental experiment—a philosophic speculation. Bracque's abstract "Still Life" is another intellectual exercise, based nevertheless on a true emotional experience of colour. It has an extraordinary effect which perhaps the artist did not intend. Its white and especially its blue notes stand out, the former by reason of its unmixed whiteness, which has no tonal relation to the rest—except possibly the blue note. This blue, however, comes forward by reason of its isolation and recedes by reason of its very nature. Here is a conflict, a grating on the optic sense, a "cacophony," which destroys the charm of the otherwise unusual and exquisite design.

It is also interesting to compare Gauguin's "L' Ondine" with the Delacroix pictures, because these two painters appeal through colour to our sense of the beautiful—only *subject* was to the latter what *pattern* was to Gauguin. With the Impressionist colour was a light value—with Toulouse-Lautrec it was nothing because he was, above all, a student of life.

The different approaches to art and in particular to the art of easel picture painting that this collection clearly demonstrates makes this exhibition so stimulating and worth while.

*Drawings by Mr. W. R. Sickert, A.R.A. at the Savile Gallery.*

Mr. Sickert, who has publicly protested against the fashion of the moment which decries "that a work of art must, above all, mean nothing," will not find fault with the assertion that all his drawings mean something. This explains the unexpected answer given to me by a man whom I had asked whether he had seen these drawings. "Yes," he said, "they made my wife very angry." This seems a perfectly valid criticism of his art. Pictures which "mean something" may quite legitimately be judged by their meaning, rather than by the statement, which is what we usually call art. Fortunately Mr. Sickert leaves, as a rule, a sufficient margin of art interest to attract one to his means quite apart from his meanings. Such drawings as "The Lark," "Church Time," "Mrs. Beeton," and "L'Armoire à glace," which, if I remember rightly, is the study for a picture, and an etching with a much longer literary title, are all but meaningless without the key which their titles give. On the other hand, "The London, Shoreditch," or "The Old Bedford," studies for paintings, mean nothing at all in the literary sense, but a great deal in the æsthetic sense—and are for that reason possibly more delightful, at all events, to such persons as my friend's wife. The fact is that people who like Mr. Sickert's "esprit" will like his art, whether it be drawn, painted, or spoken, or printed; those who don't won't. One must only be suspicious of those admirers of his who profess to like his art apart from its meaning.

## Art News and Notes

*Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson's Pictures at the Leicester Galleries.*

Mr. Nevinson resembles, in certain respects, Mr. Sickert, for most of his art cannot be considered apart from its meaning. Such paintings as "A Paris Morning," "A Paris Façade," or "Montparnasse," are Sickertian in meaning, though hardly in statement. The statement is, in fact, not Mr. Nevinson's strongest point. He reminds one a little of the Scotsman, for he paints with manifest "deeficulty"—the very quality which is entirely absent from Mr. Sickert's work. Nevertheless, Mr. Nevinson has something to say, and sometimes says it extraordinarily well, as in his water-colour, "Snow in the Suburbs," where a rose and white scene is viewed through the black filigree pattern of branches of trees. This particular decorative use of trees and foliage, which Mr. Nevinson has also exploited in his poster-work, is the theme of a number of very successful landscapes, such as the effective "On the Banks of the Seine," the "Closerie des Lilas," and, to a certain extent, the "Boulevard," which, however, depends equally on satisfying colour-design. In this latter respect his "Still Life" (No. 60) is the best painting here. Several of his pictures come under the heading of "cleverness," such as the "Cloud Shadows of Spring" with its heaving hill, the "Winter Landscape" with its receding fields and furrows, and the cleverest, perhaps, "A Welsh Estuary," where the water-logged foreshore and sky re-echo one another. His pastel of "Miss Edith Sitwell" is admirable. Years ago, when Mr. Nevinson burst upon us in the high dudgeon of Futuristic and Cubistic eloquence, I ventured to say that what was good about his work was himself and not his theories. In the light of subsequent events this judgment needs amendment. The rigidity of his earlier theories gave his statement a firmness and a sense of order which it now often lacks.

*Charles Ginner and Randolph Schwabe at the St. George's Gallery.*

In view of the continual lament about the alleged deficiency in native talent it always gives one pleasure to come across work which bears the stamp of the national character as unmistakably as does that of Charles Ginner. Mr. Ginner has a very English love of definition—and although his water-colours are not traditional and, in fact, hardly deserve the name—they are merely tinted pen-and-ink drawings—they document a true and, if one can so express it, a lyrical vision. Mr. Ginner understands landscape, and especially trees, as witnessed by the charming "Pines" and the intricate "Wood Scene, Hampstead Heath"; but the spirit of the London suburb is his real element, to which "A London Back Garden," "The Poetry Book-shop," "The High-class Butcher's," and the curiously intimate "Fruit-shop, Flask Walk," bear eloquent witness. Mr. Ginner would be an excellent engraver of his own carefully-wrought designs.

There are a few things by Mr. Randolph Schwabe in this exhibition which are decidedly worth noticing, such as the old, but pleasant, design "Musidora," an etching, and several others, such as the Méryonesque "Piccadilly Circus." Also a few very competent drawings, for example "Petersfield, the Square." His water-colours are less distinguished. But Mr. Schwabe's genius is commencing to become puzzling: for years now he has held out the promise of great things: he still does, but are we never to see fulfilment?

*M. T. Leman Hare's Flower Paintings at Gieves Art Gallery.*

Mr. Leman Hare is no longer a young man in years, but with the enthusiasm of youth he has suddenly, and untutored, blossomed out as a painter of flowers. As one would expect from him, his work displays the taste and discrimination of a man who understands colour, and it is pre-eminently as an opportunity for the display of colour that flowers appeal to him. He therefore has had the happy idea of not only harmonizing the background with the colour-scheme of his flowers, but inventing what amounts to a complementary pattern on it. As a result his flower-paintings are what one might call decorative lyrics. Most successful amongst a great number of these pictorial "fireworks" are, perhaps, "White Broom," "Wallflowers," "Primrose," and "Foulgon," the latter with its happy black and green background setting off the red and green flower theme.

*The Women Artists at the Royal Institute Galleries and the Women's International Art Club at Suffolk Street Galleries.*

Women have never suffered in respect of art from the disabilities which have impeded their development in other walks of life, and as there are now many more women artists than there are men artists, the "Old Masters" should have long been superseded by a galaxy of "New Mistresses." The actual fact is, unfortunately, entirely on the side of Nature's ungallant, but inexorable, laws. In other words, the woman artist is, like a crowing hen, an exception that proves the rule. If, therefore, there are few modern "masters," the proportion of modern "mistresses" is commensurately infinitesimal. To see the number of pictures annually painted, glazed, framed, and exhibited one would, however, hardly think so. This makes it exceedingly difficult to do the "exceptions" justice. At the "Society of Women Artists" Exhibition such artists—without qualification of the term—as Dod Procter, Dorothy Sharp, Mrs. Granger Taylor, Mrs. Sidney Fairbairn, Miss H. Mackenzie, Miss Browning, Miss Madeline Green, to mention a few different types of achievement, to which one must add sculptors such as Miss Acheson, Mrs. Stables, wood-cutters such as Marcia Lane Foster—are swamped by a large number of works that are, to say the best for them, uninteresting. The craft section is, as one would expect to find it, more attractive, and here one cannot single out names for fear of being unjust to the unmentioned.

The Women's International Art Club Exhibition suffers inevitably from the same defects. It is in any case hardly an international show, the woodcuts of Fräulein Bresslern-Roth being almost the only, as they certainly are the best, foreign exhibits. Here, again, Dod Procter's contributions are outstanding; Ethel Walker's, as customary with her, original, decorative, but not entirely satisfying. Miss Ruth Hollingsworth's still-life "China Ducks," and Mrs. Littlejohn's "Black and White," are technically eminently satisfactory; Miss Phyllis Emmerson's "Monastery of Telarne, Aetolia," has personal vision; Miss Tharle-Hughes's water-colours attract by reason of their naturally picturesque subject-matter; Mrs. Charlotte Lawrenson's "Joan" is an interesting and successful effort in fresco. Amongst the so-called "crafts" there is a greater proportion of good work, such as Mrs. Fox Strangeway's admirable pottery, and the very charming figurines by Ethel Sleigh and Phyllis Simpson. Here again, a singling out of names is apt to be unjust to the unmentioned.

HERBERT FURST.

## *Apollo: A Journal of the Arts*

*Catalogue of a Loan Exhibition of Early Oriental Carpets, by Arthur Upham Pope. The Chicago Art Club.*

The Loan Collection of hand-woven carpets assembled from all parts of the world, under the auspices of the Chicago Art Club, made a very remarkable exhibition, including as it did some of the earliest and finest productions of Persia and other parts of the East, as well as examples from Spain and even a superlative modern silk rug with, it is stated, nearly 2,500 knots to the square inch. The catalogue, prepared by Mr. Arthur Upham Pope, is well worthy of the exhibition it perpetuates. Of the fifty-odd pieces brought together, more than four-fifths are illustrated by excellent colour and half-tone plates, and each carpet has half a page (they are large pages) or so of description in which the commendable plan is followed of giving as far as possible technical details of the method of weaving.

Mr. Pope says that the attributions are on the whole conservative, but the student will be glad that he does not fail to give some of the latest theories as to the identification of certain groups of carpets. With regard to these no one will now dispute that the so-called "dragon carpets," and others akin to them, for a time called Armenian, are the direct ancestors of the present Caucasian group, even if the precise locality in which they were woven is uncertain. On the other hand, it cannot be regarded as established, in spite of Dr. Sarre's historical researches, that the much-discussed "Syrian" carpets came from Egypt. The carpets themselves—which were represented in the exhibition but not illustrated in the catalogue—bear internal evidence rather against such a view. Perhaps, however, the most doubtful attribution is the dating of the Persian carpets with large central medallions, which Mr. Pope places at the end of the fifteenth or beginning of the sixteenth century—that is earlier than the famous Ardabil carpets, whose undisputed inscribed date is the great landmark in carpet chronology. Many will still think that the design of these is rather decadent than primitive, and will be inclined to put them at least as late as the end of the sixteenth century.

The introduction, though "addressed primarily to those who have no special knowledge of carpets," will nevertheless be found to contain much of interest. In it Mr. Pope's insistence on two points is very refreshing. Firstly, that a carpet to be considered really fine should have bright or rich colours and not the faded, washed-out and confused appearance that some collectors seem to admire. Secondly, that the supposed symbolical significance of Eastern rugs of carpet design is at the best of little importance and probably quite fallacious.

C. E. C. T.

### *Forthcoming Sales of Pictures, Prints, and Works of Art.*

The commencement of the month of May will be marked by a number of sales of outstanding importance. Taking these in order of time we note that Messrs. Christie will be selling the Bischoffsheim Collection on May 5 and 6 (China, Objects of Art and Tapestry), and May 7 (Pictures by Old Masters).

Particularly notable among the items in the first category are the Dresden China and a set of four panels of Gobelin Tapestry, woven with scenes emblematic of the Elements, and, in addition, a Bronze Statue of a Nymph by Clodion.

The Old Masters are practically all of the French

and English eighteenth-century, and the Dutch seventeenth-century schools, and include a number of examples of very fine quality.

Reference may here be made to a portrait of "Elizabeth de Valois, Queen of Spain," by Sir Anthony Moro, a large extensive landscape by Philip de Koninck, "Miss Kitty Fisher" by Sir Joshua Reynolds, a "Boy Building a House of Cards" and a "Girl Blowing Bubbles," both by F. H. Drouais, and a portrait of "Lady Lushington" by G. Romney.

A sale of more than ordinary interest is announced by Messrs. Sotheby for May 6. The principal feature of this occasion will be the collection of eighteenth-century French furniture, prints and drawings, and fine English eighteenth-century pictures, the property of Mr. Walter S. M. Burns, and sold on the owner giving up his residence at 50 Grosvenor Street. It must be a very long time since a collection of French colour prints equalling this one has appeared in a London auction room; and examples such as the "Promenade de la Galerie du Palais Royal," by and after P. L. Debucourt, proof before the publication line; the "Promenade Publique," by and after the same artist, proof before the title and publication line; and "L'Indiscretion," by Janinet after Lavreince, first state, will be sure to attract very widespread attention. A number of fine line engravings, line portraits, mezzotints and stipple engravings are also included in the sale, and among the names represented in the collection of drawings we note Hubert Robert, Augustin and Gabriel de Saint-Aubin, Pierre Prud'hon, etc. Coming to the pictures, mention should be made of John Hoppner's fine manly "Portrait of Richard Burke," George Romney's "Master Tennant," another "Blue Boy," painted in 1789-90; and most important of all Sir Joshua Reynolds' exquisite "Babes in the Wood." Our readers will be glad of a reproduction of this picture which, though familiar through James Watson's mezzotint of 1776, has not been seen in public since the Old Masters at Burlington House in 1896. Justly praised for its "charming idea" by Horace Walpole, this picture was purchased from the artist by Viscount Palmerston and first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1770. A full and well-illustrated catalogue of this sale has been issued.

On the same day, after the conclusion of the Burns sale, Messrs. Sotheby will be offering for sale a few fine portraits mainly of the English and French schools from different sources; of these a separate and illustrated catalogue has been published. Particularly notable among these pictures are Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Portrait of Dr. John Armstrong" painted in 1767 and at one time in the Burdett-Coutts Collection; a very powerful and decorative portrait of Queen Mary Tudor, traditionally ascribed to Sir Anthony Moro, with two other pictures from the possession of the late Rosalind Countess of Carlisle; an interesting "Portrait of Benjamin Franklin," by Benjamin West, the property of Lord Worsley; and George Romney's big full-length "Portrait of Anne Marchioness Townshend," the property of the Hon. Marcus Pelham.

The Early Chinese Pottery and Sculpture belonging to the late Dr. George P. Crofts of Tientsin, China, to be sold at Messrs. Sotheby's on April 16th, will remind readers of the large collection belonging to the same owner which was put up for auction at the same galleries last July, and which was perhaps the most important sale of early Chinese ceramic art, sculpture, and metal work sold in this country.



"THE BABES IN THE WOOD"

*By Sir Joshua Reynolds*

*To be sold at Messrs. Sotheby's on May 6, 1926*

## *Apollo: A Journal of the Arts*

The present collection, while not of the same magnitude, contains many important and interesting pieces, including a large variety of funerary vessels, sepulchral figures of Buddhist Guardians, and models of favourite animals belonging to the deceased, some of which are charming and illustrate the great skill of the T'ang potters of long ago, true masters of their craft.

### *A Sale of MSS. and Printed Books.*

An interesting collection of about 200 manuscripts and printed books formed by a collector abroad in the early part of last century is to be sold at Messrs. Sotheby's in May. The manuscripts, which make up about half the total number, will provide the most important event of the kind since the sale of a section of Mr. Yates Thompson's celebrated "One Hundred Illuminated Manuscripts" five years ago.

Books of Hours form the most prominent feature alike of the manuscripts and printed books, there being about 120, of which nearly half are manuscript. Such an extensive collection of Horæ has never before been sold in this country, and has probably been surpassed abroad only by the unrivalled series in the Didot library. Of the manuscripts the earliest and most important is a magnificent tenth-century Gospel Lectionary with full-page decorations and a remarkable series of large initials, beautiful alike in colouring and design. The thirteenth and fourteenth centuries are represented by a number of Bibles, Psalters, Missals and Horæ of fine execution, which show the taste of a collector who was primarily interested in the decoration of liturgical manuscripts. One fourteenth-century Book of Hours contains a number of charming miniatures, probably by the artist named by M. Henri Martin, "*Le Maître aux boqueteaux*," from his habit of making all his trees rather like stone-pines with bare trunks and thick umbrella-like foliage. Another manuscript of the fourteenth century shows in its rows of capital J's alternately red and blue arranged outside the text a characteristic of a Parisian atelier for which Jean Pucelle worked.

Among the fifteenth-century Horæ the French naturally predominate, but there are several of Flemish execution of unusual merit. From a decorative point of view perhaps the finest manuscript of the collection is a magnificent French Book of Hours, with sixteen large miniatures in perfect condition and in the original stamped calf binding.

Among the printed Books of Hours the most interesting is a hitherto unrecorded edition printed by Verard, which is undated, but which has an almanac beginning in 1489. There are six other editions, of which no other copies are known, including one of the use of Chartres. The great majority of Horæ are printed on vellum, but the finest of them is a magnificent example on paper, printed for Gilles Hardouin in 1503, with wide margins and unspoilt by colour. The other printed books include a copy of the *Schatzbehalter* of 1491 with illustrations by Michael Wohlgemuth, and the Epistles of S. Jerome, printed at Ferrara in 1497, with woodcuts in the style of the Mallermi Bible.

T. P.

### *A Picture by Courbet.*

Our third colour plate is from Courbet's beautiful picture of "*A Woman at a Trellis Arranging Flowers*" (canvas, 42½ × 53 in.). The picture—briefly referred to already in our last number, in Mr. Manson's article on the Workman Collection, page 140—introduces a favourite model of Courbet's, and was painted in 1862-3.

### *Improvement of Design in Silverwork.*

An interesting announcement is made by the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths to the effect that it is organizing a competition, which will be open to all workers on the precious metals, for design and manufacture of racing cups and trophies. The committee of judges is composed of the following: Sir Edwin Lutyens, R.A., Mr. C. H. St. J. Hornby, Mr. Muirhead Bone, Mr. B. J. Fletcher, and Mr. F. Courthope. The sum of £500 is placed at the disposal of the judges for prizes at their discretion, and the following is the specification of cups for which designs may be submitted:

1. A cup suitable for the Ascot Cup, which is of 18-carat gold. Approximate cost, £500.
2. A trophy suitable for the King's Gold Vase, which is also of 18-carat gold. Approximate cost, £250.
3. A cup suitable for the Hunt Cup, which is of silver. Approximate cost, £150.

All designs must be drawn and all models made to exact size and be accompanied by an approximate estimate of weight and cost, which shall be applicable also to replicas, at the option of the judges. An indication must be given on the drawing showing which parts are to be hammered, chased, engraved, cast, etc.

Sketches, photographs, or specimens of work as mentioned in clause 5 of the prospectus, and all communications, should be addressed to the Clerk of the Goldsmiths' Company, Goldsmiths' Hall, London, E.C.2, before April 30, 1926.

### *An Inquiry.*

In the year 1816 part of the Hope Collection was sold by auction at Messrs. Christie's, including a picture assigned to Charles Lebrun, which represents the Jabach family. The picture in question is probably a copy of the



original, herewith reproduced, now in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, Berlin. The size of this original, which probably approximately tallied with that of the Hope picture, is 2.76 metres by 3.25 metres; it is thus a picture of very considerable size. At the sale this picture was acquired by Mr. W. Taylor.

Would anyone who has information as regards the present whereabouts of the picture kindly communicate with Dr. Baumeister, Spiesergasse 1, Cologne.





## A PORTRAIT BY HOLBEIN

By TANCRED BORENIUS

IN that marvellous series of portraits which, at any rate to us nowadays, forms the principal province of Hans Holbein's work as a painter, we can distinguish two main groups. One is formed by the examples in which the sitter is shown in as elaborate a rendering as possible of the customary setting of his life—in other words, the compositions of which the "Georg Gisze," in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum at Berlin, is the typical instance. The other group is that to which belong the portraits in which the setting and the attributes of the sitter are reduced to a minimum, a plain background of one single tint being substituted for the minutiae of still-life painting, which characterize the paintings of the first group. To the second of these two categories belong, without exception, the portraits of circular shape painted by Holbein.

Dr. Paul Ganz has lately made the circular portraits by Holbein the subject of an interesting study, *à propos* of the publication of the "Portrait of a Gentleman" in the Arthur and Alice Sachs Collection in New York.\* Dr. Ganz points out how, at the time when in France the portrait drawing *à trois crayons* became popular, fashion in England began to favour the miniature portrait of circular shape, which could be worn as a pendant, and both as regards size and the use to which it was put corresponded to the contemporary German portrait medal. Holbein followed this fashion, learning the technique of miniature painting probably from Lucas Hoorenbault, a Ghent painter who was attached to the court of Henry VIII and died in London in 1544. Next in size to Holbein's miniature portraits, which usually are about 1 inch in diameter, come the somewhat larger circular portraits, 3½ to 5 inches in diameter; and finally we have the still larger panels, one of which, the Portrait of Edward VI as a boy of six, in the collection of Viscount Lee of Fareham, in London, was reproduced in colour in the

December issue of *APOLLO* for last year, as an illustration to an article by Dr. Ganz.

To the second group of those mentioned at the beginning of this article belongs the exquisite portrait of a man by Holbein, which we are privileged to reproduce in colour, in the actual size of the original, by kind permission of the owner, the Hon. Walter H. Samuel. The history of the picture can be traced back to three previous collections—the Jäger and Gsell Collections, Vienna, and more recently the collection of Mme. L. Goldschmidt-Przibram of Brussels.

No uncertainty is possible regarding the date of the picture: for, as was his wont in these circular portraits, the artist has given us the year of production in an inscription stretching across the typical Holbeinesque turquoise-blue background—"ANNO 1533." The picture thus belongs to the later period of Holbein's stay in England, which suffered a forced interruption in 1529 when Holbein was obliged to revisit his native Basle, remaining there for about two years and experiencing considerable difficulty in finding employment. Towards the end of 1531 Holbein returned to England, and in 1533, the very year when this picture was painted, we find him also designing a pageant of "Parnassus" for the German merchants of the City, in connection with the marriage and coronation of Anne Boleyn. The "Ambassadors" in the National Gallery, the portrait of Robert Cheseman, Falconer to Henry VIII at the Hague, and four other fine portraits (at Windsor and in the galleries of Berlin, Brunswick, and Vienna) also belong to this fruitful year of Holbein's activity.

The identity of the sitter is unfortunately unknown; at one time this was thought to be a self-portrait of Holbein, but that is a view which comparison with the authenticated likeness of Holbein does not allow us to uphold. Whoever he was, the artist has interpreted the character of the sitter with rare sensitiveness and power; and in its small compass the picture once again strikingly demonstrates Holbein's extraordinary gift of simple and imposing design.

\* See "Ein Unbekanntes Herrenbildnis von Hans Holbein Ad. J." in *Jahrbuch für Kunst und Kunstpflege im der Schweiz*, 1921-1924, p. 293, *sqq.*



Amsterdam, M. Pröhl

# THE STORY OF PSYCHE

By Jacopo del Sellaio

## NEW CASSONE PANELS

By PAUL SCHUBRING

THE hope that my book "Cassoni" (Leipzig, Hiersemann, 1916, 2nd ed., 1923), in which 959 cassoni and cassone panels were published, would induce the owners of still unpublished pieces to come forward and enable my colleagues to make them known, has in many respects been fulfilled. In Italy, de Nicola and Count Gamba (though not Venturi) have made some contributions. Much the most important was published by Tancred Borenius in a series of articles in the "Burlington Magazine" (Feb. to Dec. 1922). I have published new cassone panels in the "Zeitschrift für bildende Kunst," 1925, No. 7, p. 162, while earlier articles have been incorporated, according to subject, in the second edition of "Cassoni." Georg Habich has given a detailed account of the much discussed Prometheus panels in Strassburg and Munich (formerly Kaufmann Collection, Berlin) in the reports of the meeting of the Bavarian Academy of Science, 1919-20. Today, I gladly accept the kind invitation of the editor of *APOLLO* to publish some new panels.

I begin with a painting of the legend of Cupid and Psyche, by Jacopo del Sellaio, which has, indeed, already been published in the "Zeitschrift für bildende Kunst," but which is so important that I must describe it again here. It is the companion to the picture in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, which I

published under the No. 355 in my "Cassoni." I had already conjectured that a continuation of this picture must exist somewhere. In the meantime it has turned up among the inexhaustible English private collections, and has found its way into the possession of M. Pröhl in Amsterdam. The picture represents the adventures of Psyche after Cupid's awakening, not according to the text of Apuleius or Matteo Boiardo, but according to Boccaccio's "Genealogia Deorum." The contrite Psyche lies on the ground in despair; then the wounded god appears again in the cypress-tree and comforts the disconsolate Psyche. She rises with new hope, while deer graze quietly beside her. Now Psyche throws herself into the river; the hairy Pan, with an apron of leaves and high reeds in his hair, tries to speak to her. Then the unhappy Psyche meets one of the wicked sisters and tells her that Cupid has abandoned her but has chosen the sister as spouse. (The fate of the latter as she falls down from the rock and is miserably broken to bits is not told.) On the left at the top Psyche flees to Ceres and begs protection from the revenge of Aphrodite, but Ceres has to turn her away. Nor does she find any help either in the proud, richly gilded temple of Juno. For Venus had given orders to seek the culprit wherever she might be found, and the reward was to be seven kisses from the loving mouth of

## *New Cassone Panels*



*Vienna, Dr. Frölich*



*London, Mr. W. H. Woodward*

### THE STORY OF CAMILLA *By the Paris Master*

the goddess. Consuetudo finds Psyche and brings her forth; she is chastised by Sollicitudo and Tristitia at the command of Venus, and now the goddess orders her to perform impossible labours. She is to make order in the heaps of grain, to bring the golden fleece, and the beauty-balm (these three scenes are not represented). Up in the skies Cupid begs Zeus that Psyche may be taken up to heaven. The marriage of the two forms the conclusion. Hermes has invited all the gods to Olympus. Whoever fails to come has to pay 30,000 drachms of gold. "They come, they come, all the gods of heaven." Zeus performs the ceremony in person; beside him on the left is Hera, on the right the old Chronos, beside Cupid, Venus and Mars, while on the left are Athena, Apollo, Artemis, Poseidon and Hermes. Fantastic rocks ornament the bays and shores of a great sea, a convent and some towers are seen in the distance, with horsemen galloping over the plain; while on the right there is a park with delicately clipped pines—probably the private garden of the Olympians.

This picture, together with its companion at Cambridge, may have been painted about 1490, but we have an earlier representation of this same subject by the "Paris Master" dating

from about 1450, with slight variations (Ed. Simon, Berlin). Both pairs of paintings are based on Boccaccio. Their significance, however, is far-reaching. It is well known that Raphael painted only the ceiling and the spandrels of the Farnesina with this legend, the lower walls having remained bare. The cassone panels enable us to reconstruct the subjects that were to occupy them. The birth and worship of Psyche, owing to which the temple of Venus remained desolate, was doubtless intended for over the door leading into the Galatea room; the four spaces on the back wall would be devoted to Psyche throwing herself from the rock, Psyche in Cupid's chamber, Psyche and the sisters, and Cupid abandoning Psyche. Over the door on the right short wall would be Psyche seeking protection with Ceres and Juno, and the chastisement of Psyche before Venus. Here the executed paintings on the ceiling and spandrels would take up the story, showing the reception of Psyche on Olympus and the marriage feast. We thus see an example of how the cassone panels of the Quattrocento prepared the way, to a certain extent, for the great frescoes of the Cinquecento. This is as true of Leonardo's and Michelangelo's



New York, Mr. Maitland Griggs

STORY OF FOUR SONS

Florentine Master, c. 1420

cartoons of the "Battle of Anghiari," and the "Bathing Soldiers" (foreshadowed in the cassoni at Dublin), as of Raphael's frescoes.

Two small panels (38.5 x 36 cm. each), one of which is in the collection of Mr. W. H. Woodward, the other belonging to Dr. Frölich, of Vienna, treat of the legend of Camilla. This Roman heroine, the daughter of King Metabus, of Privernum, in Volscia, while an infant was tied by her father to a lance when, during his flight, he had to cross the River Amarenum; he threw the lance with its burden on to the opposite shore, trusting to the protection of the goddess Diana, who did save the young life. When grown up the maiden consecrates her bow and arrow in the temple of Diana. There must surely have been a third picture showing the undaunted maiden in alliance with Larina, Tulla, and Tarpeia fighting against fifteen enemies (Aruns, Eunæus, Liris, Pagasus,

Amastus, Tereus, Harpalycus, Demophoon, Chromis, Oryntus, and others). She falls at the hands of Aruns (see Virgil, *Aeneid XI*, 539-827). This story has been represented in detail by Matteo di Giovanni (according to Berenson, by Cozzarelli, formerly London Charles Butler Collection, now New York Metropolitan Museum, Mr. W. H. Woodward, London, and J. G. Johnson, Philadelphia), see my "Cassoni," Nos. 471-473. Our pictures are Florentine and earlier, having been painted by the Paris Master about 1450. The city in the first picture is intended to represent Privernum, not Rome. The temple is a brilliant red building, unfortunately without a coat-of-arms.

The cassone belonging to Mr. Maitland Griggs in New York, with the story, divided into three scenes, of four sons seems to me to be also an early Florentine painting. The four sons kneel before their father and their stepmother



Paris, M. Kleinberger

UNIDENTIFIED STORY

Sienese Master close to Giovanni di Paolo

## New Cassone Panels



*Munich, Herr A. S. Drey*  
DESCO DA PARTO  
*Sieneſe Maſter, fifteenth century*

in a lofty hall, while the latter accuses them through a private secretary (on the extreme left) of a crime. The banished sons then ride from the house of their parents into the mountains and seek counsel with a hermit, who advises them to ask the duke for justice. This duke is seen in a camp on the right, sitting before his tent decorated with an eagle, with his legal counsellor and his standard-bearer. The four sons kneel humbly at his feet while their pages wait in the background. As we are here concerned with four sons, I am inclined to think of the story in "Gesta Romanorum," ed. Grasse, ch. 45, which tells of three legitimate and one illegitimate sons, and where a private secretary also plays a part.

The "Gesta" only tells of the shooting of the corpse after the father's death. But there may have been a more detailed story describing the disputes as to who loved the father most. The shooting of the corpse has been represented by Bacchiacca, in Dresden, and by a Bolognese master of about 1460 (of "Cassoni, Nos. 552 and 819). The master of our panel may be placed about 1420 in the vicinity of Giovanni dal Ponte.

Another large cassone front, belonging to M. Kleinberger, in Paris, is, on the other hand, on account of its frame, undoubtedly Sieneſe, either the work of Giovanni di Paolo, or very closely related to him. The story represented here is divided into eight scenes. On the left a prince is enthroned with his son (?) kneeling before him, probably asking for justice. In the doorway another man (son ?) is seen, whose arms are in the stocks. In the second scene the wife of the king kneels before the throne with three women standing behind her. The two sons of the first picture now stand above, beside the king. The third scene resembles the first one—the two sons kneel before their father and judge, while an advocate reads the sentence. In the fourth picture the king rides forth, trumpets announcing his approach, old and young greeting their ruler with humility, while the second son bends his knee as he passes. In the fifth scene the second son is really shown oppressing the queen, who is probably his stepmother. In the sixth picture the king has returned and demands an explanation from the queen, who leads him in the seventh into her bedchamber where the stepson is found lying asleep on the bed. The last picture shows the murder of the offender in an open landscape.

A number of stories in the "Gesta



ALLEGORY  
*Amsterdam, Professor Lanz*  
By Vittore Carpaccio



*Amsterdam, Professor Lanz*

THE RAPE OF DEIANEIRA  
*Venetian Master, sixteenth century*

Romanorum" have for subject a young princess, the stepmother of two sons from a first marriage, one of whom is chaste, the other not. The latter is always punished in the end—usually with death. The subject is here rendered in many scenes with a truly Sienese love of story-telling; the diagonally-placed buildings offer pleasing prospects, and the gay, animated figures are brightly relieved against the light, quiet walls. The painting dates probably from 1450.

Herr A. S. Drey, of München, possesses a dodecagonal Desco (diameter, 60 cm.), which also belongs to the Sienese school and represents a garden of love. Six young ladies sit on

the grass gathering flowers and crown the most beautiful one. Above the garden one sees three men and a lady with falcons riding out to hunt, then a duel between two armed knights; finally a prison with two captives appearing behind the bars of the window. The sweetness and charm of the principal scene has to be heightened by means of contrast. The subject of hawking on bridal platters is often the symbol of the new joys of matrimony which await the young woman.

Recently I came across an unusually attractive picture by Carpaccio in the admirable collection, so rich in cassoni and cassone panels, of Professor Lanz, whose kind support I have



*Lucca Gallery*

THE CONTINENCE OF SCIPIO  
*By Beccafumi*

## *New Cassone Panels*

enjoyed for so many years. It was doubtless originally inserted into a piece of furniture, though painted chests were unknown in Venice in the Quattrocento. I should like to call the picture the "Barque of Love," for the naked putto who stands holding a

little sail on the ship to the left is surely Cupid, whose sail is so swelled, while a calm reigns all around, and all the large sails are

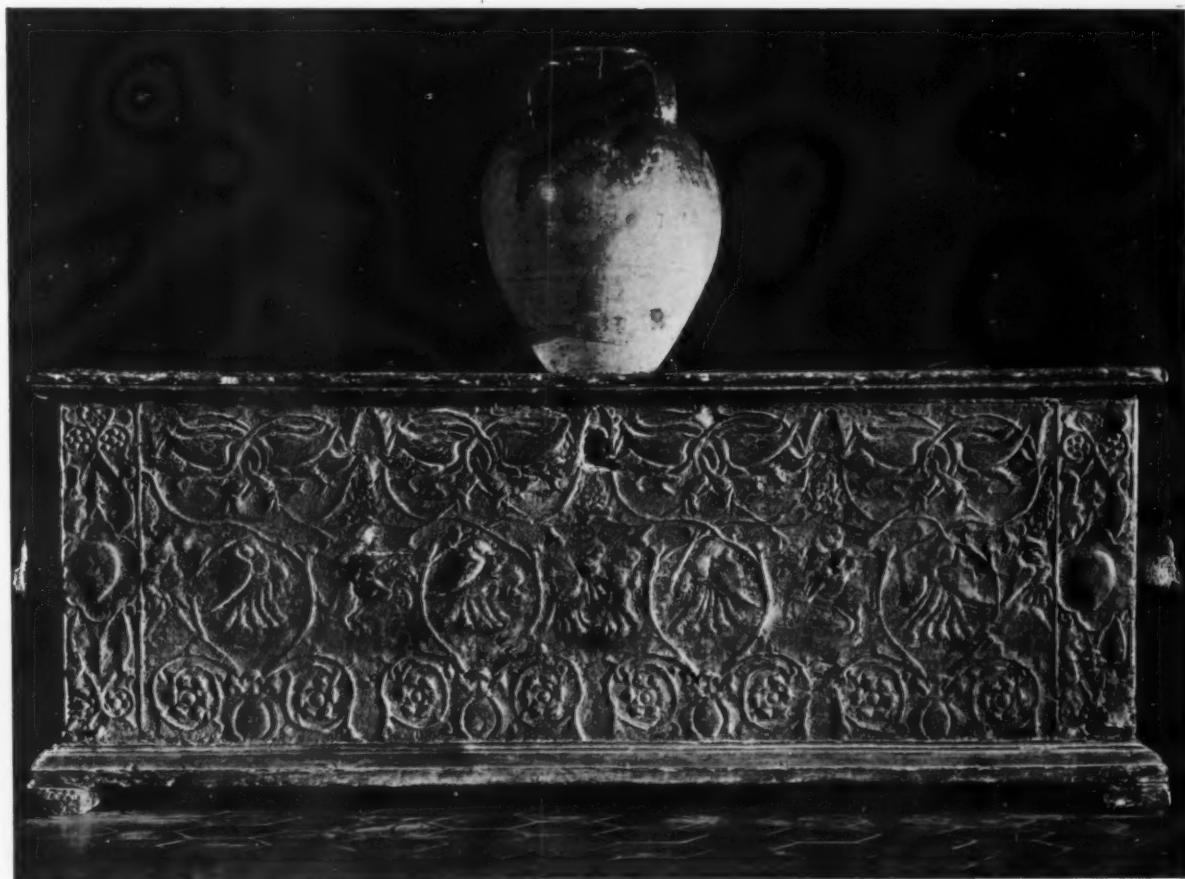


CASSONE  
*Venetian, sixteenth century*

*Schwerin Museum*

reefed. A young steersman, a neat page, stands opposite on the stern to the right, where two flags are gaily flying, the dark one with a crescent, the light one with a red band. On the ship a high throne with a richly decorated back is erected, having a little

figure of fortune on the top, and below it the inscription "Auro conciliatur Amor." A beautiful young woman, richly clad with many



CASSONE (GILT GESSO)  
*Fourteenth century*

*Rome, Palazzo Venezia*



*Naples, Museo Filangieri*

CASSONE

*South Italian, c. 1550*

ornaments, is sitting on the throne, with a wide mantle loosely hung about her and holding in her hand a finely-cut glass with silver ward. One is inclined to call her, like Job's youngest daughter, Keren-happuch. Her little daughter is leaning against her knees, asleep. Above, on the round top, tiny sailors and soldiers are ready to defend their mistress with long spears. Finally two inquisitive boys are peeping out of the cabin window under Cupid's pedestal. It is known that in 1515 Othello, the Moor of Venice, carried off his beautiful Desdemona to Cyprus, and one cannot but think of this voyage in connection with our picture. To what the cynical saying "Gold reconciles Love" refers we are not told. Perhaps a young widow who had a daughter from her first marriage is now being borne into the haven of a second?

Another cassone painting in the same collection, representing the rape of a woman

by a centaur (so that we can think either of Deianeira or of Deidameia), belongs also to the Venetian school, but of the sixteenth century. In the first case the old man hastening out of the wood would be Hercules, though he is without lion-skin or club. But the official symbols were often conspicuous by their absence in Venetian painting, for the old stories were varied rather than illustrated here. The painting dates from the first decade of the Cinquecento, and the cassone in the museum of Schwerin, which we reproduce, shows how our picture may have been let into the front.

The story of the generosity of Scipio, so often and so successfully represented by the painters of the Quattrocento (see my "Cassoni" Nos. 141, 302, 541, 612, 843), continues to be treated in the High Renaissance by the Sienese painter Beccafumi (Mecherino). There is a delightful painting by this artist in the Pina-

### *New Cassone Panels*

coteca, in Lucca. We see Scipio's camp beside the conquered New Carthage on the left, with Lucretia, the bride of Aluceius, who has fallen as booty to the general, but who is now generously returned uninjured to the bridegroom, who kneels before him. The bride's father, mother, and sisters follow, then half-naked attendants who are bringing the gold vessels for ransom, but these, too, Scipio renounces towards the dowry. (See Livy, 26, 50. Valer. Maxim., 4, 3, 1.)

An interesting cassone with gilded gesso of the Trecento has found its way from Lucca into the museum of the Palazzo Venezia, in Rome, the able director of which, Hermanin, has collected so many rare pieces and arranged them with so much taste. The ornament in gesso shows riders galloping towards a maiden who defends herself with shield and sword. It is the old symbol of match-making, which Antonio Pollaiuolo, for example, has represented later somewhat similarly in the delightful picture in the National Gallery, London. In the upper border pheasants or peacocks interlace their necks, roses grow out of vases below, and pomegranates can be recognized on the bands at the edge. The mere juxtaposition points to an origin in

silk or carpets, to an oriental model. As usual there is no organic place for the key-hole, it breaks crudely into the fine golden pattern.

In conclusion we may cite the cassone in the Museo Filangieri, in Naples. It represents the South Italian type of the High Renaissance of about 1550, which has quite a different aspect to the contemporary Roman type. The London readers of *APOLLO* can study the latter in an original in the Victoria and Albert Museum (1857; 4417), the chest of Giulia Delfini celebrating her marriage in 1570 with Paolo Lancelotti bearing the arms of the Lancelotti. This chest shows a very plastic decoration in the strongest high relief. Hermæ, putti, and masks stand out almost in the round and even the subjects between these (Apollo and Python, Phaethon and Clymene, Phaethon and Helios, Eridanus) are kept in fairly high relief. The Neapolitan type is quite different. This, too, shows high relief but no strong *cæsura*. Lions' heads carry huge garlands of fruit, eagles sweep up from these, the frieze again shows lions with bowls of fruit. There we had the wilful heroism of Roman sculpture, here the uniform but unimaginative festal arrangement of the Parthenopeia.

## THE PLAIN MAN AND HIS MUSIC—VII

By ERNEST NEWMAN

### *THE CASE OF WAGNER*

**I**N the last published article of this series I suggested that the plain man would be better employed in trying to understand why he likes what he does like in music than in trying to like what is fundamentally antipathetic to him—that instead of attempting to broaden his taste to satisfy his self-appointed schoolmasters he should aim at intensifying his taste for the things that appeal to him. Intensity of appreciation, of course, and indeed appreciation at all, is primarily a matter of personal constitution; we are drawn to certain music as we are to certain men and women, or to certain foods or fabrics. If you ask me why I love Wagner or Chopin I can give, in the final analysis, no better answer than the immortal one that Montaigne gave for his love for his

dead friend La Boétie: "Because it was he; because it was I." Three-fourths of the superfluous musical criticism that has vexed a patient world would never have been written, or certainly never been taken seriously, had people recognized this simple truth. It is generally supposed that such opposition as a new composer has to bear with comes from the difficulty of grasping a new idiom. The truth is that the newest of idioms presents even the plain man with no difficulty that cannot be overcome after two or three hearings, and that what he reacts against in the new composer is not his manner but his matter. When some people waxed furious over the then new Wagner, for instance, it was not that what he was saying was beyond them, but simply that

they did not like the things his music talked about and the way it talked about them. There are musicians to-day to whom the idiom of "Tristan" presents no more problems than that of "Don Giovanni," but who dislike "Tristan" because, to them, it seems only a long-drawn erotic convulsion, and their own temperaments happen to be anti-sensuous. When composers themselves show such a comprehensive inability to appreciate each other the plain man need not be ashamed of having his own preferences, or shrink from avowing his natural antipathies for fear of being called narrow-minded or reactionary. So long as he remains a private lover of music he is in no danger; it is only when he becomes a professional critic that he begins to suffer from the delusion that music that does not appeal to him must necessarily be bad music.

What the plain man should do is to concentrate on the composers he likes and try to understand why he likes them as he does—to become, in fact, his own musical critic. He is better off than any professional musical critic because he has no one to convince but himself. He can safely start, as the mathematicians and the physicists generally have to do, with an axiom that does not stand arguing about, because you can as little prove it to anyone who chooses to challenge it as you can doubt it yourself. Starting out with the feeling that he likes the music of a certain composer, the plain man's problem is how to put an extra edge on this feeling, an added ecstasy into it, by understanding it, by being both the subject of the feeling and the spectator of it. I have already pooh-pooed the one-time theory that the æsthetic thrill would not bear contact with knowledge of the cause of the thrill—as if any normal human being ever ceased to find rainbows beautiful after he had learned something about the solar spectrum! If there were anything in this theory as applied to art, it would follow that the people who knew the music of a given composer best would be the least responsive to it, which is obvious nonsense. The joy the average listener feels when he listens to Mozart or Chopin cannot compare in intensity with the joy felt by a Beecham or a Rosenthal. The knowledge of just why a particular piece of music affects us as no other music in its own genre can do means not a subtraction from the æsthetic thrill but an addition to it. For the intellectual perception

itself intensifies our æsthetic consciousness, and leaves behind it, rooted deep in us, a set of new complexes for the great music to set in passionate vibration.

These intellectual perceptions are of two kinds, roughly distinguishable as imaginative and technical. With the latter I will deal later: here I propose to try to show briefly the effect of the former in the case of Wagner.

If the plain man is challenged by a non-Wagnerian to prove to the latter's satisfaction that Wagner is a great composer, of course he cannot do so. All he can be sure of is, that Wagner is for him a great composer. But to himself, or to another person of the same way of thinking, he can, after a little examination of himself and of the music, prove the rightness of his opinion that Wagner is the greatest musical dramatist the world has ever seen. I am referring not so much to the obvious fact that he covers more of life and draws a greater variety of human characters than any other musical dramatist, as to the less obvious, the more subtle unconscious ways, in which his genius as a dramatist in music reveals itself. It is the perception of these that intensifies our enjoyment of him in the theatre—the little things that pertain to him not so much *qua* dramatist as *qua* Richard Wagner. To say, for instance, that he personalizes and vivifies all his characters, down even to the smallest—which is what Strauss cannot do—is to say no more of him than that he does what he ought to do; the thing, as he does it, is wonderful, but we have a right to expect it of him simply because he is a dramatist, who has no business to create a character at all unless he can put life into him. Again, we are astounded at Wagner's dramatic impartiality. He always sees the world from the point of view of the character whose skin he is inside at the moment. It is absolutely impossible for us not to agree that the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, is just as Tristan and Isolde say in the second act—until we hear what King Mark has to say, and then we realize that in these matters there is no truth and no falsehood, no right and no wrong, but only two ways at least of looking at the same thing. Alberich and Mime and Hagen to us are hateful, but they are not hateful to themselves; the heart-hunger of Wotan for the saving of the gods, or of Brynhilde for the redemption of the world through love, is

## *The Plain Man and his Music*

different in kind from, but no greater in degree than, the heart-hunger of Alberich for the gold. A smaller man than Wagner would have shown us Alberich only as the other characters or the dramatist himself or the spectators saw him; Wagner shows us Alberich as Alberich saw himself.

But as I have said, these things, though they are done marvellously, are, after all, the things Wagner set out to do, and the things we have the right to demand of him, as dramatist, that he shall do. It is in the unconscious touches that he shows himself even greater, that he proves himself to be the born dramatic genius, and it is the perception of these that give a finer point to our enjoyment of him. He absorbs himself so completely in a *milieu* that the very style and texture of his music change chameleon-like with it. The same instruments somehow or other sound different in different circumstances; compare, for example, the hot dryness of tone in the "Tristan" prelude, the sense of human nerves racked and fevered beyond enduring, with the glowing golds and crimsons and purples of the "Tannhäuser" Bacchanale. Yet it is the same orchestra in each case! Every composer has, unknown to himself, his own orchestral colour; if a musician in a concert-room could have taken away from him his perception of a musical work as such-and-such melodies and harmonies evolving in such-and-such a design, and hear it only as a complex of orchestral timbres, by these alone he would be able to say: "This is Brahms; this is César Franck; this is Elgar; this is Rimsky-Korsakov; this is Delius; this is Ravel." But Wagner, though in the broad sense he, too, has his distinctive colour, really has as many orchestral palettes as he has dramatic scenes or subjects. And he does not arrive at this result by calculation, but unconsciously, his dramatic vision writing itself unknown to him upon his colours as truly as upon his melodies or harmonies.

Again, the consummate dramatist in him makes him, by some means that defy analysis, give his music all sorts of subtle psychological verisimilitudes. It has been said of Hugo Wolf (another universal and Protean mind)

that you can tell the time of day in a song of his from the music. The expression is hardly an exaggeration; Wolf's texture and the colour of it change in the most curious way to suit the scene. Not only has Wagner this gift—how blinding, for instance, is the orchestral sunlight in the scene in which Brynhilde awakes!—but he has the further gift of making his characters talk a language appropriate to their time of life. Most musical dramatists have a generalized formula for each passion, to be modified slightly according to the circumstances of this opera or that; thus a lover, or a villain, or the victim of an obsession, talks virtually the same musical language in one Puccini opera as in another. Wagner's sympathies are too acute, and his perceptions too discriminating, for any generalizations of that kind. It would have been impossible for him to write the same kind of love-music for a young man ignorant of the world, such as Walther, as for a grown, experienced man like Tristan; the one music is tense, with a strain of care running even through its ecstasy; the other is clear-complexioned, of a morning freshness.

I am not attempting here anything like a complete anatomy of Wagner's mind and art. I have tried only to suggest some points about them that the plain man has probably not reduced to formulæ himself, but that have almost certainly entered subconsciously into his enjoyment of the music that embodies them; and I contend that to bring them into the upper consciousness, where they can be surveyed in all their aspects, is to intensify the enjoyment of the music itself. The completer the intellectual understanding, the more easily and the more perfectly do we tune in to the emotion of the music; we listen, for example, more intensively to the "Tristan" prelude after we have formulated to ourselves the difference between its special orchestral timbre and that of other Wagnerian overtures, and our admiration is deepened for the specialized psychological effect that Wagner has here unconsciously achieved. And this intensive tuning-in can also be managed by the plain man in the technical field, as I shall try to show.

(To be continued.)

## THE EUMORFOPOULOS COLLECTION: WESTERN OBJECTS—II

By M. H. LONGHURST

THE European ceramics in the collection of Mr. Eumorfopoulos have been dealt with by Mr. H. E. Read in a previous article, and it is proposed here to describe some of the objects in his small but choice collection of sculpture and bronzes pertaining to Europe and the Near East.

Sculpture of the Italian Renaissance is represented by two reliefs. The first of these is a charming "Virgin and Child" in a fine-grained yellowish stone. It was formerly in the Capel Curc Collection and was described in the *Sale Catalogue*\* as probably the work of Francesco di Giorgio Martini, architect of the Palace of Urbino; it was also stated to have been obtained from Urbino. With the work of Francesco di Giorgio the relief has no connection, and an at-

tribution to Domenico Rosselli, suggested by Mr. Maclagan, seems to have everything in its favour.

Domenico di Giovanni Rosselli was born, probably at Pistoia, in 1439, and died at Fossombrone in 1497. He was the close contemporary of Verrocchio, whose

influence, as well as that of Desiderio da Settignano, is apparent in his work. In relation to the supposed provenance of the relief, it is worth noting that from 1476 to 1479 or 1480 he was working at Urbino mainly on decorative sculpture for the Ducal Palace,\* though a stucco relief of the "Virgin and Child" ascribed to him still exists in the palace, now transformed into one of the most delightful museums in Italy. The composition of Mr. Eumorfopoulos's



THE VIRGIN AND CHILD  
Probably by Domenico Rosselli

\* Christie's, May 4, 1905, No. 220.

\*C. von Fabriczy, *Berlin Jahrbuch*, XIX (1898), pp. 117 ff.

*The Eumorfopoulos Collection: Western Objects*

relief shows a certain resemblance to a stucco in the Victoria and Albert Museum (6-1890), inscribed at the back, "del nostro Domenico." This stucco, which is taken from a marble in the Bardini Collection, is probably an early work of the sculptor. Even closer in style and

relief to the right only partially filled by the garland, in very low relief, suspended from the upper corners. The Virgin is represented leaning back and away from the Child who advances, running, towards her, his right hand on her girdle. The slender proportions of the



THE VIRGIN AND CHILD

*Stucco after a marble relief by Desiderio da Settignano*

arrangement is a stone relief formerly in the Kauffmann Collection at Berlin and ascribed by Fabriczy to Domenico Rosselli.\* The half-length figure of the Virgin on Mr. Eumorfopoulos's relief is rather curiously placed, leaving a large blank space in the upper half of the

\* *L'Arte*, X (1907), p. 221, Fig. 5.

Child, his long limbs and small smooth head are markedly close in style to those of the Child on the Kauffmann relief. The same Child appears too on a relief in the museum at Crefeld. A comparison of the Madonnas on the three reliefs confirms their ascription to the same hand; all show the same rather thin



IVORY MIRROR CASE  
French, fourteenth century

treatment of the folds and lack of fullness in the forms. Characteristic of Domenico are the angular folds of the veil, which falls in a cascade on the Virgin's right shoulder. The Crefeld Madonna shows considerable resemblance to the altarpiece at Fossombrone, which belongs to 1479-1480, or rather late in the artist's career, and both stylistically and on the grounds of its suggested provenance Mr. Eumorfopoulos's relief seems to belong to the same period. If this is so, we have in London an early and a rather late work by this interesting and somewhat neglected sculptor.

The second relief is a stucco of the "Virgin and Child," much spoilt by repainting, after the beautiful marble relief by Desiderio da Settignano (1428-1462) which is one of the treasures of the rich collection of Italian Renaissance sculpture in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Stucco versions of this relief, with and without the cherub heads which appear on the marble, are by no means uncommon; a very fine example, with original colour, being in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum at Berlin.\* There is also a painting of the same composition (without the cherub heads) in the

\* *Beschreibung der Bildwerke.* Frida Schottmüller, *Die Italienischen . . . Bildwerke der Renaissance und des Barocks*, 1913, No. 128.

museum at Dijon, where it is ascribed to Neri di Bicci (1419-1491).

Though only two in number, and belonging to completely different periods, the ivory carvings in the collection are both of considerable interest. The mirror case, French work of the first half of the fourteenth century, is a fine example of one of those indispensable accessories of the toilet on which the French medieval ivory carver seems to have delighted to expend all his unrivalled capacity for the production of objects of singular charm. Contemporary accounts furnish proof how much sought after were these ivory mirror cases. A passage from a delightful poem, "Le Miroir de Mariage," shows that amongst the gifts that French ladies of the period expected their husbands to bring them from Paris were:

Pique, tressoire semblent  
Et miroir, pour soy ordonner,  
D'yvoire me devez donner,  
Et l'estuy qui soit noble et gent  
Pendü à cheannes d'argent.\*

\* Eustache Deschamps, *Le Miroir de mariage*, IX, p. 45.  
Quoted by M. Koechlin, *Les Ivoires Gothiques*, I, p. 362.



IVORY HANDLE  
Iranian?

## *The Eumorfopoulos Collection: Western Objects*

The subject has usually been described as taken from an episode in the medieval romance of Huon of Bordeaux. It was supposed to represent Huon, disguised, playing chess with the daughter of the Saracen Admiral Yvorin; the reward of victory being the lady's favours, the price of defeat the loss of his head. M. Koechlin has, however, recently brought forward very excellent reasons disproving this theory,\* and the game represented is probably only another of the charming romantic subjects so frequently represented on mirror cases and caskets by French Gothic ivory carvers.

\* *Les Ivoires Gothiques*, 1924, I, p. 388. See also an article in *Melanges Emile Bertaux*, 1924.



BRONZE LION

*Said to have come from Susa*

A very similar mirror case is in the Victoria and Albert Museum; this has the four grotesque monsters usually found on the rims of these ivory cases.

The second ivory presents a very difficult and interesting problem both as to origin and date. The carving, which can be traced back to Ravenna, though this locality can hardly have anything to do with its stylistic provenance, represents a tigress (or a lioness?) with her cub devouring a goat; it is apparently a handle, as the mass of metal attached to it seems to be part of a blade. The masterly treatment of the group of animals most closely recalls that of a similar group on a bronze ceremonial axe in the British Museum. This is described as Bactrian and ascribed to the fourth century B.C. The ivory roused considerable interest and discussion when it was exhibited at the Burlington Fine Arts Club in 1923, and the general consensus of opinion seems to have been that the ivory was of Asiatic, probably Iranian, origin, and that it belonged to a period rather later than that assigned to the British Museum bronze. The treatment of the forms, however,



BRONZE PANTHER

*Probably Roman*

recalls - very nearly that of an ivory in the Victoria and Albert Museum representing a leaping tigress, probably a handle from the lid of a casket. This figure, which is ascribed to the third or fourth century A.D., was found in Egypt, and the style is characteristic of bronzes of the Roman period, a period noted for its admirable treatment of animal forms.

A number of extremely interesting bronzes are included in the Collection. The earliest of these is a delicately modelled lion formerly in the Heseltine Collection. The bronze is said to have come from the palace of Darius at Susa, and in the treatment of the head and mane it shows some resemblance to the couchant lion frequently found on the bronze weights which were probably made by Phœnician settlers in Assyria.\* In the sensitive modelling of the body as well as in the "ruff" round the head, the lion recalls Ionic Greek and Etruscan bronzes, such as the figure of a springing lion in the Louvre.†

Another very fine bronze is that of a panther seated with uplifted paw and decorated with a wreath round its neck. The massive modelling of the forms bears a very close resemblance to that of a bronze panther in the collection of M. Edmond de Rothschild, which was found in Rome in 1888, and published by M. Reinach in "Monuments et Memoires," *Fond : Piot*, IV (1897), pp. 14 ff. M. Reinach discusses the possibility that M. de Rothschild's panther accompanied a figure of Bacchus. Numerous statues exist where a panther is shown seated with head and paw uplifted towards the god, but M. Reinach dismisses the

suggestion that it is necessary to infer in every case that a similar animal representation was accompanied by that of the god.

The interesting little bronze illustrated on this page was the subject of a paper read by Sir Martin Conway before the Society of Antiquaries in April 1922. It had then been recently found in Rome and, though the precise locality was not known, it was possibly in the neighbourhood of the Tombs of the Apostles. The bronze represents St. Peter (left) and St. Paul (right) standing side by side holding scrolls in their left hands, their right hands raised in blessing. Between their heads is the *Ch Rho* monogram. The bronze evidently formed part of a lamp, the two little figures standing up at the back. The eyes are pierced and were apparently inlaid. A rather similar figure of St. Peter alone, probably from a lamp, is in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum at Berlin.\* Sir Martin Conway assigned the bronze to the beginning of the fifth century on the ground that the differentiation in type between St. Peter and St. Paul is complete, while at an earlier period the distinction is less



ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL

*Part of a bronze lamp. Fourth-fifth century A.D.*

clear. Mr. Dalton ascribed it to the previous century, suggesting that "it was an example of a style that spread rapidly in the fourth century and arose from the application of oriental principles to figure sculpture of Hellenistic or Roman origin." The Berlin figure, which is certainly more purely Hellenistic in feeling, is ascribed by Dr. Wulff to the fourth century, and if Mr. Eumorfopoulos's bronze belongs to the same century it cannot well be placed earlier than the very end.

\* Cf. a number of examples in the British Museum.

† De Ridder, *Bronzes Antiques I*, 1913, No. 248.

\* *Beschreibung der Bildwerke*. Wulff, I, *Altchristliche Bildwerke*, 1909, No. 717, Plate XXXIII.





# WILLIAM NICHOLSON—AN APPRECIATION

By HERBERT FURST

A STONE'S throw from the solar plexus of London, that is to say, Piccadilly Circus, is a by-way called "Appletree Yard." It boasts no longer its descendant of the tree of knowledge, nor any other tree, nor, indeed, a blade of grass. It was a mews once, but hawk and falcon have gone, and even the sparrows' chirping is drowned in the noise of motor-horns. At the far end of this yard is the entrance to a stable, familiar no longer with the clopperty-clop of horses' feet and the jingle of harness; its flagstones are carpeted in crimson, and what was once its hayloft looks at this moment like the workshop of a Demiurgos with a model universe of fixed stars, little mirror-globes, green, blue, red, silver, and gold, shimmering, glittering, imperceptibly suspended in mid air.

No—this is not the beginning of a fairy-tale, but a sober description of the only approach to and present aspect of Mr. William Nicholson's London studio.

It is just like Mr. Nicholson, with whom the unexpected seems to be the commonplace and the extraordinary—he keeps his paint-brushes on his painting-table in a silk hat—the obvious. You never quite know what he will do next; neither does he; life with him is just one quaint conceit after another.

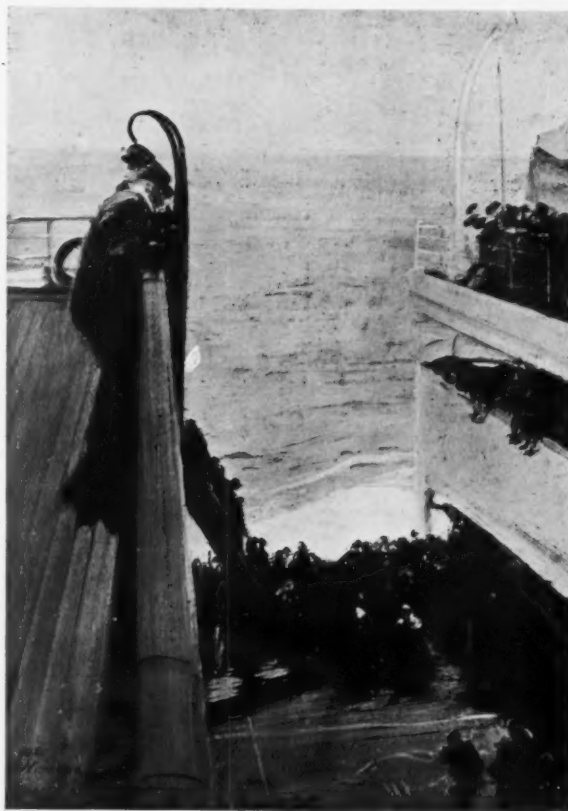
More than thirty years ago, when artists did not think of designing posters for a living,

he was one of the now famous Biggarstaff brothers; his brother-in-law, James Pryde, was the other. Together they produced some entirely new and "unheard-of" designs for Messrs. Rowntree, Sir Henry Irving, and others. They took a great deal of trouble over these things, which were not produced by orthodox methods, and Messrs. Rowntree's

poster brought them thirty, the Don Quixote for Irving fifty pounds; others brought them nothing. So they gave it up.

Mr. Nicholson next tried his hand at wood-cutting—not the finicky engraving of wood, but that species of xylography which is really a kind of wood-carving. His first cut was a portrait of "Persimmon," the Derby winner of the day, which he showed at the Fine Art Society's Galleries. Whistler saw it and liked it—spoke to Heinemann, the publisher, about it. Heinemann liked it: Mr. Nicholson had his chance. He suggested that he might be given an "alphabet" to do, mainly because he

would, in that case, get a commission for twenty-six cuts all at once. He did; the foundations of his fame and his fortune were laid. The "Alphabet," the "Sports Almanac"—a series of portraits of which that of Queen Victoria created almost a sensation; the "London Types" and another series of portraits were all amazingly popular. This was truly amazing, because the



SPORTS ON BOARD THE S.S. "CEDRIC"

By William Nicholson



SNOWSCAPE

*By William Nicholson*

public is supposed not to know a good thing when it sees it. Sometimes it does, and even remembers: the woodcuts are still sought after.

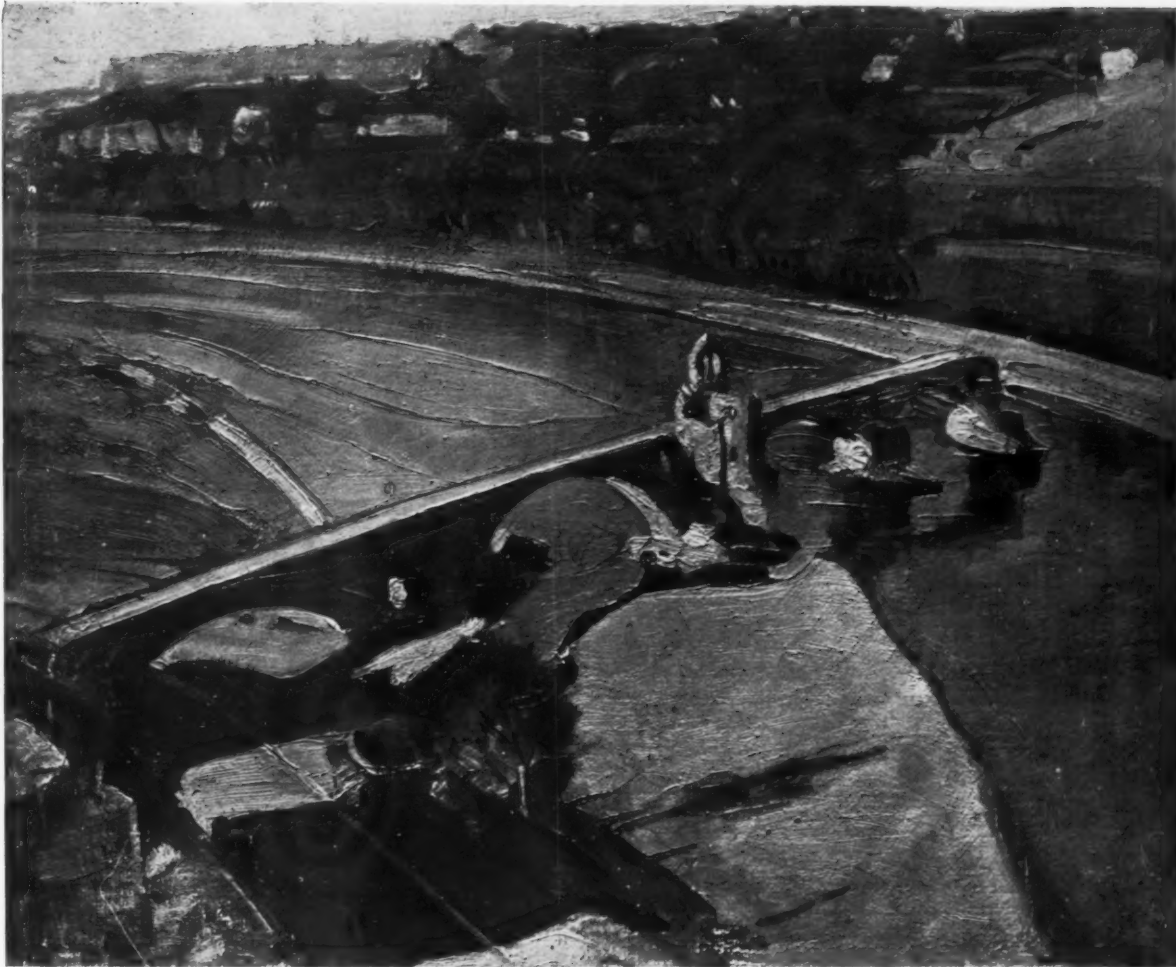
How he came to be a painter is another matter, and one more difficult to make plain, because Mr. Nicholson will not help. He confesses only to have gone to "Juliens," in Paris, after having studied art "somewhere in England," but where he is "too much ashamed to say"—so he says.

He comes from a Midland family. His father was an engineer, and upon my inquiry as

to a possible artistic ancestry, he replies: "No, my father was artistic, but he grew out of it."

Without any help from him one is compelled to fix his æsthetic orientation by speculative methods. He must be regarded, I think, together with Pryde and Gordon Craig, and with Sir William Orpen and Lovat Fraser, as the æsthetic offspring—children and grandchildren—of the literary and antiquarian whimsicality of the elder Crawhall. They converted into æsthetic values what was with him rather a matter of curiosity. If they differ

*William Nicholson—An Appreciation*



THE BRIDGE, AVIGNON  
*By William Nicholson*

sometimes very considerably from one another, we must not forget that even the children of the spirit have a "maternal" side which accounts for the discrepancies.

A certain quaintness, human whimsicality, is, however, common to them all, and also a certain virility—least pronounced, perhaps, in Lovat Fraser—widely differing from the Leighton, Burne-Jones, and Beardsley spirit that was abroad in the nineties.

This whimsicality, then, together with conspicuous virility is always apparent in Nicholson's work, and it is typically British. His actual oil-technique relates him, nevertheless, to the French School and to Sargent, who also brought it with him from France. Unlike Sargent, however, Nicholson never

permitted its glib slickness to get the better of him, nor did he ever exhibit in the Royal Academy. He was a member of the "International" in the halcyon days when Whistler presided, and when to exhibit there brought more honour than Burlington House. Nicholson has gained gold medals in Munich and Paris; pictures of his are in the Tate Gallery, the Municipal Galleries of Liverpool and Manchester, and, a sign of international recognition, he has just been invited to paint his portrait for the collection in the Uffizi Gallery.

By no means an old man yet, his fame is now of long standing. His was a precocious talent which from the very first seemed to possess the deliberation, the skill, and the experience of a master.

## *Apollo: A Journal of the Arts*

Owing to the fact that so few of his pictures appear in public exhibitions, it will come as a surprise to many that he is probably one of our three best portrait-painters. As a painter of women he has both charm and originality. I can remember, in this respect, the impression made upon me many years ago by his portrait of Miss Alexander. Here the sitter, in riding-habit and placed low on the canvas, is seen against a background formed by the incipient picture of a woman—herself on a jumping horse—a good biographical idea, and even æsthetically preferable to the column and curtain which is the portrait-painter's stand-by.

For some occult reason, however, University dons seem to be Mr. Nicholson's *forte*. To mention a few of such: there is Professor J. J. Thomson's, Professor A. C. Benson's, Sir Richmond Lodge's, and the "close up" of Professor George Saintsbury, at Merton College, remarkable alike for its composition, its technique, and its character delineation. Always his portraits have something more than a superficial likeness or decorative design. In his portrait of Sir Lionel Phillips, for instance, there is a curious expression in the bright, wide-open eyes, puzzling until one learns that the sitter is colour-blind. Again, in that admirable portrait in the Tate Gallery of Miss Gertrude Jekyll, the gardener who gave our humble rustic "love-in-the-mist" a more splendid visual poetry, the pose, the attitude of the hands and fingers plays an important part, makes it the likeness of a personality, and not of a person only.

His portraits are personal adventures in psychology, and never merely "commissions." It must be admitted, however, that occasionally his love of the quaint may prevent the spectator from grasping the significance, and in encouraging him to think that there is more than a "quaint conceit" in the composition. Sometimes these "quaint conceits" come about in a perfectly natural manner. The busby in the portrait of little Miss Lutyens, here illustrated, she herself put on her head on the occasion of a children's party in the artist's studio, when they were all dressing up in any studio properties they could lay hands on, and having a "great time." Nicholson's quick eye saw a "subject," and seized upon it, with what success the reader may judge even from the reproduction. But there are few painters who would make children as free of their workshop

as he. Incidentally it may be explained that the "fixed stars" alluded to in the beginning of this article are the remains of another such a party of young people, and no doubt these "radiant orbs" will make their appearance in one of his paintings. Nicholson is not the kind of artist who uses art as an escape from life, least of all as an escape from the young life of his environment. He has just designed two delightful picture-books that cause one to feel a burning nostalgia for the days of one's childhood. Lady Cowdray, an ardent admirer of his work, owns a portrait by him of a fair-haired child seen in profile, and possibly suggested by a well-known "Rubens"; but what would that matter? Nicholson's is the record of a personal experience: he gives us again the spirit of childhood, and not an exercise in emulative pigments. Always life. So his "Mrs. Stafford of Paradise Row" of 1912 is much more than merely brilliant painting, clever design, intricate "chiaroscuro": it is all that the title conveys. Here we have a striking illustration of the fact that the title of a picture is, or at least can be, important. It conveys here, not only a person and a personality, but a type, an English type, and to get the full flavour of the picture one must not only understand "art," but the type, and the type in relation to life. If all Nicholson's pictures were destroyed by some mischance, and only this one survived, posterity would know him as a great painter; but posterity, or for that matter, foreign contemporaries, knowing not the type, would miss the full flavour of his art. If Nicholson is not a literary painter, neither is he one whom pure design only suffices for a theme.

It is so also with a great many of his still-lives with which even much of his whimsicality enters. He does not paint still-life in the spirit of de Heem, Kalf, Chardin, or Manet and Cézanne, or his modern imitators. To give an example of his manner: There is a still-life, painted in 1908, also owned by Lady Cowdray, which represents a white bowl with white flowers, an eighteenth-century china figure in a brown coat against a blue curtain with a purplish frill. A further blue note was wanted, and this note is furnished by a neat *new* pair of blue gloves, laid tidily upon the table, gloves such as I imagine our great-grandmothers may have worn. But where could he have got the new pair from? It is no very great matter,

## William Nicholson—An Appreciation



"FLOWERS"  
By William Nicholson

but it just brings in the little touch of the unexpected which this painter loves. There is also a subtle humour in an allegorical still-life with two tortoises who are seen stupidly and clumsily making for an uprooted and overturned delicately beautiful scabious plant. Certainly the true "subject" of this still-life is the poetry of the colour-scheme—not to be described in words—but only Nicholson would have thought of the ostensible subject. That, too, holds good of his earlier still-life, the "Hundred Jugs" (now in the Liverpool Gallery), where the quaintness lies in the quantity of the vessels and their Omaresque individualities.

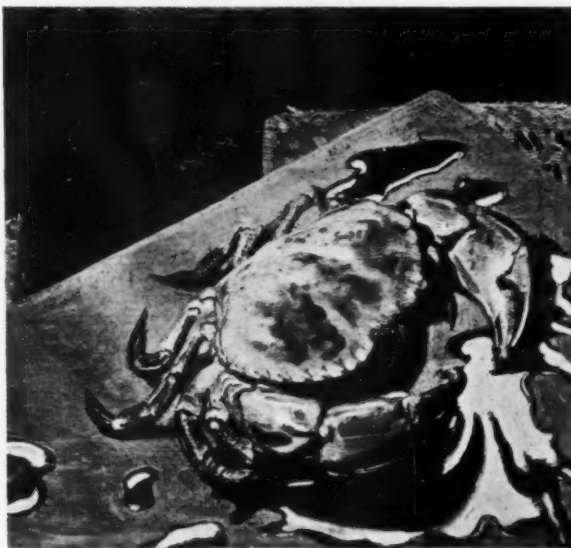
Of late one seems, nevertheless, to discern in this artist's work a greater pre-occupation with more clearly perceived æsthetic problems. There are a number of his landscapes in which form is reduced to the greatest simplicity—views of the Downs, for instance, with mere indications of horses, sheep, and cattle—and which, therefore, depend on the subtlety of the light and colour values. His whimsical spirit, however, expresses itself in the unusual perspective which he deliberately chooses, as, for example, in the "Bridge of Avignon" and the "Sports on Board the s.s. Cedric." A certain whimsicality of perspective makes itself also felt in his more recent still-life and flower-pieces. These latter may, perhaps, be regarded as the high-water mark of his æsthetic achievement. They are exquisite in "colour-orchestration," and of such extraordinary subtlety

that no colour-process can do them justice, and the monochrome destroys half of their significance.

A painter of portraits, landscapes, and still-life, figure composition—other than in portraiture—does not interest him on canvas. He prefers for this the stage where the composition is made by the living figures. As long ago as 1904 he designed the costumes for the original "Peter Pan," but of them nothing is now left. He also dressed "Polly," and the drawings for this play are in the Victoria and Albert Museum. For Massine's Hogarthian ballet "The Rake" he invented both costumes and setting. The crooked, broken mirror and the huge flames of the guttering candles on the back-cloth were pure Nicholson. At the present moment he is engaged upon another Massine ballet, "The Tub," based on one of the Tales from Boccaccio. The costumes will be in keeping with contemporary paintings, and the setting promises to be full of the curious conceits of the true Nicholson humour, which is, perhaps, not entirely unrelated to the spirit of the great Florentine.

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On reading through what I have written it seems that I have done my subject scant justice, but that, I think, is, after all, a compliment to the artist. There is this fact about Nicholson's art: it cannot be translated into words; if it could it would be so much less art, and so much less Nicholson's.



"THE CRAB"  
By William Nicholson

# MUSIC IN A LIFE

## X.—DAYS WITH THE ORCHESTRA

By FILSON YOUNG

**H**ECTOR BERLIOZ, writing his *Treatise on Instrumentation* more than a century ago, said that the turn of orchestration for being discerned, denounced, admitted, fettered, freed, and exaggerated not having come until much later than that of other branches of musical art, it had not yet attained to the degree of development reached by them; and that instrumentation was then at the stage of "exaggeration."

How strangely that sounds to us to-day. The modern orchestra, as we know it, had really only just come into being fifty years ago; its sponsors were Berlioz and Wagner; and we of to-day can find nothing of exaggeration in the most advanced examples of their orchestral music. Rather, one would say, that it is the orchestra of to-day that is entering on the stage of exaggeration, if that were not the usual, obvious criticism of every age concerning what is newest and most advanced in it. What one prefers to think is that the modern orchestra, and the art of writing for it, has become *free*. The too-rigid adhesion to custom, as Berlioz said, has been distinguished from the reactions of vanity, folly, and obstinacy, and it is now pretty generally agreed as concerns harmony, melody, and modulation that whatever produces a good effect is good, and whatever produces a bad effect is bad; and that "the authority of a hundred old men, even if they were each one hundred and twenty years of age, cannot make ugly that which is beautiful, nor beautiful that which is ugly."

One of the greatest developments of music to-day, certainly in England, is the sense of the orchestra of which the general public has become possessed. When I was studying music, the orchestra was distinctly within the veil which hid the mysteries of the art from the too-familiar gaze of the public. The effect of orchestral music was all they were allowed to share; as for talking or writing about the technicalities of orchestration, or of expecting concert-goers to distinguish the tones of one instrument from another, or to realize what part each was taking in the orchestral ensemble

—that was almost out of the question, even thirty years ago. For musical critics like Ernest Newman and the late J. F. Runciman to write familiarly of such things as horns and hautboys and string tone was considered a very advanced and daring thing to do; and their writing, although it delighted and instructed those who read it, appealed to a very small and select company of readers. Amateurs might talk as much as they liked about pianoforte playing and singing and even violin playing, because these were things that they themselves could do; but the complicated art of understanding the distribution of musical sounds through an orchestra, was considered quite beyond them. It was, as I said, a mystery reserved for those who practised the art of composition, and for only a comparatively small number of them.

II.—It was this initiation into the understanding of the orchestra that was the most fascinating and educative part of my musical development. It was Berlioz who fired me, and his *Treatise on Orchestration*, which I received as a Christmas present in the year 1895, became my familiar literature over which I pored until I could quote whole passages of it from memory. It may seem a strange taste, this learning of something so complicated as the technique of instruments that one would never play oneself. Yet there it was; I had more pride in knowing how to write a chord for the open notes of horns, in being aware of the different keys of transposing instruments which it was best to use in order to produce the desired effect; in knowing how to make a difficult passage playable, or what was the extreme compass of violin harmonics or of the contrabass tuba—I had more pride in this, I say, than I would have had in being able to execute a brilliant solo on any of these instruments. How, indeed, could a young musician fail to be interested in a book which abounds in such passages as this: "Gluck, for the *ritornello* of *Alceste's* air 'A malgre moi' had at first written for the flute; but perceiving doubtless that the quality of tone of this instrument was

## *Music in a Life*

too weak and lacked the nobleness necessary to the delivery of a theme imbued with so much desolation and mournful grandeur, gave it to the clarinet."

It is very difficult to analyse the fascination of writing for the orchestra; it is quite apart from the satisfaction of hearing played what you have written; that indeed may be an anticlimax; for unless your musical imagination is a very halting affair, no effect that the players will produce will be quite so perfect as that which you had heard in your mind when you wrote the notes of the score. Moreover, in writing for the orchestra one escaped into a world where there were no restrictions of time, space, or money. It was as easy (once you knew how) to compose for an orchestra of a hundred players as for the piano in your own drawing-room. And quite apart from the poetic side of musical composition, there was in writing for the orchestra a kind of mechanical side comparable with that which might be combined in map-making and cross-word puzzles. I still have some of the beautiful ruled paper which I used to get from Breitkopf and Härtel in Leipzig—ruled with twenty-eight staves. With a sublime faith in my own powers, which I do not regard as pathetic, but rather as a happiness to remember, I ordered enough of this paper to suffice for the whole score of a three-act grand opera, which I had begun to compose, and of which some fifty pages of the first act in full score do exist to this day. The remaining hundreds of sheets of this beautiful paper have proved very useful for lining shelves and similar household purposes. Some reams of them still remain, and occasionally a few notes of music are sketched on them, and I expect not to run short of that commodity while any power of putting pen to paper remains with me.

III.—Another interesting fact about writing for the orchestra is that it is almost impossible to teach it; it is one of the things that can only be learned by doing it. You want to do it so much that you begin to do it, even when you do it very badly, and you learn by comparing your own effort with that of the masters. Nothing contributed to my musical education so much as the publication of that portable, although somewhat blinding, edition of miniature orchestral scores which Donajowski began to publish during the nineties. They were photographically reproduced from full-

sized scores, and were therefore cheap. Nearly all my pocket-money as a youth went to the purchase of such expensive luxuries as full scores of Wagnerian overtures and such things; but to be able to take the full score of, say, Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto and follow it note by note with the orchestra was a tremendous enlargement of the field of study; and I know few pleasures comparable with that of sitting in a chair and reading the orchestral score of a piece of music you have already heard—unless it be the somewhat similar pleasure of reading a good map of a country which you have actually travelled.

It was only after many parental doubts and hesitations, which I can now so well understand, that I was allowed to devote myself wholly to the study of music. Quite another career had been designed for me; before I was articled to a cathedral organist I was articled to a chartered accountant; then indeed my musical soul dwelt in Mesekh, and had its habitation in the tents of Kedar. My body conveyed itself to the office every day, but my mind, which thirsted for the springs of Helicon, refused to follow to the bloomless meadows of accountancy. Within my desk, concealed under a sheet of blotting paper, which should have contained nothing more romantic than the trust accounts of one Miss Elsie Mayall, there was hidden a sheet or two of the Breitkopf and Härtel score paper, and in the hours when I should have diligently been copying accounts, I was making adventurous voyages on a whole sea of sound. Nor was I content with such fugitive industry. With that sublime devotion to a great and unattainable end, which is one of the best gifts of the inspiration of art, I would rise early in the morning, and by lamplight, in the drear winter time, wrapped in a rug in my bedroom, with a dressing-table for desk and a very small oil-stove as an island of warmth in the icy darkness, my hands aching with the cold contact of the paper, I used to toil at my opera, and come to such momentous decisions as the employment of a separate choir of Greek sailors, accompanied by a small additional orchestra of eight horns, at the bottom of an Ægean cliff.

IV.—When I was at last emancipated from the toils of accountancy and threw myself into the study and practice of music altogether, I had acquired for myself a theoretical knowledge of orchestration which was delightfully supple-

mented by intimate association with the Hallé orchestra. This was towards the end of the days of Sir Charles Hallé himself. It was that kind and gracious old figure who received me when I entered as a student at the Royal College of Music in Manchester; it was he who, in examining me on my entrance, gave me a little theme on which to improvise, and complimented me on the simple performance. I remember the theme and even my treatment of it. It was the name "Gade," G, A, D, E, and I think this is how I stated it:



It was very soon after my initiation that Sir Charles Hallé died, an event which created a great sensation in Manchester; and I remember his funeral filling the streets, and being the occasion of a very indifferent performance of Mozart's Requiem by his orchestra in the Church of the Holy Name. Sir Charles Hallé was not a great conductor as we think of them now, but he was a very accomplished musician and a very beautiful pianist. The Hallé orchestra was an

essentially German institution, and the life that centred round it was more like that of a German town than of anything particularly characteristic of England. Hallé was a great pioneer in introducing orchestral music to England, and there was a delightfully intimate air, not only about his concerts but about another excellent series which used to be called "the Gentlemen's Concerts," which were held in the Gentlemen's Concert Society's hall, and at which the orchestra played. It was delightful to see him, on the evenings on which Hallé himself was the soloist, leave the conductor's desk and go and sit down at the piano; or if he were to play the concerto, handing over his baton to Herr Willy Hess, a handsome, romantic German, who himself was an excellent violinist and might have served as a hero of a novel by Jessie Fothergill.

But with Hallé's death, and the subsequent discussions which agitated musical Manchester as to his successor and the future of the orchestra, came a great development of orchestral opportunities for the students at the Royal College. The new conductor of the orchestra would almost certainly be the principal of the College, and it was with feelings of the greatest excitement that we looked forward to rehearsals by the succession of conductors who came to give as it were trial performances.

*(To be continued.)*

## SOME ENGLISH ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. DYSON PERRINS

By O. ELFRIDA SAUNDERS

MR. DYSON PERRINS' remarkable collection of illuminated manuscripts contains specimens of almost all known schools of illumination, from English and French to Armenian and Persian, with one notable example of Indian illumination. The English branch of the collection illustrates the whole development of the art in this country from the twelfth century

onwards, and contains some of the very best existing examples of certain periods. A number of the books were formerly in the collections of John Ruskin and William Morris. Mr. Dyson Perrins has been kind enough to allow some unpublished photographs of his English manuscripts to be reproduced in this article.

The first painting illustrated, the Adoration of the Magi, is one of forty-nine full-page



I. ADORATION OF THE MAGI

*Leaves from a Psalter*

miniatures, which evidently came at the beginning of a psalter, but the part containing the text no longer exists. These pictures belong to the transitional period, between 1170 and 1220, when English miniature painting had thrown off the exaggerations of the purely decorative Romanesque style (as exemplified in the famous Winchester Bible and the Psalter of Henry of Blois), in which swing and pattern of line were everything, and truth of representation counted for little, but had not yet achieved the grace and charm of the Gothic period.

The style current in England in the twelfth century had been comparable in some ways with that of the weird but decoratively beautiful sculptures of French Romanesque churches, such as Vezelay and Moissac. Now English art was feeling towards simplicity and reality, but the painters were handicapped by lack of technical equipment, and their work,

though straightforward and unaffected, was often stiff and awkward.

The hieratic type and setting of the Virgin and Child represented here shows that artists were still turning to Byzantine models for inspiration. Of Eastern origin also is the reverential veiling of the hands of the Magi, but it is most unusual in English art to find one of them represented as a negro; in fact, I know of no other example in any period of English illumination. M. Mâle does not mention any in his study of the iconography of French twelfth-century art, and it would be interesting to know whether this feature occurs in contemporary illumination in any other country.

Another unusual feature of this manuscript lies in the choice of subjects. Besides scenes from the Life of Christ there is a series representing the apocryphal story of the Virgin and of her parents, including the dream of

Joachim, the meeting at the Golden Gate, and the presentation of the Virgin in the Temple. This cycle seldom occurs in thirteenth-century manuscripts, and is almost, if not quite, unexampled in the twelfth century. Some rare subjects are also included among the Gospel series; such as the idols falling from their pedestals on the flight of the Holy Family into Egypt, Herod stabbing himself in bed, and three scenes from the story of Jesus as a boy in the Temple.

These paintings are typical of their period in being bold and effective, rather than subtle or refined, in technique. Thick body-colours are used, and shading is indicated by rough strokes in a darker tone of the same colour, white (as in the cloths over the hands of the Magi) being shaded in red. The gold background is, as usual, laid over a raised foundation of reddish-coloured gesso.

Two thirteenth-century service-books in the collection may be selected for special mention, the *de Brailes Book of Hours* and the *Oscott Psalter*. The emergence of the definite personality of William de Brailes, monk, scribe and illuminator, has aroused a good deal of interest recently, and this is the most important of the five manuscripts, or parts of manuscripts, which have been assigned to him, and contains signed portraits of himself in two of the initials. He flourished between 1220 and 1240, but the vexed question of the

neighbourhood in which he worked has not been decided. His paintings show the new refinement and sophistication of technique, which marks the appearance of Gothic art in England; the shading on faces and draperies is delicately graded, and very fine penwork is used in the drawing of features and hands, but a

certain awkwardness of gesture and banality of facial types shows that the new style had not yet reached its perfect development in this country. The flourishes in red and blue ink which decorate the lesser initials are typical forms of thirteenth-century ornament. The elongated dragons which Brailes often introduces in his initials occur also in a French MS. (No. 32) in the same collection.

Both in this book and in the *Oscott Psalter* certain pages contain scenes grouped together in medallions, as in French moralized Bibles and the windows of Gothic cathedrals. The Biblical subjects in the *Oscott Psalter* are naïve and animated. There are indications in the style of the figure-painting that point to the artist having been in touch with the Court work executed under Henry III and Edward I.

The large pictures of apostles, each filling a page, recall, with their curiously short arms and ample draperies falling in hard folds, the wall-painting of St. Faith in Westminster Abbey. Many of the figures in the book have the excessively large forehead and protruding



II. MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS AND FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

*Oscott Psalter*



III. THE WOMAN DRUNK WITH THE BLOOD OF THE SAINTS

*Illustrated Apocalypse*

chin which are associated with Court illumination of a slightly later date, such as the Tenison Psalter of 1284, in the British Museum, and it is perhaps to this period that the manuscript should be assigned.

An English illustrated Apocalypse of the thirteenth century is an example of the charming group of lightly-tinted manuscripts of this description, which are thought to be products of the famous school of illumination at St. Albans, where Matthew Paris wrote and painted. With its tall, thin angels and general atmosphere of gentle graciousness, it is especially close to the beautiful specimen in the British Museum (Add. 35166). The page reproduced is an amusing example of the literal way in which these manuscripts illustrate the narrative. It shows the woman "drunk with the blood of the saints," at the sight of whom St. John holds up his hands in holy horror and amazement. This scene is not one of the usual cycle, but it occurs in the

allied British Museum MS., and also in an unfinished English Apocalypse in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris (lat. 10474), whose style is similar to that of the Douce Apocalypse at the Bodleian.

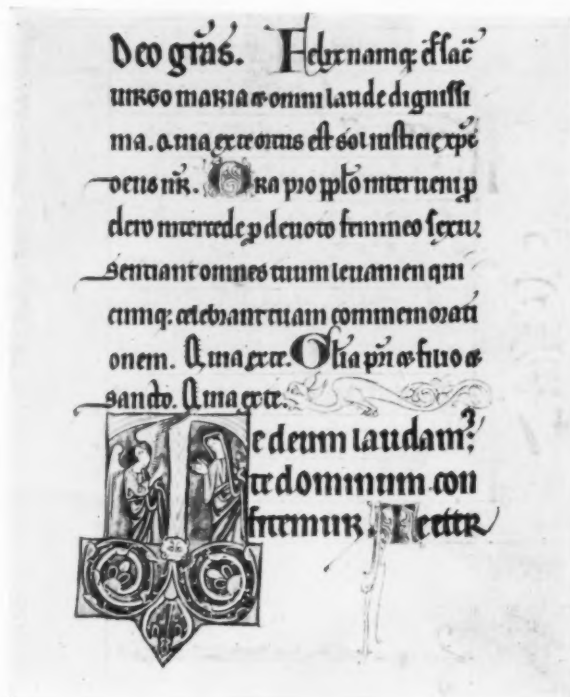
Perhaps the gem of the collection is the Gorleston Psalter, one of the masterpieces of that delightfully rich and humour-loving phase of English illumination, the East Anglian style of the early fourteenth century. But this manuscript may be fully studied in Mr. S. C. Cockerell's illustrated monograph, and is too well known to need description here.

Another manuscript of the East Anglian style, the Psalter of Richard of Canterbury, has initials by the hand of the artist who decorated Queen Mary's Psalter, the famous fourteenth-century picture-book in the British Museum.

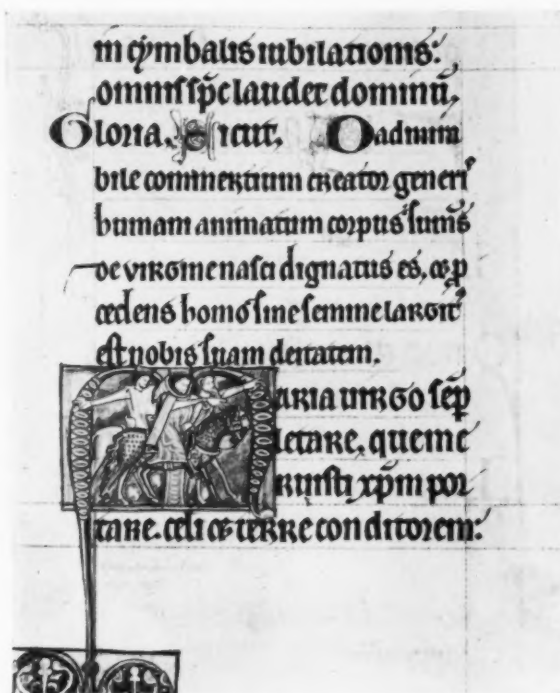
Finally, Mr. Dyson Perrins possesses two exceptionally fine examples of early-fifteenth-century illumination in the Books of Hours



IV. THE ANNUNCIATION  
*Hours of Elysabeth ye Quene*



VA. THE ANNUNCIATION



VB. THE JOURNEY OF THE MAGI

Book of Hours of W. de Brailles

decorated for Henry Beauchamp, Duke of Warwick, and his wife Cecily. The latter book has been known under the name of the "Hours of Elysabeth ye Quene," for Henry VII's queen at one time possessed it, and signed her name at the bottom of one of the pages.

Although the two are generally mentioned together as companion volumes, they are markedly divergent in style, and the Hours of Elysabeth is by far the more beautiful, though probably somewhat the earlier of the two. Its figure-subjects show the realistic outlook on life which was general at the time, but they are strikingly refined in their treatment and exquisitely finished. The modelling of the forms is particularly noteworthy, and so is the minute care bestowed on the painting of accessories and details. These miniatures are perhaps the nearest approximation in England to the Franco-Flemish style of illumination of the early fifteenth century, and show little of the Rhenish influence which was apparent in much contemporary work. The main disposition

of the Annunciation scene—the Virgin kneeling at her desk, and the angel on one knee before her holding the salutation scroll—is the same in all miniatures of this period: the figure of God in the sky, and the dove, and small cross-bearing figure descending from Him upon the Virgin, are features which occur again in the Hours of the Duke of Warwick. The figures in this latter manuscript are not so well modelled, nor so accurately proportioned as those in the companion volume, but they show remarkable characterization, in some cases of a broadly humorous type, and seem to be native work, owing little to outside influence. The decoration in both these manuscripts is very elaborate and beautiful, and shows two different stages of the late English border.

The manuscripts mentioned are not by any means the only interesting ones in the collection, but they will be sufficient to show the quality of the whole. Fortunately a complete catalogue of the manuscripts, by Sir G. F. Warner, is available for the student.



*Stockholm, M. Albin Malmström*

MADAME DU BARRY

*Marble bust by A. Pajou*

## PAJOU'S PORTRAIT BUST OF MADAME DU BARRY

By C. D. MOSELIUS

DURING his journey to France in 1771, the personal sympathies of Gustavus III of Sweden were, no doubt, with the aristocratic Opposition, the followers of Choiseul, imbued as they were with the ideas of enlightenment. All his intimate lady friends, Comtesse de Brionne, Comtesse d'Egmont, Madame de Deffand, belonged to this quarter. He himself might, to a certain extent, be looked upon as the political pupil of the fallen Minister. He was, however, too wise not to understand how dangerous it would have been under the existing circumstances to be bound to circles conspiring against Versailles. Consideration for Sweden and the aged monarch, whom he was anxious to please, forced him to seek alliances also on the opposite side in the party that was just gathering round the favourite, whose influence was daily increasing. On the advice of Creutz and Scheffer, and probably after conquering a certain reluctance, he took the hazardous step of calling personally upon Madame Du Barry. It was a public acknowledgment of her political influence which must have flattered her immensely, and contributed, no doubt, to strengthen her position. After this first visit they met several times and became better acquainted. With his natural tact, his obliging manners, and his pleasant conversation, Gustavus knew how to captivate the favourite, who, young, beautiful and charming, can hardly have failed on her side to make a certain impression on the King. At his departure he presented her little dog with a diamond collar as a token of good understanding. Be it enough to say that in Madame Du Barry he left a friend who was certainly not less charmed, not less sincere than many of his lady correspondents in the highest aristocracy.

Before long it was also related in court circles that the King had begged the favourite to give him her portrait. In the spring of 1771 there was the rumour that Madame Du Barry had already sent him her bust. It may easily be understood that it was with mixed feelings the Opposition heard this. Comtesse

d'Egmont, as the lady next to the King's heart, was undoubtedly most agitated of all. But so far she had no reason to worry.

During the following year we often catch a glimpse of the royal favourite in Creutz's dispatches. It is evident that the literary Count belongs to her faithful friends. In any case he never omits to report her successes. Suddenly there is an ardour in the correspondence, where the words are made to vibrate. It is the joyful message of the Stockholm *coup d'état* of August 19, 1772, which is communicated to Creutz one of the first days of September through the French Ambassador's courier in the King's personal letter to him. "The arrival of Vergennes's courier has called me back to life," he writes to the King on September 7. "I at once hastened to Versailles. The Duke d'Aiguillon (the leader of French foreign politics after Choiseul) was beside himself with joy." The latter himself immediately took him to the King, who was calling on Madame Du Barry. The great news deeply moved Louis XV, and the Countess burst into tears. The same evening Creutz had supper at the favourite's, together with the King, among a small circle of friends. The *coup d'état* was naturally the general topic of conversation, and Gustavus was the hero of the evening.

In Madame Du Barry the *coup d'état* reawakened an old thought. She wanted to send the King her bust. Had Gustavus in those September days made her heart beat faster, or was it simply feminine vanity making her wish to combine his triumph with her own? The question is open. Accustomed to have her own way, she at once spoke to Creutz of the matter, and in a letter of September 20 the latter hastens to impart this somewhat delicate question to the King.

"Madame du Barry," he writes, "alone maintains her whole influence. The King seems to be more and more enamoured, while she only breathes through Monsieur d'Aiguillon. At the news of the revolution she displayed the most unfeigned joy. She wished to send Your Majesty her bust and the picture which Greuze made of her, and which is one of that artist's most excellent works. But as

this would oblige Your Majesty to send her a portrait in return, and to write to her, which might possibly not be agreeable to Your Majesty, I have made her give up this thought. It is, however, absolutely necessary to spare her feelings, and therefore I beg Your Majesty to give me an opportunity of telling her some flattering things on behalf of Your Majesty. I am in the greatest favour with her, but I am at a loss what to answer her should she again propose to send her portrait. If it is not Your Majesty's wish to get it, I beg Your Majesty only to have it said through Monsieur Scheffer that the collection at Ekolsund is not to be added to and I shall understand what it means. But if it is Your Majesty's wish the matter can easily be arranged to its whole extent, which would highly flatter her. And if the letter is opened it will then only contain good news, calculated to give her great joy. The King is extremely sensitive to everything that concerns her. He neither forgives nor forgets the smallest trifle that might hurt her, and he does not want her choice to be blamed by anyone."

One can hardly be mistaken with regard to the tone of this letter. Above all, Creutz wanted to save Gustavus from having to face a *fait accompli*. But while thus seemingly leaving the question open, he pleads in fact warmly for the matter, and even allows himself in oblique terms to caution the King against refusing. The sentence concerning the collection of Ekolsund that Creutz wanted for this emergency is not to be found in Scheffer's dispatches. This is in fact an indirect acknowledgment from the King. But the favourite's portrait does not seem to have been actually requested in the autumn of 1772. Madame Du Barry, however, writes an amiable letter to Gustavus in September, complimenting him on the revolution so successfully carried through. Gustavus answers this in his own hand. In great joy at the way in which the King's letter has been received, Creutz reports to Scheffer on November 19: "The King's letter to Madame Du Barry has had a wonderful effect. No one knows about it (with these words he wishes to assure Gustavus of the Countess's discretion), and if His Majesty is pleased now and then to continue the correspondence, he will find it most advantageous, and be helped out of many difficulties." Creutz's letters and dispatches show that he is alluding here to the payment of French subsidies to Sweden, which at the beginning of the year 1770 were most considerable. The favourite had more than once given him her support in these, no doubt, not very easy negotiations. And it is probably with a view to counting on her help for the future as well that Creutz allows himself to

warn the King against Comtesse d'Egmont, and tried in every way to further relations between Madame Du Barry and Gustavus. Would the King give up personal considerations for the country's sake, and go as far in friendship as to accept the favourite's portrait in return for his own? Everything in these letters seems to point that way. But the definite answer we must look for elsewhere. It is given by the portrait bust lately deposited in the National Museum of Sweden by M. Albin Malmström. This bust not only shows the features and the name of Madame Du Barry, but according to tradition it is also said to have come from one of the Swedish royal palaces.

This important work of art, which on further examination proves to be personally executed by Pajou, is, apart from minor modifications, in intimate accordance with the artist's Louvre bust, signed in 1773. Style and composition go to show that our bust was also finished that year. It is probable that under the impression of the great success made by the bust which Pajou had finished in the spring, Madame Du Barry realized her old thought and got the artist to make another bust for the King of Sweden. Under such circumstances the bust cannot have arrived in Sweden before the spring of 1773, nor later than the favourite's fall, on the death of the old King, in May 1774. Everything seems to point to the autumn of 1773. From August, Pajou's bust had for some time a real triumph at the *Salon* exactly one year after Gustavus's successful revolution, a parallel which can hardly have escaped the favourite's attention, and may have given her the desired pretext for sending the portrait, all the more as Comtesse d'Egmont died in the beginning of October the same year, the last obstacle to the gift being accepted thus being removed.

It is quite possible that the bust was at first placed at Ekolsund, mentioned by Creutz, and in those days highly cherished by Gustavus. However, I have not been able to find any records to that effect. It is remarkable that such an important work of art is not to be found in the inventory of Gustavus III. The reason may have been that after the favourite's fall the bust was, in spite of its high artistic value, withdrawn and stored. It may therefore be one of the three modern marble busts which, according to the act mentioned, were in the





### *Pajou's Portrait Bust of Madame Du Barry*

care of Griberg the storekeeper. Tradition also connects the bust with Drottningholm, from which palace it is said to have been sold, some time in the nineteenth century, like so many other valuable works of art.

In his rich and many-sided production, which makes Pajou the principal sculptor in the latter part of the eighteenth century, beside Houdon, his works for and after Madame Du Barry occupy a very central position. It may be questioned whether the artist has on the whole given us anything more perfect, anything that has more contributed to his renown, than his busts of this enchantress, in big and small size, in marble, terre cuite, and biscuit.

The first time Madame Du Barry sat to Pajou was in the spring of 1770 for a bust in terre cuite, in natural size, which was exhibited at the Salon the following year, and attracted flattering attention. As it has later on been lost, we must judge it by a reduction in biscuit, kept at the Town Library of Versailles. In a masterly manner, Pajou here gives us the nucleus of all his following works portraying the favourite. The head is slightly leaning backward, and is turned three-quarters side-face to the left. A narrow ribbon over the right shoulder holds a thin drapery falling into soft folds and leaving neck and arms bare. A detail like the elegant, minute rendering of the hair is of the greatest effect. "Highly sensitive, soulful, and pleasant to behold," exclaims a famous critic before the original model, now gone for ever. And he adds, amiably, "It does not surprise me at all that little Jeanne Bécu went such a good distance from her simple country village. Pajou's bust explains everything." The same year, 1771, that the head at Versailles is dated, Pajou made another bust of Madame Du Barry, now belonging to the collection of the Sèvres factory. Pose and garment are about the same, but the hair combed back and arranged in high waves gives the face a thin and pointed character, which seems to me anything but to its advantage. A third in biscuit with the hair arranged *à la* Falconet's bathing women—the hair and its arrangement seems to have been of the utmost interest to the Countess—was ordered at the end of 1771, and the artist was probably still working at it in the beginning of the following year. But as it did not satisfy the favourite's no doubt very high pretensions she simply had it destroyed. A fourth bust,

dated 1772, also in biscuit, is in a private collection in New York. It has the hair combed back in the same way as number two, but is easier and more free in pose, and may therefore be said to represent a transitional form between these earlier heads and, I dare say, definite type, the bust of 1773.

It happened to Pajou, as it may by a lucky chance happen to an artist who has long and seriously studied a pleasing model, that suddenly he had created a masterpiece. In the head of 1773, the only one we have in life-size, the sculptor has not only fixed Madame Du Barry's type with a definiteness hardly to be surpassed, but has also given us a synthesis of his own art from its best side. This bust is said to be preserved in a terre cuite, whose fate, however, is unknown to me. It further exists in some old plaster-casts, one of which is now at Louveciennes, but above all it lives in the marble, signed and dated, at the Louvre, justly looked upon as one of the finest specimens of French eighteenth-century sculpture.

This last bust not only displays a slightly modified type of face, but also shows how with an easy tact certain changes have been brought about in garment and pose. By the bending of the head it seems softer than the earlier busts, and its rhythm is more free, but at the same time it is more serene, and gives an impression of greater harmony. The hair here follows the form of the face in light waves, then falls down in graceful locks on each side, and harmoniously frames the oval face. The neck is of a more delicate and subtle shape, longer than in the other busts, and the drapery has been replaced by a thinner garment, which in stuff and folds discreetly emphasizes the lines of the body and the movement in composition, and naturally reminds one of Græco-Roman sculpture. In a word, every detail is happy, and flows together into a whole of wonderful effect. But most of all our eye is captivated by the refined sensual charm which, by an utterly delicate treatment of the marble, the artist has in such a masterly way known how to express in face and skin. One might say that an undercurrent of rococo in this work is dissolved into and united with a pure and serene Louis XVI. In this natural and free union of opposite elements, Pajou hits upon what is characteristic not only of his own art but also of Madame Du Barry. Perhaps this is the very reason why he has been so successful

this time. Pajou was no psychologist like Houdon, and did not, like him, take a passionate interest in character. But in return his happiest moments gave him another, maybe more womanly, quality—intuition. When this quality, as is the case here, is combined with grace and style in idea and treatment, the result becomes not only good but also—in the best sense of the word—French. None of the French eighteenth-century sculptors seems to me to come nearer the tradition, from Goujon and Germain Pilon, than Pajou.

It does not surprise us for a moment that "all Paris came rushing" to see Pajou's portrait bust when it was exhibited at the Salon on August 25, 1773. Bachaumont in his "Mémoires Secrets" excellently interprets the judgment of his contemporaries in the following words: "Rien de si beau comme ce buste, d'une vérité, d'un charme, d'une expression unique. Il frappe les plus ineptes par un air de volupté répandu sur toute sa physionomie. Le regard et l'attitude secondent les intentions de peintre; il n'est personne qui, en voyant cette figure céleste, ne lui décerne, sans la connaître, le rang, quelle occupe et ne s'écrie avec M. de Voltaire. L'original était fait pour les dieux."

It has long, even to these last few months, been thought that the bust at the Louvre was the only marble existing of this famous portrait. This, however, is not the case. The bust lately acquired by M. Malmström and now deposited in the Museum is another

marble, which, though not signed, having only the name "Madame Dubarry" cut in the stone on the inside, is absolutely authentic. The manner in which the figure is drawn, the modelling, and the treatment of the material, belong exclusively to Pajou. This remarkable discovery after such a long period of oblivion is made still more valuable by the historical connections of the bust. As I have already shown, it is likely to have been a gift to Gustavus III from the favourite herself at the time of her greatest triumph, probably at the end of 1773, as *à propos* of the *coup d'état* of August 19, 1772. The similarity and the important points of correspondence between the French and the Swedish busts point to the fact that they were made at the same time, or rather perhaps one just after the other. As number one we must then regard the Louvre bust, originally intended for Louveciennes, while the Swedish King's bust is number two. The pose is in both cases nearly identical. The fine movement with the graceful bending of the head is the same, hair and garment also show great similarities in form. And over the whole surface we recognize the same "air de volupté" which gave the other bust life and expression. But on looking more closely we soon perceive a certain freedom in the treatment of details. Thus the hair of our bust shows some small alterations, and the garment is here rendered without the striping in the stuff displayed on the Louvre bust. The measures also show some, if insignificant, differences.

## THE PATH OF DECORATION IN THE ENGLISH THEATRE

By HORACE SHIPP

A RECENT American writer, dealing with the stagecraft of Europe, dismissed the English theatre with a single sentence, saying that he was assured that there was nothing here which was not a faint echo of the work on the Continent. Sometimes we are tempted to accept that judgment. Sometimes we glance at the more than forty theatres in the West End of London, and those farther afield in the provincial towns, and ask ourselves where there

is any stage work governed by a more conscious artistry than the necessity of making some quasi-naturalistic background for a quasi-naturalistic play. And we are tempted to believe that the contribution of England to the art of the theatre begins and ends with the influence of Gordon Craig—an influence whose repercussions seem hardly to have touched the stage of his own country, whatever it has done abroad.

Against this temptation, however, we are

## *The Path of Decoration in the English Theatre*



Photo by Geo. Dawson

"GAS"—THE GATES OF THE FACTORY  
Colours of scene—black, white, and shades of grey



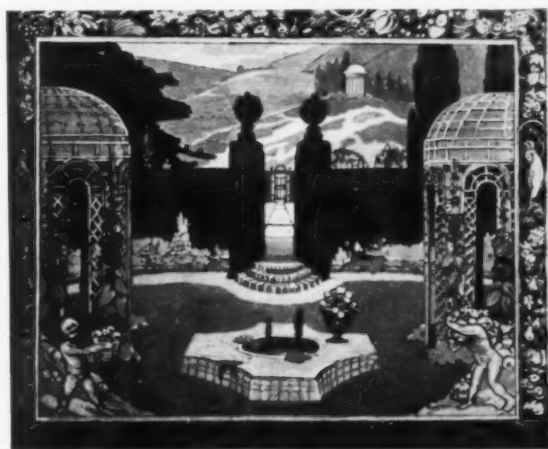
DESIGN FOR SCENE I—"THE RHINEGOLD"  
Engraved by Paul Nash for a book shortly to be published by  
Noel Douglas

forced to consider the handicaps under which the theatre in England labours. State or civic endowment is entirely unknown; private endowment almost equally so. The number of theatres in the whole of England which depend upon any income other than the actual box-office takings can only number three or four, and even in these cases the assistance is usually infinitesimal. This economic factor has made of the theatre here a purely commercial institution, and has dictated the note both of the drama and of the décor in that it has to make the greatest appeal to the greatest number. It becomes little wonder in these circumstances that public taste remains on the lower levels. Uncultivated and uncontrolled, the English theatre tends to cater for amusement rather than for art; and the English public, fed almost eternally on such fare, tend to lose any taste they may have for better drama visualized by better stagecraft.

Viewed in this light, it becomes almost remarkable that we still have in the English theatre a number of stages where serious

modern or classical work can be seen, and that we still have among English artists a number of men who design for the stage with serious purpose. On the occasion of the great International Exhibition at Amsterdam, and more conspicuously so when it was brought to London, the English rooms contained the works of at least a score of men comparing favourably with the Continental contributions. Many of these were from artists whose reputations were basically those of easel-picture painters, and it was notorious that the standard of draughtsmanship was so high as to bring forth the charge that they had achieved exquisite paintings which were an end in themselves

rather than a means to theatrical realization. The other characteristic of the English work was its acceptance of static decoration as the means of expressing stage scene. The *Décor Vivant* which was Craig's dream, and which found some kind of realization with the aid of lighting and the Expressionist movement on the Continental stages and in the work of several



DESIGN BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM FOR "MID-SUMMER MADNESS" (Lyric, Hammersmith)

American artists, was missing from this English section of the exhibition, as it is, in fact, missing from the English stage. The stage picture remained in the English work a static background, beautiful in itself usually, but expressing invariably only the *scene* of the play and not the mood or changing meanings of it.

I have dealt with this double phase of the work shown at that exhibition because it represents so exactly the whole tendency and practice of the post-war English stage of the better kind. Those of us who look to it for anything ultra-modern cannot but be disappointed. Those who tend to dismiss it as existing on the broken meats of the naturalistic school will be happily surprised. With a body of artists stretching between, shall we say, Geo. W. Harris, who does a great deal of work for the West End theatres in London, and Paul Nash, whose advanced design for the stage finds only occasional production there, we have a worthy standard of stage work. If it is marked by soundness rather than by daring that is, perhaps, characteristic of the English temperament.

The chief line of this work has been with men like the late Lovat Fraser, whose theatre decorations in the few short years between the end of the war and his death created almost a vogue, and certainly caused many staid English playgoers to look understandingly at the stage décor as such for the first time. He worked chiefly at the little Lyric Theatre at Hammersmith on the outskirts of London, and made his great success with the décor for a revival of *The Beggar's Opera*. Fraser had made the eighteenth century his own in art work, and he gave to the stage a decorated version of that period, presented in the strong colours which are more characteristic of our own times. His schemes were invariably based upon a built-in set composed of the architectural shapes characteristic of the eighteenth century, and capable of easy variation by the changing of superimposed decoration. The value of this method is the rapidity with which a new scene can be suggested; its shortcoming that one tends to be aware of the slightness of the change. But it makes for a certain unity of decoration throughout a play, and in the hands of an artist wise in the use of his materials can be as beautiful as it is practicable. Much of the charm of Fraser's

settings came from the costumes which he designed as an integral part of them, completing his scenes with the lovely dresses of crinolined ladies and silken-coated gallants.

Fraser's work and the amazing success of *The Beggar's Opera* at Hammersmith having created there a public expectant, in this way the theatre has continued to be a channel for the theatre artist. Doris Zinkeisen carried on the Fraser tradition, and although her design and taste were less sure than Fraser's, her effects were on occasions more daring. Later productions at this house have been in the hands of George Sheringham, who has succeeded in giving his individual touch to the type of décor which we have learned to expect there. His designs for *The Duenna* were extremely beautiful and successful. There has probably never been a better use of the set scene with interchangeable details than in this production; the whole scheme was saturated with the sun-colours of Spain, and the variation which he managed to get between the separate scenes by the simplest changes was a remarkable achievement. Sheringham has a further claim to theatrical significance in that he has invented a lighting machine which, by breaking up the rays through a carefully planned series of coloured screens, gives any light effect from pure daylight to the most extravagant colours.

Individual in their own way, but in harmony with this school of decorators, are Albert Rutherston and Norman Wilkinson. One tends to link their names in memory and tribute of the productions of Shakespeare which they did for Granville Barker before the war, on which occasion the frankly stylized décor created almost a furore in English theatrical circles. Neither have, however, continued far with this theatre work. Wilkinson designed the permanent Renaissance setting for the Phoenix Society: an outer stage and central inner recess, which can easily be curtained off to enable the action to go straight forward. This setting is based upon the research made into the stage form in Shakespeare's day, and in its various adaptations is proving excellent as a means of swift production and quick scene-changes. It necessitates the acceptance of an absolutely theatrical and non-naturalistic convention, where the mind will react to the least symbol of what the scene is intended to present. The inner recess accommodates many of the interior scenes; the whole stage,

## *The Path of Decoration in the English Theatre*

with its doors at either side and its gallery at the back, serving alike for interior or exterior as the play needs. Wilkinson is also working with Mrs. Lovat Fraser in the actual creation of costumes designed by them.

Rutherford has done little in the actual theatre of late years. He is, however, acting as art editor of the magnificent edition of Shakespeare's plays published by Ernest Benn, each one of which is being illustrated by an individual stage artist with suggestions for the stage and costume designs.

Among the older designers, and prominent to-day because of his recent success with Shaw's *St. Joan*, is Charles Ricketts. Ricketts is a worker in a rather older technique than the men we have been considering. His skill as a draughtsman and colourist ensures a series of beautiful pictures, as his long experience in the theatre guarantees the practicability of his work. His method, however, is that of definitely designing each scene on its own merits, so as to achieve an artistic-naturalistic representation of the stage-direction for it. He is unconcerned with the stylization and non-naturalistic conventions which influence, if they do not govern, the younger men. His technique assumes the type of play which has three or four long acts with waits between sufficient to allow the stage to be reset, although with a good use of curtains and a foreground or apron stage (i.e. the strip of stage projecting beyond the proscenium) room can be made for shorter scenes.

Another worker in a similar style, but without Ricketts' reputation in the realm of pictorial art, is George W. Harris. Harris, working for many years in the commercial theatre before it was invaded by the artists who left their easels for its conquest, has probably more productions to his name than all the rest put together.

What I have said of Ricketts' methods of work applies to Harris's. Lacking, however, the pronounced individuality of Ricketts, he is more at the mercy of the play; but recently, working with the fine Reandean management, he has had excellent opportunities. One thinks spontaneously of his décor for Galsworthy's *The Forest*, for Capek's *R.U.R.*, for Clemence Dane's *Will Shakespeare*, all produced at the St. Martin's Theatre, and for Flecker's *Hassan* at His Majesty's, and the super-production of *The Midsummer Night's*

*Dream* at Drury Lane. Each one of these has contained scenes of memorable loveliness, without anything very self-consciously "arty" about them. It must be remembered of Harris that there is nothing "modern" about his work; it keeps pace with the naturalistic traditions of our English Royal Academy.

One other memorable production on the London stage, although it owed its conception to the American, Benrimo, was that of Joseph Conrad's first play, *The Secret Agent*. The lighting was definitely stylized, and the scenes were presented with a number of set-pieces and properties unified by curtains. A scene of special interest was the café interior: the stage was screened at either side, leaving only the centre space with a table and two chairs set before an enormous window, this latter built of criss-crossed red ribbons, beyond which the forms of the distant houses could be seen.

This production stands with certain special performances of such groups as the Stage Society, the now defunct Art Theatre, and others, as the approaches of the English stage to those phases of expressionism which have been active in Central Europe. Certain expressionistic plays have been produced here, notably Toller's *Masse Mensch*, his *Machinensurmer*, and Georg Kaiser's *Gas*, with a suitably non-realistic stagecraft, but in each case with the restraining tendency of our tradition of naturalism holding back the production. This last piece was produced at what is now almost the only theatre outside London claiming a high place in English stagecraft—the Birmingham Repertory Theatre. Here the décor is in the hands of one of our youngest stage artists, George Shelving. He brings to the theatre a versatility which makes it difficult to class him, seeming to be equally at home with the expressionistic settings for *Gas*, with the purely decorative settings for Shaw's *Methusalem Cycle*, or with the practically naturalistic drawing-room sets for a Wilde comedy. He was conspicuously successful with the settings for Rutland Boughton's opera, *The Immortal Hour*, making an excellent contrast between the first act of the dream wood conceived in a blue-green twilight among the significant forms of great trees, and the barbaric splendour of the royal hall.

In contrast with this flexibility of artistic purpose may be cited the work of Paul Nash,

whose pronounced individuality as an artist is impressed upon every theatrical conception from his hands. His consistent conventionalism debars him from a very active place in the theatre, although his settings for Barrie's *Truth about the Russian Dancers* at the Coliseum commanded attention and admiration. Nash tends to impose the somewhat hard intellectuality of his own mind upon the stage sets, making designs for those plays wherein he finds this quality. Limited, as he undoubtedly is, by this rigidity, the day cannot fail to come when Nash will find the right play to his hand, and we may expect a fascinating result.

In this brief survey of the decorators and main lines of decoration operating in the English theatre it is obviously impossible to deal with all the men and movements which

would find mention in an exhaustive estimate—the work at the great popular Shakespeare house, the Old Vic., on the Surrey side of the Thames, the occasional excellent work consecrated to rather inane ends in the revues, the interesting effort to save grand opera from the Wagnerian tradition of production by Mr. Oliver P. Bernard working for the British National Opera Company, Edmund Dulac's beautiful designs for Yeats's *Plays for Dancers*, and much other. This survey will have served its purpose if it has indicated the polarities of a discreet expressionism and decorated naturalism between which the English theatre artists move; and if it has established the fact that there are a score of serious artists whose names can be claimed in connection with the English theatre.



CHÂTEAU D'ANET

*Stone entablature over the main entrance. (Probably of later date than the château)*

## DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE AND DECORATION—XIII

By MURRAY ADAMS-ACTON, F.S.A.

THE king who governed France in the first half of the sixteenth century ascended the throne at a time when the inauguration of a new style in architecture was spreading rapidly through all the provinces in his domain and supplanting almost every tradition of the Middle Ages. Not in the style of building alone, but in every

art, human genius seemed to be awakening from the lethargy into which it had fallen under the dominance of ignorance and tyranny. The minds of men, stirring under the vigorous new influences, caught the first beams of the coming light and reflected its brilliance in nearly every field of activity in token of the new day about to dawn. Modern

## *Domestic Architecture and Decoration*



BAS-RELIEF  
By Jean Goujon

history has few more interesting or more varied pages to offer than those days in France, and of all her kings none was better able to compete with the master minds of his compeers or more befitting his throne than François I.

Look at the authenticated portraits of this remarkable man; instantly you are impressed by the fascination of his personality. We are told that his character was a combination of opposite qualities, and closely identified with the whole nation he was destined to rule, uniting some of the noblest and best with the most blameable and weak of those traits which are characteristic of the French people. Impetuous and ardent, sensitive and amiable, valiant in battle, courteous, light-hearted in peace, and ever too great a lover of freedom

himself to restrict the lives of his subjects. At times, the elegance and splendour of his court were equal to those of the great days of Louis XIV, but with none of the ostentation which tended to make the latter vulgar. The period of François in every way seems full of interest, but this, to me, chiefly centres round his powerful personality and the history of his time rather than any development in art. From an architectural point of view that was not of equal brilliancy, and few buildings show outstanding greatness in conception.

In the endeavour to cultivate all the refinements of the age the king induced many well-known men to visit and reside in France, and bestowed much in the encouragement of the fine arts. Leonardo da Vinci came in 1516 and lived under his patronage until his

death a short time after. It is possible that some of the architecture of the Loire is from his designs, or may have been inspired by him, but probably not to any great extent, as he was advanced in years and near his death. Still, the presence of so great a master must have stimulated native talent and excited his compeers from Italy to greater efforts. Andrea del Sarto, another great Italian artist who came to France at this time, was followed by Primaticcio and a large colony of designers and craftsmen in 1530; amongst whom was Jerome della Robbia, architect and decorator, of the well-known family of artists in porcelain.

It is doubtful, however, if the art of France was benefited by this second invasion of foreigners, as their work was transitional in character, and but reflected the marked change which had occurred in taste. Of the flame which had illumined the lamp of Medievalism



GOUJON'S STATUE OF DIANA  
Originally at d'Anet—now in the Louvre

and had shone so brightly for many centuries hardly a flicker remained, and with it passed the Gothic Age, one of the few great periods of art the world has known. The influence exercised by these later Italians in France was not devoid of considerable coarseness, even to vulgarity in some instances; nor can it be claimed that their work was characterized by distinction or refinement. It evinced a decided tendency towards an immoderate use of misplaced ornament so freely mixed with retained Gothic forms that the result shows a general lack of unity in parts. Their influence, however, in the end was responsible for the appearance of a native artist, Jean Goujon (b. 1505-10, died 1564-1568), who worked with a knowledge gained by experience rather than by inherent instinct.

Picturesque and charming as some of it undoubtedly is, it is not my intention to dwell long upon the first phases of the style of François I, or to give many examples of the medley of Gothic and Renaissance art which for a long time prevailed. These articles do not attempt to provide even a brief history of architectural development, their purpose is merely to describe certain historical events explanatory of, or supplementary to, the illustrations. The selected periods have naturally followed in reasonable chronological order; they were chosen as being representative of good architectural styles based upon sound principles of design, when good work of all kinds was the rule.

There is, in my judgment, little doubt that the architecture of France was immeasurably finer towards the middle of the sixteenth century, when the second transition of the Renaissance was reached. Under the influence of Rome, the matured style of François I developed into the more scholarly and fuller stage of Henry II. For the first time a decided assertion of French taste over the stream of

Italian ideas is noticeable. It is a stage more worthy of study than the earlier phases of the style, and of unequalled interest, so I propose to concentrate upon it in this and the following articles.

The best work of this Renaissance in France is ever associated with the names of two very great men who frequently carried out commissions in unison — Jean Goujon, the sculptor and architect, and Pierre Lescot, the architect. Two of their best works are the façade of the Louvre and the Carnavalet, now a museum of relics from the Revolution.

The rebuilding of the Louvre was decided on by François I, and the complete control was given to Lescot, who exercised it from 1546 to 1578. The elevation was richly decorated with sculpture, mostly by Goujon, who worked many years there with Lescot; and the new Louvre became, perhaps, the greatest achievement in France in palatial architecture. Illustrated here is the figure of a river nymph by Goujon, a most characteristic work decorating part of the famous "Fontaine des Innocents," sometimes known as the "Fontaine des Nymphes,"



MARBLE FOUNTAIN

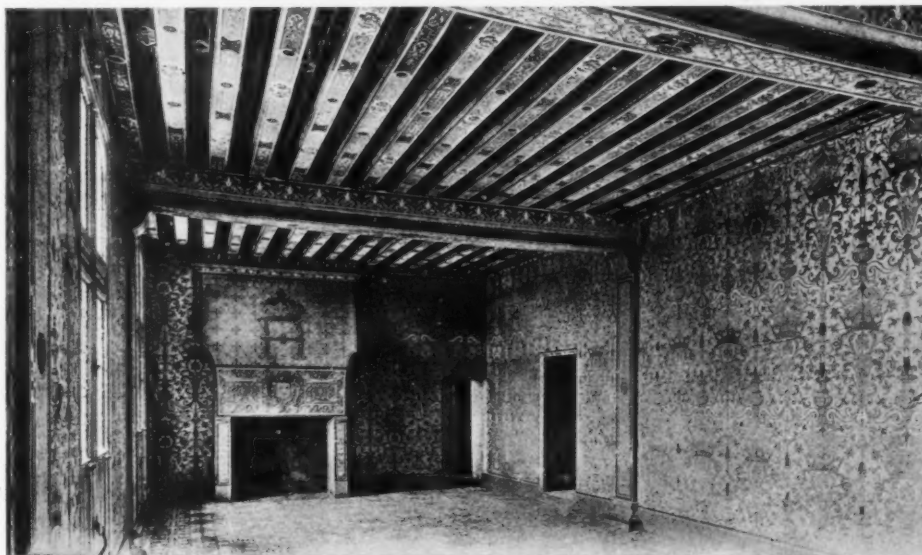
*French work of the period of Henry II. (The pedestal below the basin may be later in date)*

## *Domestic Architecture and Decoration*

which is attributed to Lescot and Goujon. The figure and its drapery have something allied to the ideals of the sculptors of old Greece—like their works, it perfectly fulfils its architectural purpose so that it seems to have grown there. The spirit of unity in detail here is in strong contrast to the underlying *motifs* of the early Renaissance. This is a stage farther on the way to a national style.

Amongst the best works by Lescot and Goujon is the "Carnavalet," or rather the original building then known as the "Hôtel de Ligneris," a very noble design differing much from the present edifice. It was begun in 1544, but the work was stopped two years

would be works of high distinction if removed from their architectural environment. They suggest an entirely different mentality from those executed in the following century, which, however well done, but rarely rise above the average embellishments to architecture, and when removed from their position are often devoid of artistic charm. The works of Goujon ought to be as familiar to present-day students of architecture as they were to those of the older generation, and a study of his art at this particular time may be especially advantageous, for surely here is a school of sculpture which offers a direct answer to modern Bolshevistic tendencies. Works of this kind must command

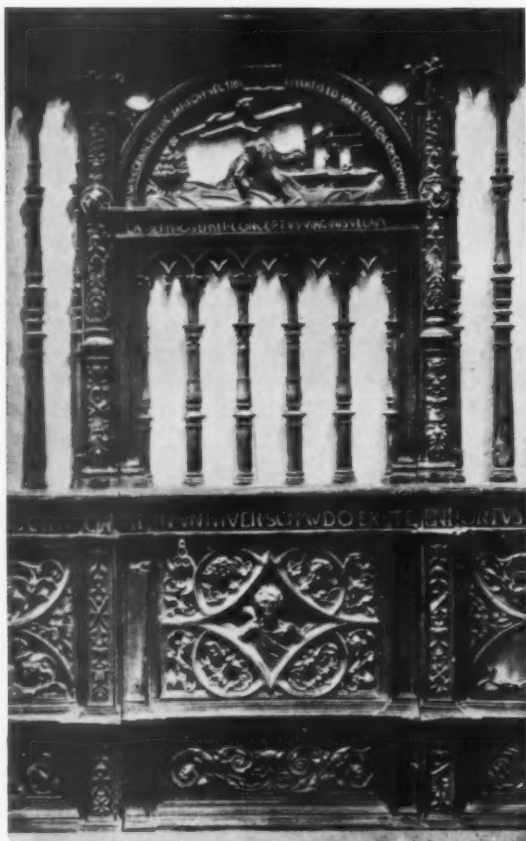


A SMALL ROOM AT BLOIS  
*Decorated in the mid-sixteenth century manner*

afterwards. It was cleverly remodelled by Mansart about 1661, who treated the earlier work with great sympathy in welding together the old and new styles. The residence of Madame de Sévigné, the building took her name, and is now known as the Carnavalet Museum. The carving which Goujon executed for the original structure is remarkable for refinement and simplicity, together with a subtle composition of tender lines which instantly raises it above the commonplace to a plane of its own. That he was an artist imbued with very great perception and sense of beauty is borne out by the fact that many of his figures, which were carved to meet the requirements of architecture, are complete in themselves and

admiration throughout future ages to all who desire "beauty" in art. Pity it was that internal wars and the resulting anarchy in the second half of the sixteenth century should have brought this new promise in French architecture to a standstill. Some of the architects were driven into exile. Goujon fled to Bologna in 1562, and died within a few years, but the work he had done in his native France is to-day a power for good. Others died; few architects were left in France. Wars, massacres, and assassinations were the order of the day.

These are vividly recalled in the illustration of a small room in the Château de Blois. In it the Duke of Guise and his brother were put to death by the orders of Henri III in



EVREUX

Carved screen; circa 1530

1588, when he was forced to abandon Paris to the army of the League at the head of which were the Guises. By itself, however, it is a room whose decorative scheme is well worth our consideration as a period study, but not because it is admirable in any way. There is scarcely a square foot of the interior plain. The walls are covered with a somewhat wiry repeating pattern of crowns, scrolls, foliage, stems, and vertical growths, with vases and flowers of highly conventional type, arabesque ornament of the same order, while dark medallions and other forms appear on the faces of the beams of the ceiling, and between them the roof shows simple light decoration on a dark ground. The cross-beams rest on brackets used as capitals of pilasters, which extend to the floor. These beams bear the royal H on a dark ground within a shaped panel and arabesques, their sides painted with light ornament of a like description. One could not set foot on the

floor without treading on some ornamental detail or other. The chimney-piece, however, is of good shape; there is distinct individuality about it, the little curve carrying the lines of the jambs into the hood has a certain agreeable piquancy, while the crowned royal cipher is placed on a pattern of fleur-de-lis. The chimney-frieze, too, is in contrasting design to the walls, as it exhibits strapwork panels containing in the middle the escutcheon of France. The windows with their moulded mullions and panelled transoms are pleasantly simple. One cannot truly appreciate the great virtue or the heavenly joy of simple features until one finds them in surroundings such as these. And yet, with it all, this ornate and somewhat monotonous decoration—much more so in black and white than in colour—is the demonstration of a new style. It has life, that is the main thing, and can be purified and developed.



MONTREAL

A stall-end with interesting details showing the transition from Gothic

## Domestic Architecture and Decoration

This tendency towards ornate decorations is shown at an earlier stage in the wood carving on the François I screen in Evreux Cathedral. The framework of the lower part is moulded, the uprights panelled and carved with simple Renaissance ornament; the lower horizontal panels contain volutes of foliage issuing from cherubs' and animals' heads, rather clumsily carved; the larger panels are decorated with classical busts, drapery, cupids, human and animal masks and foliage, enclosed by foliated stems, which suggest flamboyant tracery. Another survival of Gothic influence may be the suggestive forms like cusps in the arcade above the balusters in the upper part, but above it we have the round arch and lunette carved with Samson carrying off the gates of Gaza, on pierced ground, while the spandrels are pierced with circular openings. Flanked by posts carved with Renaissance ornament and heads within medallions, the impressiveness of this part of the screen is enhanced by the slender balustrading on each side.

The rapid advance of the Renaissance did not obliterate the *naïveté*, which was so prevalent in the periods of the pointed styles, though the clumsy homeliness of the Western craftsmen's ideas look out of place when in company with Renaissance design. Occasionally one encounters examples in which it seems impossible that any fusion of styles could take place. The stall-end from Montreal is, in my judgment, one of these. The Holy Family with St. Joseph vigorously carving a Gothic pinnacle on his bench, below which the Child Christ stands with an infant angel in attendance and the seated Madonna regarding Him, even the carpenter's tools hanging business-like on the wall, seem to me Flemish, almost German, in

style, while the flanking pilasters with their ornament, the medallions carved with heads and the shaped projection curving round the top of the shell (symbolic of purity) speak of other ideals. But what of the top—the two worthies with the big flagon by the trestle-table seated on Gothic stools. If one lingers—and who would not?—one will realize that it is not quite so old in style as its first appearance suggests. How erroneous are the sugges-

tions which imply that the Gothic Age was stuffy or dull! After all, the most generous of hosts nowadays rarely produces a jug of wine as large as himself—wonderful! I wonder what some of my American friends would say about this?

The unquestionably great beauty of the François I grand staircases, sometimes, as at Blois, cased in an octagonal tower, as seen from the inside, does not appear to have received the appreciation it deserves. Take the "Escalier d'Honneur" in the Loire Château de Chaumont, as illustrated here, and note the charming radiations of the steps, as in a fan below and above; the shell-like twist of the newel; the great delicacy in the carving of its Gothic arch finials and foliated

ornament; the pillars standing boldly in the recesses under the graceful shells of the niches. Note also the bands of deeply-cut ornament and the heavy corbels supporting them. The interior aspect of the grand staircase at Blois is even more charming than that of Chaumont, although the decoration of the latter is more delicate.

(To be continued.)



CHAUMONT  
The stone stairway

Erratum.—In my last article, for the March issue of APOLLO, page 160, an illustration of a small chair is, by error, incorrectly dated. Instead of 1640, it should, of course, read 1540.



*Victoria and Albert Museum*

USHAK CARPET

*Sixteenth century*

## TURKISH AND OTHER CARPETS

By W. G. THOMSON

**T**URKEY in Europe has but a slight claim to be the source of those famous "Turkey" carpets that were so highly esteemed by rich and illustrious personages in Europe from the fifteenth century until the eighteenth. In England the term was somewhat loosely used until the middle of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when references to Persian and Spanish carpets as well as Turkey were used, and the old terms, "Venetian" and "Oversea," were discontinued.

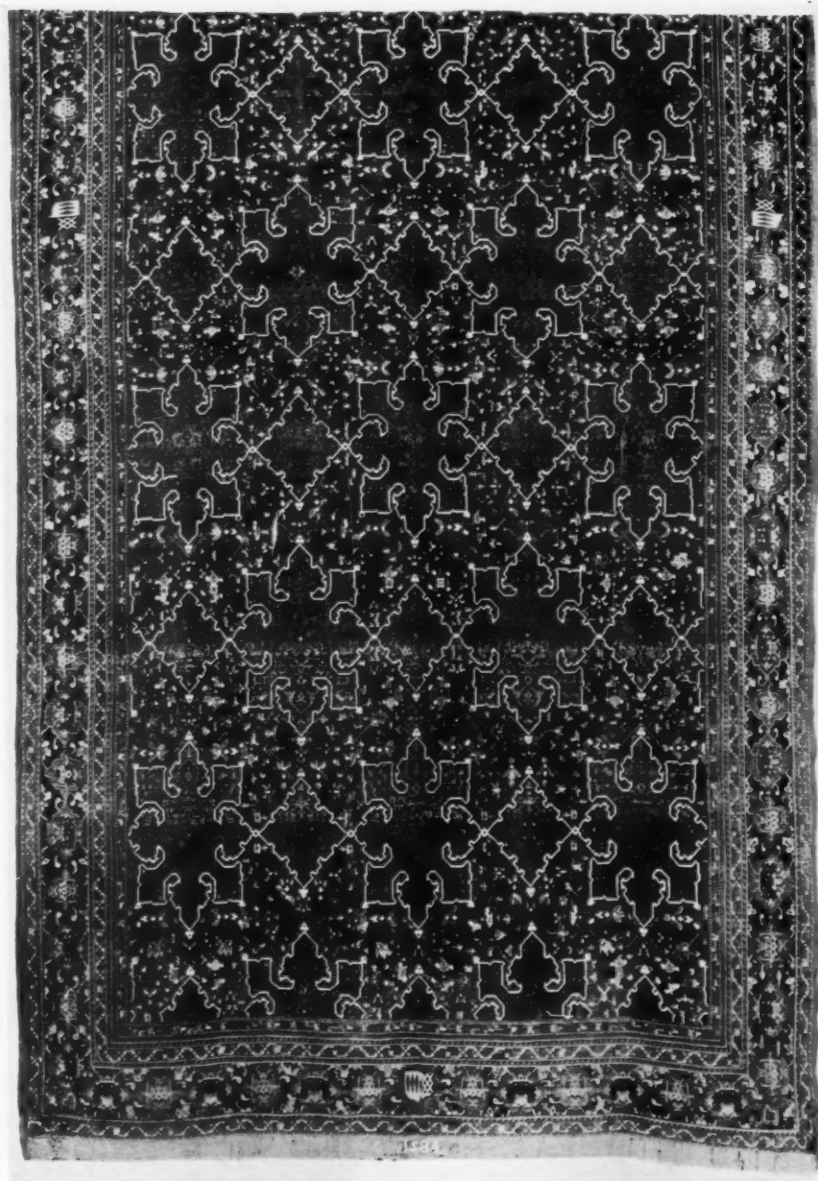
Paintings by early artists, especially those of the Flemish and Italian schools, occasionally show carpets and table-covers of the Turkish type imported in their times. The portrait group of the family of Henry VIII at Hampton Court is a valuable example of this, though it is but a copy painted for Queen Elizabeth.

There are, however, existing examples of much earlier date—those rugs of the early thirteenth century, which are probably as old as the Mosque of Ala-ed-Din, Konieh, which is still their home. During the fifteenth and

two successive centuries vast quantities of carpets from Asia Minor were absorbed in Italy, Spain, and England. In the latter countries they were used as models by the native weavers, but commissions for special carpets were, in some cases, sent to Turkey. An instance of this is the set of three very beautiful rugs belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch, which bear the arms of Sir Edward Montagu, and the dates 1584 and 1585. They belong to a type made in the neighbourhood of Ushak, and are milestones in the progress of the style.

In all probability the first Mohammedan carpets woven in Turkey belonged to the geometrical arabesque type in accordance with the evolution of Mohammedan art. The arabesque is more general in Turkish than in Persian floor-coverings, the latter showing a preference for animal and floral forms, although from the fifteenth to the late seventeenth century the waves of Chinese influence which inundated the arts of Persia had flowed into Asia Minor and left evidences of their presence,

*Turkish and Other Carpets*



*The Duke of Buccleuch*  
ANATOLIAN CARPET WITH THE ARMS OF SIR EDWARD MONTAGU

*Dated 1584*

both in spirit and detail, on the weaving art in Turkey—especially the cloud form.

The same persistence in the reproduction of old designs is as apparent in the Anatolian carpet as in those of China and Persia. One of the most common instances is the ogee composition of Ushak rugs, illustrated here by a

sixteenth-century example in the Victoria and Albert Museum. In plan it suggests the lay-out of a small garden with a middle walk encircling a flower plot in the centre. The path is deep red, overrun by conventional floral ornament in blue. The central plot is blue, enclosing a red quatrefoil, with touches of

yellow and blue. At the sides are halves of octagonal stars with radiating lobes of graceful form, showing a second series between. It is a gorgeous carpet and almost overpowering in blue, red, and yellow.

Another early type is as delicate in colour as the preceding is strong. In the centre is an oval medallion with scalloped edges and pointed tips ending in a tripartite pendant, the centre full of graceful arabesques, palmettes and foliage. Upon a field, generally deep rose or dark blue, are twisting stems with large flowers and serrated leaves. A quarter medallion fills each corner. The larger border-stripe contains a running stem throwing off rosettes and palmettes alternately, as in the museum example, with a narrow outer band of rosettes and leaves. The colours are deep rose, soft blues, and yellows. The design shows great skill, while the materials are very fine, the colours delicate and refined.

A rather rare type of rug which has become prominent in recent years has been termed "Damascene." It is of floral character, having a central medallion with a rosette inside and palmettes with foliage around. In each corner is a quadrant of the medallion, the remaining field being filled with palmettes, rosettes and lanceolate leaves, which sometimes form the pattern of the border also. The outside band often shows a pattern of linked geometrical forms. There is in this type considerable resemblance to the Persian carpets, between

which and the Asia Minor types it seems to be a hybrid. The knot used is not the Turkish Ghiordes, it is the Persian *sehna*.

The most distinctive carpets of Turkey are those used for prayer. The earliest type probably represents the arch or arches complete, and the hanging lamp (so prominent in the Persian Ardebil carpet) and the columns, with a broad border. The finest existing type is known as "the Ghiordes," from the town of that name. The lamp is often represented as a

vase, an ornament or flower, the columns become flat bands, and the borders are composed of a great number of bands or stripes covered with ornament. Certain characteristics have associated these prayer-carpet with other towns, such as Kulah, Ladik, Ushak, Kirman Sivas, and other localities. They are occasionally pileless, being woven in tapestry, and some of them are of great beauty. A very fine example with three arches is illustrated. Soft blue and yellow trees are woven under the arches on a rose ground,

the yellow spandrels are full of floral ornament in silver thread with touches of red and blue; the broad border has upright stems branching into leaves, the inner and outer bands contain a stem zigzagged vertically and undulatory when used horizontally, giving off leaves and flowers.

A pileless carpet of different surface is met with in the Caucasus, and is known as "Soumak." Instead of the usual even in-and-out method of the tapestry-woven carpet, the



Victoria and Albert Museum TURKISH CARPET

*A type showing Persian influence*

*Sixteenth century*

## *Turkish and Other Carpets*

Soumak weaver passes his bobbin over four warps and then backwards under two, and reverses the direction of the succeeding row, which produces a surface of variety and play of colour. This, with its greater speed, ought to recommend the method to modern weavers. The prevailing pattern is of octagons, or other polygons, with geometrical fillings in a row and others between; the border bands contain geometrical figures, linked circles and hooks

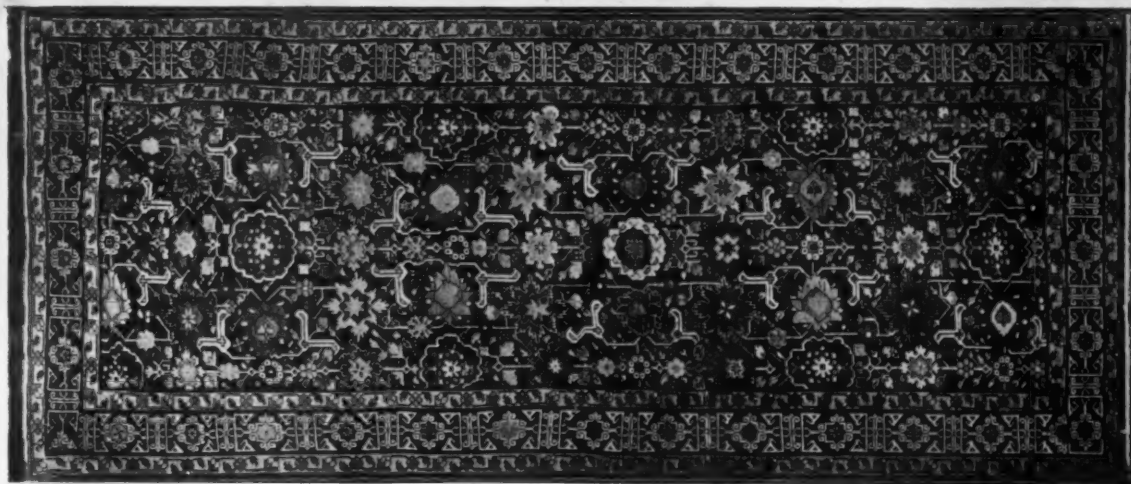
In some ways the Caucasian



*Victoria and Albert Museum*

PRAYER CARPET IN TAPESTRY

carpets are strongly reminiscent of the early Persian types in design, and more strongly still of the Armenian. It has been said that the Armenian carpet contains all the details found in the Kuba products. Some have much in common, and the Kuba carpet often shows traces and remains of the older ogival plan of the Armenian rug patterns. A fine Kuba is one of the most beautiful of all rugs. Its pattern is not obtrusive, and its symbolism of great interest. Many



CAUCASIAN RUG, PROBABLY FROM KUBA

*Eighteenth century*

*Victoria and Albert Museum*

have borders with the knotted pattern, beloved of the old European artists, which is really a far removed imitation of the band of Kufic characters seen in primitive carpets.

The cloths of knotted pile made by the nomadic Turcoman tribes, almost the only furnishings of their tents, are in a class by themselves. Different articles besides rugs are woven, bags, collars and tent-door screens in geometrical ornament. The colours

are distinctive, the prevalent dark brown-red is a common ground to ornament in blue and white, sometimes varied with other hues. A Turcoman rug from the museum gives a fair idea of its style. In the panel rows of polygons in light and dark tones with a margin of tiny quatrefoils and geometrical shapes, inside a light stripe marked by a dark undulatory stem giving off hooks, and a repetition of the inner band outside it comprise the decoration of this wonderful primitive work of art. It is related to the Afghan and Baluchi types.

Hitherto, in these notes of the history of carpets of knotted pile or plain surface, no allusion has been made to those of France. The reason is that the works of the great National Manufactory of the Savonnerie are of a different class. A new dimension entered into the scope of design—thickness—in shaded realistic form and the introduction of semi-realistic landscapes. The art was not new to France. The first recognized manufactory in

Paris was that of Jean Fortier, about 1601, but a more important effort was made in 1607, when Henry IV installed looms in the galleries of the Louvre under the control of Pierre Dupont. The weaving was to be in the fashion of Turkey, but wall-hangings, imitative of pictures, were executed. One of these, in the Gobelins Museum, shows Louis XIII (as Hercules), his queen and children.

Twenty years later Dupont set up a workshop at Chaillot in a building originally a soap-works or *savonnerie*, a word fated to become a synonym for French carpets of knotted pile. After a time Dupont returned to his original manufactory in the galleries of the Louvre. Lourdet, his pupil, had ousted him, but when Lourdet died his widow married Dupont's son Pierre, who seems to have carried on the combined workshops. He it was who executed the carpet for the Great Gallery of the Louvre which occupied the years from 1664 to 1683 in making. It was in ninety-



Victoria and Albert Museum

TURCOMAN CARPET  
Late-eighteenth century

two pieces, and its description conveys a clear impression of its own decoration and that of "French Savonnerie carpets in general." The decoration consisted of great branches of acanthus foliage combined with flowers and mouldings enclosing medallions with figures in cameo and landscapes on backgrounds. The mouldings were strongly modelled, the figures were boldly executed on contrasting grounds, vigorously rendered were





## *Turkish and Other Carpets*

the bold festoons of flowers and fruit, while the whole, full of life, was a splendid expression of the spirit of its time. Before condemning it, try to see it in the place for which it was designed—under the feet of gaily-attired lords and ladies, and with gold-woven tapestries and gilded furniture. Consider the ceilings, the furniture, the glitter of many objects at the levée. It may be that the carpet fulfilled its functions in a way that one in any other style would not have been capable of.

Towards the end of the seventeenth century the financial condition of the State caused a cessation of activity in the royal manufactories, and in the Gobelins, as well as the Savonnerie, its bad effects were fully felt. The chief designers there were those artists employed at the Gobelins, Blain de Fontenay, Le Moine, Monnoyer, Yvart, Boudrin, and Desportes. Their designs were used many times without change until about 1780, when a few cartoons by Perrot and Perrault were introduced. The whole establishment lacked life and new ideas. Before the end of the century it left the Savonnerie at Chaillot and established its workshops at the Gobelins. Napoleon gave it fresh impetus and spirit. During the Revolution designs had been destroyed and injured. He caused others to be prepared by artists like Percier, Dugoure, and St. Ange, and set the weavers to work on carpets for the royal

residences. New life and energy invigorated the old craft, but later design did not afford the glorious effects of the old cartoons. Thanks to him, however, the Savonnerie was preserved until the present day.

The Royal Manufactory of Beauvais, which held the right to accept private commissions in addition to those bestowed by the king and had salerooms in Paris and Beauvais, with connections at Leipzig and Ratisbon, had looms for weaving carpets as well as tapestries. These were set up by the Director, De Menou (1780–1793), on his arrival, and the work appears to have been an imitation of that of the Savonnerie. The experiment was highly satisfactory. Mr. Badin states that the products were almost as fine as those of the Savonnerie, while their prices were not so dear, and so they found a good market in France and other countries. The work, however, came to an end in 1792. The Mobilier National, Paris, contains a remarkable carpet in the style of the Savonnerie, in wool with military emblems woven at Tournai in the time of Napoleon I.

From early times carpets have been woven at Aubusson, but these are pileless and in tapestry. The industry assumed great proportions in the eighteenth century, and many fine examples remain, though the fabric does not wear so well as that of the knotted pile.

## CORRESPONDENCE

*To the Editor of APOLLO*

SIR—The picture by Marco Ricci, representing "The Mall," and belonging to the Hon. Geoffrey Howard, which was reproduced in the April number of *APOLLO*, is a specially interesting and valuable one, not merely because it shows us a well-known feature of London at a period anterior by some thirty or forty years to that when the subject had become a not uncommon one with topographical draughtsmen, but because it is taken from a spot and includes features not usually selected by contemporary artists. By an examination of Morden and Lea's plan, dated 1682, or the more elaborate one (which is, indeed, something between a picture and a bird's-eye view rather than a plan) of Kip, dated 1710, which show clearly the actual alignment of the four rows of trees in the Mall, we shall be able to judge of the accuracy with which Marco Ricci produced his picture, and also the spot where he sat when painting it.

That spot must have been just outside the entrance

gates to the forecourt of old Buckingham House. Whether or not that structure was then actually in existence depends on the date of the picture. The mansion was designed by Captain Wynde or Wynne, for John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, and was completed in 1705. If Colonel Grant is correct in giving the date of Ricci's arrival in England as 1710, the Duke's house would have already become a more or less matured structure when the artist executed his work; if, on the other hand, Ricci came over under the Duke of Manchester's *ægis*, either in 1696 or 1699, and painted the picture before 1703, when Buckingham House was begun, the mansion behind his easel would have been the second Arlington House (the first had been burnt down in 1674), which was sold to the Duke of Buckinghamshire in 1702. As Ricci was born in 1680, however, it is more than probable that he painted his picture of the Mall, which has signs of maturity in treatment, at a date considerably later, and, perhaps, *circa* 1710 is a likely time at which to place it.

## Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

From internal evidence there is little help to be gained in this respect, as none of the buildings shown is likely to assist us. Concerning these structures, however, it is interesting to note that the large one on the left is no doubt Berkshire (afterwards Cleveland) House, which stood approximately on the site of the present Bridgewater House; while the low building abutting on to the Green Park, close by, was the Royal mews, an adjunct of St. James's Palace. The church spire showing above these buildings is, I assume, that of St. James's, Piccadilly. In this case the perspective seems accurate; but frequently in pictures of this period (and others, for the matter of that) topographical correctness is often sacrificed to artistic requirements; and if, therefore, it could be shown that the spire is not that of St. James's, but of, say, St. Martin's in the Fields, it would date the picture later than 1721, in which year that church was begun.

Apart from its value as a topographical document, this

painting by Ricci possesses a special interest because it is one of the rare delineations of London as an artistic *motif* produced before Canaletto and Scott, the Sandbys, Malton, and the rest, came to show us the City as it was during the reign of George II. One or two had done this at an earlier time, such as Thomas Wijck, whose view of Westminster from York Water Gate was produced soon after the Restoration, and H. Danckerts, who painted his extraordinarily valuable picture of Whitehall from St. James's Park, probably between 1670 and 1675, to mention but these; and thus Marco Ricci affords a link, as it were, between these topographical draughtsmen and the great school which was destined to arise later and to culminate in the exquisitely accurate and artistic work of men like Capon and Shutter Boys.

Yours faithfully,

E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR.

## LETTER FROM PARIS

By ANDRÉ SALMON

FORMERLY, that is before the war, and in fact some time before the war, a certain sort of scandal often had a favourable effect in revealing a new temperament, a new school, to the public. It was after 1912 that the poet Fernand Dicoire showed the decadence of the system in his excellent "Manuel de Stratégie Littéraire." What is true of letters is also true of art. Since the armistice the public has become every day more restive against the methods of intimidation, and at the same time, amidst the apparent dissolution of manners, it grows extremely, paradoxically, susceptible on the point of social morality. All this is only by way of introducing the newest artistic movement, eminently interesting because if it is the youngest it has every possible chance of monopolizing the best forces of the rising generation. This was done by turns in spite of pedantic criticism, by romanticism, realism, symbolism, and pictorial and literary cubism. The super-realists, who at first counted only poets among their adherents, and now have sufficient painters to justify the opening of a gallery of super-realists, have given a profound shock to public feeling. At first they were deliberate anarchists, while their immediate predecessors, the Dadaists, on whom they always depended, retained certain aristocratic links with worldly forms. Now they have rallied *en bloc* to the Communist party. This is not a good means of gaining public sympathy. Communists indeed! One may suppose that those among them who are passionately convinced will experience many vexations. One has only to meditate on the terrible confusion of aesthetics, politics, and ethics that such a situation involves to be sure of this.

"Comrade" Lunacharsky, people's commissary for Public Instruction and Fine Art, took a great affection for the French super-realists during his stay in Paris. Still one cannot dispense with the benefits of controlled information. After a fairly long exercise of his ministry "Comrade" Lunacharsky has proved that he is not an artist of very fine

sensibility. This ardent revolutionary has the heart of a *pompier*, as the young Parisian artists call the most reactionary academic masters. M. Lunacharsky sees in the art of the super-realists an excellent means of dissolution—a sort of explosive. But this same Lunacharsky, presiding in Moscow at the competition for a portrait of Lenin and for a banner for the Red Army, sets aside in a most dictatorial manner all the competitors who are even suspected of Italian Futurism and of German Expressionism in order to give the commission to an arrant representative of bourgeois art, to a pupil of Répine, who is himself a disciple of our Roll, one of the most indifferent representatives of the "Société Nationale des Beaux Arts." The same Lunacharsky has the Shchoukine collection, rich in Matisse, Derain and Picasso, guarded by his Red sentinels because it has become so very national, but to a French agent, charged with the organization of an exhibition of our new painting in Moscow, he takes care to prescribe: "Not too much advanced painting, send us the *pompier*s; it is necessary that the Russian proletariat should understand."

Well, the French proletariat is not ripe either to appreciate super-realism. It is a fact worth noting that the so-called Left ranks of art have found warm defenders among the critics of the Conservative newspapers, while the Left Press on the whole remains obstinately rebellious towards revolutionary art. Perhaps it is that the revolutionary intellectualism has not yet crossed the line that separates it from the sentimental stage.

In Paris the super-realist painters have to encounter an uproar led against them, less than a year since, by their brothers the poets. By spoken and written word they outrage the corpse of Anatole France, in spite of the pledge given by him to Socialism when alive. Should you have English super-realists you will see what mincemeat they will make of the distinguished Bernard Shaw. They have dragged the poet and ambassador, the Catholic and patriotic Paul Claudel through the mud. On certain

## Letter from Paris

evenings they have had such manifestations in a café that the mob at the door yelled, "Kill them!" I, personally, have experienced the difficulties of the situation. I had to give a lecture at a cubist and super-realist exhibition at Nancy. The truth is, that to-day the super-realists are on good terms with the cubists after having dragged them through the mire in their small revues. I hasten to add that their first attitude seems to me the more logical one. Is it necessary to repeat it? Cubism considers that a picture is a plastic fact in itself. That is what the most distinguished cubists tried to formulate when they said, "Conception triumphs over vision," or "The necessity of the predominance of the plastic over the descriptive"; while super-realism places imagination, liberated from the strict control of intelligence, over everything. That means a deviation from the plastic fact. In spite of the figurative appearances that seem to unite cubism and super-realism, this is an offensive return to romanticism, that romanticism which appears as soon as the "mal du siècle" manifests itself, from which Alfred de Vigny and Alfred de Musset suffered, that is after a long period of trouble, after a long-drawn-out international bleeding. Perhaps after all, in a roundabout way, and although the super-realists themselves, who proudly maintain their stiff, cold attitude, do not admit it, this is a return to that joy of effusion of which Raoul Dufy, a painter with exquisite imagination, feared that rigorous cubism, with a somewhat polytechnical spirit, would for ever deprive art.

At Nancy the organizers desired one thing only, to give a complete survey of the latest condition of painting. In my lecture I defended the subversive super-realists by quoting the master of the Nationalist doctrine; yes, by quoting Maurice Barrès, who never forgot that he was the friend of "Bérénice" the comrade of the condemned symbolists. Shortly before his death Maurice Barrès wrote: "It is not right that anyone should intervene, and, forestalling the event, should risk to name those four or five who are marked with the divine sign. It is for their works to proclaim them when these have ripened through a long process in which no one has dared to intervene. Charms, phantoms, mandragora, Dadas, old dreams, young extravaganzas, let the witches' caldron boil, for none can know by what circuit, after what experiences, a vocation affirms itself and naked simplicity is revealed."

An admirable page! And, like all that Barrès has said, it is particularly worthy of being understood by a nation like the French, a country of security and of the savings bank, of good sense and of a civil code, a country which abounds with checks and restraints but has need of water-diviners, path-finders, gold-diggers, and scalp-hunters.

Let us admit that the super-realist school has still to be constituted at the moment of opening shop. Its best qualified representatives are André Masson, Jean Miro, and M. Roy. Of these three M. Roy is curiously enough the eldest. If there is super-realist justice M. Roy will figure as the precursor and will take the position of leader. M. Roy is an astonishing inventor of poetic elements. Formerly one might have classed him with the Little Masters, he was so minute. He deserves that one should linger over his metaphysical reveries which are supported by the physique of an extremely rich material. He preceded by a long way both in time and space the Italian Giorgio de Chirico. He it was who first produced those works in which, if I may say so, a soul is given to still-life, and he paints with all the science and all the scrupulousness

of the best realists. Only, if he paints a seascape in this way, a shell will rob the beautiful mermaid of her important place, and its conch will contain all the mysteries of the ocean.

It is impossible that something great will not rise out of super-realism since it exercises such a powerful attraction on youth. Let the caldron boil!

Many others have come from as far to take their place on the plane of pure art. To-day we see the triumph of Georges Rouault, who was poisoned by the most confused type of literature, and was educated by the most artificial of masters—Gustave Moreau. It is true that Gustave Moreau, the painter of a vulgar "Salome," had the strange privilege of instructing artists as daring as Rouault, Marquet, and Henri-Matisse.

Georges Rouault, painter and engraver, has painted a Passion which is renewed and for all time. His Christ is surrounded by Magdalenes, who can only be redeemed by the very excess of infamy, continued till the Supreme Fall, and who are submitted to the law of grimacing judges. In this work there is not an accent of revolt. There is an absolute submission to the inevitable, and I hope I shall be understood if I venture to say that at the bottom of this work there is something suggestive of Rasputin. Yet plasticity dominates it as is only natural. If the sentiments that torture the artist influence his choice of models, he treats them exactly as a classical master would treat and look upon an ordinary model ready for any transformations.

A recent exhibition has at last brought fame to this modest artist who lives as a recluse in the mediocre Musée Gustave Moreau of which a will has made him the keeper. Georges Rouault has been classed with the Fauves. This was owing to the violence to the rugged purity of his colours. He deforms the human race as violently as the old "Dances Macabres" were wont to do, and uses a summary palette of blues, reds, and lakes as rich as those of Renoir, but pushed to the extremes of tone in a dramatic symphony.

Though eminently plastic, Rouault has given expression to his intelligence. He who after all gave the crown to painting when the spirit of literature solicited him, said one day: "Even for a painter it is good sometimes to close his eyes."

The number of little scraps of writing, jotted down by chance on loose pieces of paper and piled up like drawings, is not the least curious trait about Rouault. Here again his master is Delacroix. The style may not be so pure, but how picturesque! Here is a sample for your relish: "To commune with Nature in silence, far from barbed-wire theories." "Harmony; that is our language."

The work of Rouault proves every day more clearly that classicism is not a virtue readily acquired by submission. It is necessary first to lay oneself bare. One can only practise it after much daring.

A very fine book has just made its appearance. It deals in a very precise manner with one of the great artists of the nineteenth century, and will aid in understanding why the artists of the twentieth century, apparently so far removed from him, still follow his example. I am speaking of "L'Atelier d'Ingres," by Amaury-Duval, which has been reissued at a very opportune moment. The piquant anecdotes in this book are like pleasant illustrations. M. Ingres made a grimace on hearing the singer Duprez at the Opéra. Did the voice of Duprez not please him? "On the contrary," he replied, "the style is superb, but do you see the distance between his eyes?"

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In 1926 M. Ingres would be very unhappy at the theatre. Not because all the actors have become ugly, but because he would often suffer from the disagreement between the text, the spirit of the drama, and the unnecessary wealth of costume and scenery. The upholsterers and the dressmakers have grown cumbersome. A curious spectacle was offered to the public of the Comédie Française when "Robert et Marianne" was announced by M. Paul Gerdly, who has always shown more courage in the choice of his setting than in his literary work. He has always been a passionate client of Follot, Dufresne, and other *ensembliers*. In "Robert et Marianne" his couple move in a setting signed "Sue et Mare." Unfortunately one of them rebels against modern art and criticizes the modern style so violently that each performance becomes a veritable execution for "Sue et Mare."

One of the curiosities of the dramatic season was the opening of the "Théâtre du Journal." Never before has a great daily paper added a playhouse to its telegraph hall: "Tu m'aimeras!" by Mlle. Claude Dazil. A work that is sympathetic by all the defects of youth—wealth of ideas, courage of assertion and contempt of composition—appeared on the stage of the "Journal." Mlle. Claude Dazil is a new arrival in the world of letters and she has not yet finished astonishing us. At first we were shown the portrait of this young girl, dressed up in the white overall of the laboratories, which she makes her characters wear, for Mlle. Claude Dazil is a chemist! Now the magazines show her in an elegant sports costume following her subtle greyhounds together with those of Mlle. Yvonne de Bray, the interpreter, and sometimes the inspirer of the late Henry Bataille, along the track of Tremblay. It is a perfect triumph of feminism!

On the hoardings of Paris, "Tu m'aimeras" is opposed by the poster of "Je ne vous aime pas!" the new comedy by M. Marcel Achard, who had the merit of revealing Ben Jonson to the Parisians by translating "The Silent Woman." Was it by way of preparation that he first composed a "Malborough" (which, by the way, conformed less to the type of the hero of the Dutch wars—Marlborough—than to the undefined personage of the old French song)?

There have been a number of excellent concerts. It is a pleasure to be able to name among the best those which have been given by M. Albert Doyen, the organizer of the "Fêtes du Peuple." No doubt the original idea belongs to Gustave Charpentier. But the composer of "Louise"

always has to bear the burden of his Montmartre sentimentality. He will always remain the founder of the "Conservatoire de Mimi Pinson." He has certainly given the people a desire for amusements of a better quality, no doubt he has succeeded in drawing them away from places of low entertainment, but he has not succeeded in enriching them with anything that can be placed much above romance. Who knows even if he is not responsible for the crime of having deprived them of a certain spontaneity, which enables them to make good use of this romance? The work of Albert Doyen is noble in another way. Patiently he initiated the uneducated public in the masterpieces of music, beginning with Beethoven. One must admire his being able to compose his choruses out of elements drawn from this audience of workmen and employees. The last concert (the 105th) given at the Labour Exchange was a triumph. Here is the astonishing programme: Overture of "Iphigénie" by Gluck; "Hymn of the 20 Prairial" by F. J. Gossec; "Hymne de la Raison" by Mehul; two melodies by Schubert; a little Weber for refreshment, and the last scene of the first act of "Parsifal." One could write a long article on this resurrection of great revolutionary music, which rose out of the spirit of the Federation which vanished so soon. I will content myself with praising the perfection of the execution of "Parsifal." It reminded one of Wagner's sayings, that "music born of the people must return to the people."

The Straram concerts have made a young composer, so far honoured only in a few salons, better known. This is M. Georges Migot, author of a "Dialogue en quatre parties," whose subtlety was much appreciated. Here he is a sorrowful Eric Satie, the Satie of "Socrate," who would join the Debussy of "Pelléas." Other pieces inspired by the distant past show M. Migot's not very wise ambition to extract new sensibility from patient erudition. Let us give him credit until the creation of his promised "Chants de Croisades."

M. Migot is one of the few Frenchmen who was honoured during this month. The fact is we have developed a furious passion for foreign beauty. We are determined to ignore nothing, and on the other hand all the virtuosos of the world are hastening to occupy the stage and the desk in Paris. We owe to this infatuation an unforgettable performance in Russian of "Boris Godunov" at the Opéra, thanks to M. Jacques Rouché. This was a great advantage at a time when the excessive use made of the Volga Boat song at Montmartre threatens to spoil our taste for Russian music.

## LETTER FROM BERLIN

By OSCAR BIE

BERLIN is once again beginning to take its place as a world centre for auctions. Apart from books, we have had some important sales of engravings (the printseller Graupe stands at the head of this branch), and of pictures and other works of art, the general needs being catered for by the firm of Lepke, while the auctioneers Cassirer and Helbing have brought some important private collections under the hammer at the Salon Cassirer. The prices keep to a high level, and often

even exceed the reserve, which in these days of economic distress is particularly satisfactory.

One of the most interesting auctions of recent times has just taken place at Paul Cassirer's. As a result of the settlement between the royal house of Dresden, Wettin, and the republic of Saxony, an association of the "house of Wettin" was formed, which, in order to finance itself, was enabled to dispose of certain objects, and does so at public auctions. It will thus be possible to place the

## Letter from Berlin

Wettin Art Collections, which are being newly arranged in the castle of Moritzburg, on a better foundation. Already in the years 1919 and 1920 a sensation was made by the sales from this collection. This time the sale consists of a series of first-class ceramics of the Far East, various interesting paintings, coming from museums, palaces, and private collections, and especially from the country house of the Counts of Brühl. Most of the pieces of Chinese and Japanese porcelain belong to the first rank from the collector's point of view, because they bear the famous "Johanneumnummer," the private mark of the royal family, scratched in under Augustus the Strong. Who can describe the joy of walking about in the Salon Cassirer among all these precious things, which are awaiting a purchaser in the dense crowd, once procured by kingly pride, but now content to find a place in the home of a citizen? Who can describe these magnificent, giant, Chinese covered vases, over a metre in height, made in 1700, decorated in white reserve on blue, with four bands of lotus flowers and dragons, and called dragon vases? The numberless other covered and tall-necked vases with peonies, butterflies, and rocks in the most exquisite under-glaze colours; the indescribable chrysanthemum bowl in blue-gold and red-gold; the enrapturing pale yellow Meissen service from the Brühl Collection; the very rare circular birdcage from Meissen, and the pieces of Urbino Maiolica of the middle of the sixteenth century. Among the sculptures there is a little striding satyr with a goat, a Renaissance copy of an antique, and among the pictures, above all, the bust portrait of Goethe, painted by Darbes, in Karlsbad in 1787, with sparkling eyes and a delicate spiritualized complexion, one of the most important of the Goethe portraits which have recently turned up again; and, finally, a valuable pastel of Marie of France, wife of Louis XV, by La Tour, still a model of elegant objectivity.

The ceramics created the most interesting contest. Some of them reached extraordinary prices. The pair of large dragon vases fetched 12,000 marks. The sets of five covered and high-necked vases reached over two and three thousand marks. Among the Chinese pieces a pair of wall fountains fetched almost 5,000 marks. The large chrysanthemum bowl went for 5,300, and the sacrificial vessels for 2,000 marks. Among the pictures, the Italian landscape, by Pagani, was fairly well paid for with 2,510 marks, the set of five Meissen Augustus Rex vases reached 23,000 marks, while the Goethe portrait fetched only 7,100 marks.

The Secession has opened a spring exhibition of water-colours and pastels and a little sculpture. Water-colour looks particularly well in these early spring days. Its colour is, after all, much fresher, more original, and more hopeful than that of oil-paint. Perhaps greater technique is required to paint a fine water-colour than an oil. But the effect is always more direct, the enjoyment less restrained, and the spiritual landscape more pregnant. Looking over the whole exhibition it is not possible to establish any essential change of direction in painting. It is possible that, as in chamber music, there may be new ideas budding in this chamber art which will later bear fruit on a larger scale. But there is nothing of that sort. Modern art is in a state of repose; it is digesting the agitation of the last decades, trying to remain aloof from all that is spiritually overstrung, and, like the drama, is returning to matter. Our exhibition also gives the effect of calm in this sense. The smell of earth which rises from it is

no revolution of new forces, but a sort of personal delight that the painter experiences from this fluid craft.

It would be artificial to try to bring any sort of unity into it. It is just the variety that is entertaining. There is the elegant manner of Oppenheimer, who treats the Dolomites and the dancer Dorothea Albu in the same mundane way. Oppler's dancers and Spanish riders are light impressions heightened with white body-colour. The streets of Berlin and of Spain vibrate with the same rhythm in Paeschke's works. Klaus Richter shows some of his miniatures of animals. The Alpine landscapes of Röhrich are flowing in colour. Spiro has become very modest in his travel-sketches. There is the colour of the desert in Steinhardt's pictures of Jerusalem. Between the pale figures of Schrimpf of Munich there are the magic Australian divinities of Walter Trier. Ury's pastels are as much aglow with lyrical colour as ever, even the Brandenburger Tor. Waske resolves the Baltic and Italy into strong, large spots. What a world-tour in painting! Nowak has a large collection of his clever phantasies, Krauskopf's nine water-colours strike one again owing to their gushing, vibrating colour. Cesar Klein stylizes still-life and women. I can only enumerate the rest as I see them. Kerschbaumer's temperament, Jaekel's gallery tone, the accentuated mood of Hegenbarth of Dresden, Heckendorf's pictures, this time very much shaded—all these pupils and personalities are mixed up in the whirl of time. How cleverly Rudolf Grossman works his realistic drawings out; how fresco-like are the matt figures of Genin; how nervously animated are the delicate figures of the Dresdner Galle! These are contrasted by the full, smooth figures of Ernst Fritsch, the highly-modelled portraits of Philipp Franck, the cubistic dancers and riders of Finetti. The landscapes of Feigl are remarkably pictorial; those of Domschert shady and deeply serious; those of Degner flat and greeny-yellow; those of Bato juicy and round; those of the Parisian Baladine light and scented. Among the slight nudes and portraits of Dix we suddenly come upon quiet matter-of-fact works, such as Polzig's portrait of Charlotte Behrendt, the widow of the Secession. Two small one-man shows, the decorative works of Klossowsky and the portraits of all the prominent people by Struck, complete this encyclopedia of the word of to-day and the art of to-day.

It is strange that the success of Alban Berg's opera "Wozzeck," which no one expected, has not given the impulse for further novelties. This year they are very few and far between. It was thought that such an outspokenly modern and daring opera would only appeal to a small circle of music lovers. But it has been given repeatedly, and the bookings have been surprising. Instead of new works we are at present being fed on old romantic operas, a style that has surely been definitely superseded by the experiences of the last ten years. Tschaikovsky's "Dame de Pique," at the Municipal Opera, and Massenet's "Werther," at the State Opera under Kroll, followed one another rapidly. The "Dame de Pique" has retained the greater amount of value, especially in the fine death scene of the countess, though we can only lend half an ear to the rapturous and unnatural love-scenes. "Werther" belongs entirely to a past age. Once it was a sensational success in Vienna, where it was originally produced with Van Dyck and Renard. Then it came to Paris, where it touched the lyrical nerves of the French in a remarkable way. In Berlin it was only given twenty years ago in the Comic

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Opera. Now that it has become the property of the State Theatre our musical education has progressed and altered so much that we can only derive a faint pleasure from it. Possibly "Werther" will become a popular piece under Kroll, like the other operas based on Goethe, which have all been written by Frenchmen. The love *motif*, Sophie's little song, and a few other exceptions in the sticky and extravagant style of this music, are not sufficient for the visitors of the original home of the opera. The whole production was a little Kroll-like. The part of Werther was entrusted to a young singer, Joken, who had neither the formation of voice nor the power of representation for it. Even Reinhardt's "Lotte" was lowered by the provincial level of the evening. Why are such things dug up? More important tasks remain undone on this account. And in any case this romantic style cannot be saved.

I discussed this problem with Schreker, who was formerly considered the principal representative of the romantic movement, and all his works were written in the spirit and the tone of this attitude, if not in the sentimental style of Parisian romanticism at least in the hypertrophy of feeling that dates from Wagner. Schreker admits that he has made an end of this period, the last expression of which was "Irrelohe," in which romantic symbolism reached the limits of its life. He is now in a certain sense again forming a link with his earliest work, the "Ferner Klang," where the domination of the voice and the reality of expression still outweighed the symphonic orchestra. Schreker has interrupted the work on his "Memnon," which was still moving in the old sphere of sounding romanticism. He is now writing a new opera, out of the strong realities of life, and he is trying to achieve the only thing that appears to him worth striving for in the future of the opera: a restrained orchestra, not large, not full, and over it the voices that are developed entirely out of singing, so that the impression of the opera shall be vocal, not instrumental.

Even a child can understand this idea, but only a genius can carry it out. Such a child is Henning Rehnitz-Möller, and he gave us a performance of such naïveté and blamelessness that it was more a matter for laughter than for thought. He is a young Dane, whose parents spent a fortune that he might reveal the creation of his muse to the admiring world in a prominent place in Berlin. The piece is called the "Crown," consisting of five short acts, and is given in the afternoon in the great Schauspielhaus, with the Philharmonic Orchestra, and some singers from the State and Municipal Opera. The author has not only written the text about a duke who is kind, and loves his brother's fiancée, and falls in a war which he did not desire, leaving his crown, after these experiences, to one

who is more worthy of it; the author has also made the music for it, letting thin accords sound for a couple of hours over which the singers drawl out their endlessly long melodies, which is quite obviously the result of this new view that the opera can only be revived through singing. And the author has achieved something even more wonderful; he has succeeded in filling the large house with thousands of people who actually went to the theatre on their free tickets, and dutifully called him out with applause. It was one of the greatest tragi-comedies that we have ever experienced here in the opera, and we are not much flattered by the fact that Berlin should be chosen for such experiments. That is what a new opera is like—that is how it must be paid for! We revelled in tonality. Once the organ took a false note, and we thought that now atonality was coming, now we should get the modern trait. What a pity the organist stopped immediately, and I was disappointed to the very depths of my critical heart. They might have continued to play on in that way; it would have been as interesting as that time in Munich when four composers made the rash resolve that each was to write at home the score for one string instrument which was then produced without any alteration as a quartet of the newest style. Malicious people even said that it was seriously criticized as a production of the new atonal freedom.

One can recuperate by hearing "Aida," an old piece that grows more beautiful every day. The State Opera is giving it with Slezcik as a guest. It is wonderful that this tenor is so fresh again after all his wanderings in the revue and the operette. One notices a break in the voice more in the lyrical ensemble than in the heroic solo which he renders with all the power of his personality, and with all the victorious brilliance of his organ. Another wanderer appeared refreshed and rejuvenated that night: the conductor, Leo Blech, who has had the good fortune to end his tour over the world there, where in a moment of unaccountable confusion he laid his baton down. "Aida" has always been one of his masterpieces in construction, sound, and detail. Perhaps he has become even riper and more magnificent, inspired not least of all by the fact that he had once again such an orchestra at his disposal. Unfortunately Kemp did not sing. De Strozzi's "Aida" is small and unfinished. Otherwise the evening would have been one of those great operatic experiences that stir up the senses anew. The audience and the orchestra greeted Blech with unusually stormy ovations. He presented "Aida," which, meanwhile, had become somewhat arbitrary under Kleiber, once more in all its monumental beauty, a thing for which one cannot be too grateful at such a time.

## BOOK REVIEWS

DRAWING, ITS HISTORY AND USES, by W. A. S. BENSON, with a Memoir by the HON. W. N. BRUCE, C.B. Pp. xxxiii, 106, 58 illustrations. (Oxford: University Press.) 6s. 6d. net.

The interest of this book consists largely in the personality of the author, whose life is told in the preface. He was a friend and follower of William Morris, and his training in architecture, with his interest in mechanical construction, enabled him to take an individual place in the circle of craft workers which Morris gathered around him.

He set up a factory for artistic metal work, and a shop in Bond Street, and showed that beautiful forms could be produced in machine-made articles as well as by hand-work, which he recognized must always be a more or less artificial phenomenon in this age of machinery. He was also intimate with Burne-Jones, and sat to him for the figure of King Cophetua in the picture now in the Tate Gallery.

The writer's conception of drawing is a wide one: it

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ranges from the planning out of a tennis court (where, by the by, the incorrect lettering of the diagram causes confusion to the reader) to the framing and spacing of pictures on a wall; and from the paintings of cave-dwellers at Altamira to those of Michelangelo and Burne-Jones (the juxtaposition is his). Drawing is considered as the precursor of writing; as a conventional formula for plans and diagrams; as decorative pattern in its various applications; and as the language of representation: and the conventions of art are traced back to their origin in the limitations imposed by material.

A champion of the ideas of Ruskin and Morris, the author, with his many-sided application of art to everyday life, and his plea for the amateur as well as the professional practice of art, strikes a note which may seem remote from the problems of the modern artistic world. But it is good to read his book, if only to realize again the debt the present generation owes to Ruskin and his circle for their infectious enthusiasm, and the consequent revival of interest in the arts, however much the modern standards of criticism may differ from theirs.

The illustrations cover a wide range, but would be more interesting if they were better annotated; for instance, Puvis de Chavannes' fresco of St. Genevieve is merely called "Wall-painting in the Pantheon."

NAPHTALI, by C. LEWIS HIND. Pp. xvi+254+44 plates. (The Bodley Head.) 15s. net.

Mr. Lewis Hind is a practised and prolific writer, and there are already at least twenty-seven books standing to his credit. He has written mostly on art, but he has also written a novel and a play, and about an infinity of things as he tells us here. At times he has almost turned himself into a machine, for he tells us that in America (under the influence of Mr. Ford?) he produced a standardized four articles a week. This sketch of his career and of the adventures that befell him while practising his trade as a writer is cheerful and entertaining. Strangely enough he seems to have some regrets that he made writing his profession and not his hobby. We are introduced to his collection of "lions and lesser lions," and duly hear how they roared. The most interesting of his pages deal with the years when he edited the "Pall Mall Budget" and the "Academy." Though he sponsored Mr. Wells, Mr. Arnold Bennett and Aubrey Beardsley, and many another famous late Victorian, he hardly does justice to his subjects. His accounts of the artists and authors of the "gay 'nineties" are, however, the more substantial part of this book. He has a light staccato touch, too staccato for successful narrative, and writes as though he were still in "Hustleland," though this, perhaps, is due to the way in which, according to his confession, he manufactures his books. He has many amusing tales about leading figures of the period, such as Whistler and Sargent, Henley and Francis Thompson, but we must not spoil any reader's pleasure by retailing them here. Perhaps the best of the many stories is that of the dinner with Meredith, and there is no suspicion of uncharitableness in any. This volume of reminiscences will be of considerable value when the history of the literary and artistic tendencies in the late Victorian period comes to be compiled.

BERTHE MORISOT, by ARMAND FOURREAU; translated by HUBERT WELLINGTON. (The Bodley Head.) 5s.

The Bodley Head continues its admirable series of "Masters of Modern Art" with a charming monograph

on the delicate art of Berthe Morisot. The woman whose eyes gaze out so movingly from Manet's "Le Repos" was one of the silver talents of the Impressionist group. Her art was keyed on a lower pitch than that of the male members of the group, lower, too, than that of her sister-artist, Mary Carsatt. But the lyrical quality of her paint, the fine-drawn sensibility of her perception, place her in the front rank of the painters of her time. She seldom painted men, but confined her attention to her own sex and to landscape, to which her cool tones were admirably adapted. To what a pitch of perfection she brought her art can be realized by the fact that at the memorial exhibition of J. S. Sargent's art was a large painting of a woman in white, which drew an almost plagiaristic inspiration from Berthe Morisot; but Sargent, master of technique though he was, was quite unable to give anything but a most vulgar reproduction of Berthe's ideals. In the delicate understanding of light and colour lay a genius that cannot be imitated. Monsieur Fourreau and his able translator give a very concise and understanding account of her life and works, while the forty plates are extraordinarily good reproductions for the size. There are two small errors of reference on page 37, where Figs. 11 and 12 should read 8 and 22 respectively.

INDIAN BOOK PAINTING, by ERNST KÜHNEL and HERMANN GOETZ. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd.) £5 5s.

Under the above somewhat ambiguous title we are presented with a monograph on an important album of Mogul miniatures in the State Library in Berlin. By a series of interesting arguments the authors prove that the album must have been compiled between the years 1608 and 1618 at the court of the Emperor Jahangir, and may possibly have been sent as a royal gift to the Shah of Persia, for it was brought to Berlin by Heinrich Brugsch Pasha from Ispahan. An additional proof for the fact that the album did not remain long at the Mogul court might be found in the absence of the imperial seal, which is so prominent on the pages of the Wantage Bequest album in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Like in all similar works, the paintings of the Berlin album vary greatly in style and quality, but a special feature are the very beautiful borders executed in gold and interspersed with figure subjects in colour.

The authors have made an attempt to distinguish between the different artists employed on the borders, coming to the conclusion that several hands are responsible for the figure subjects, but that the exquisite gold-work is all due to one very skilful illuminator. Some of the most interesting if not the most pleasing subjects both in the borders and in the pictures are those drawn from European sources, and the study of this intercourse is facilitated by the reproduction, wherever possible, of the Western original as well as of the Indian copy. In a chapter on the art history an account is given of the artists whose signatures occur on some of the pages. It is worth noting that Nadir-az-Laman, of whom the authors say that no authentic work is known at present, is now well represented at the Victoria and Albert Museum, thanks to the purchase of the important collection last year. The finest paintings in the Berlin album, however, so magnificently reproduced in colour in the first four plates of the book, must remain anonymous, though our enjoyment of their exquisite beauty need be in no way diminished by this fact. They show a great variety of style, plates 3 and 4 being

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strongly Persian, plate 2 having a dramatic force unparalleled in Indian art outside the illustrations to the Hamzah Romance, while plate 1, perhaps, combines most effectively the delicious detail and rich pattern of Persian art with the characteristically Indian passion for representation.

Altogether the book is a valuable contribution to the study of Indian art, both in giving publicity to a little-known document, and in offering a scholarly analysis of the conditions at the Mogul court, as, for instance, in the chapters on costume and on the artistic activity of the Jesuits. The numerous plates, though lacking a little in sharpness, are reproduced on a generous scale and cross reference is facilitated by an index.

**OLD FRENCH FURNITURE AND ITS SURROUNDINGS** (1610—1815), by ELISA MAILLARD, Attaché au Musée de Cluny. Translated by MAC IVER PERCIVAL. (London: William Heinemann, Ltd.) 1925. 30s.

Books on Decoration and Furniture which are more or less technical in nature may be divided into two classes—those intended for the use of designers and indispensable in the studios of architects and decorative craftsmen, while others are destined to make a wider appeal to all mildly interested in the subject—almost in the nature of interestingly illustrated guide books for the general public, whose research is more often than not confined to the fringe of serious study.

No phase of decorative art has been quite so extensively dealt with and written upon as those styles which commenced to mature towards the middle of the seventeenth century in France. The influence of so many great artists who surrounded the throne of Louis XIV, and administered to the luxurious and sensuous tastes of the age, gradually affected all Europe, and extended and developed for over a hundred years of great and uninterrupted art. All that has to be said about them has already been said. Beautifully illustrated books—both in French and English—abound, and nearly every conceivable object of even minor interest to the designer and collector has been dealt with by very able authorities.

In adding a further volume to this already over-packed shelf in our library, and in a serious attempt to deal adequately—or in a book of 128 pages—with five of the most prominent styles of interior decoration and furniture in the history of the world, during a time when the work of so many fertile brains was reflected in every phase of industry, it is felt that its author—for her courage—is deserving of praise! We can understand that Mademoiselle Maillard, who holds a position of attaché to the Cluny Museum in Paris, or anyone who is in contact with so many beautiful things, may well have a heart “too full to contain its imaginings,” and must write upon what is seen; but her book, as can be readily understood by the vast nature of the subject, must be considered as a useful aid to the student who is desirous of obtaining more or less of a general outline and brief history of these styles in French taste, and as such it is very useful. It is felt, however, that some of the illustrations are poor in character, as they consist of a *réchauffé* of engravings and photographs of rooms and furniture that the decorative student has been familiar with since his first year at the Art School, and which in no way represent the brilliant work of the famous artists described in the text, and of pen-and-ink sketches hard in outline and, in many cases, unforgivably amateurish.

**THE DAWN OF EUROPEAN CIVILIZATION**, by V. GORDON CHILDE. Pp. xvi + 328, 4 maps. (London: Kegan Paul.) 16s. net.

The story of the gradual advance of European man in art and industry from the Stone Age through the Bronze to the beginnings of the Age of Iron is romantic and fascinating. The title of this book is somewhat misleading as it hardly deals with civilization unless by that we mean industry, for art and architecture throughout are in abeyance and the outlook is mainly material. Mr. Childe has endeavoured to provide the layman with a guide to the study of the cultural stages of the different regions of Europe and to their relations with one another. Many of the monuments of the period, both architectural, such as the dolmens of Brittany or the beehive tombs of Mycenæ, and smaller works, such as the Kamares pottery of Crete and the gold ornaments of Ireland, rank high as works of art. They have an even greater interest than that given by their artistic value pure and simple, as representing in a most intimate way man's ever-present desire to attain higher forms of expressing himself. Mr. Childe, however, keeps close to his theme and seldom, if ever, allows himself to be diverted from his archaeological purpose by æsthetic considerations. This makes the book a good work of reference for the initiate who is sufficiently acquainted with prehistoric archaeology to avoid its errors. For the layman, on the other hand, the book is too compressed and is none too easy to read or understand because of the archaeological jargon of its style. The close compression also makes the author very dogmatic in many of his statements, and emphasizes the tendency, which he has in common with many beginners, of being too ready to interpret casual finds of typical objects away from their own home as evidences of conquest or colonization. For instance, he takes the presence near Chalcis of pots similar in shape to some Trojan vases to indicate an “Anatolian colony on the Euripus.” He is not aware of the latest American researches in the Neolithic period in the Peloponnese, which would modify his conclusions seriously. His strength does not lie in his account of the Ægean civilization, but in that of East Central Europe and the Danube, where his correlations of the various scattered finds are interesting. By segmented beads and beehive tombs he would carry the influence of Crete to Spain, Brittany, the British Isles, and Holland. Similarly he seems to think that phallic beads everywhere developed from a Cycladic prototype. This is carrying the influence of the Ægean culture too far; that it played a great part in the beginnings of Europe cannot be denied, but, *pace* Mr. Childe, it was hardly European. The only branch of it with any European character was the Mycenaean. Perhaps Sir Arthur Evans' picture of the glories of Cnossus has dazzled the vision of the author, who in spite of his painstaking accumulation of material seems to lack judgment. Frequent errors in spelling, which are more than mere misprints, e.g. Dörpfeldt, Britanny, apsoidal, descendent, and so on, arouse distrust in his scholarship. The illustrations are line drawings apparently traced from other publications, and some of them, such as Figs. 47 and 50, are distinctly below the standard even of an archaeological publication. No works of art are illustrated and only plans are given of the megalithic buildings of Western Europe. He arrives at no conclusions as to the origin of the dolmen, and in view of this his confident assertions about other points where he does not state the evidence are unsatisfactory. The beginner, too, should

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beware of being led astray by the author's tendency to seek only one origin for anything. Surely anthropologists have assimilated by now the idea of multiple origin. In any case, Mr. Childe's derivation of European civilization from the Ægean is exaggerated. Central Europe and the Danube were more important than Crete in the foundation of Europe as we have it, and Italy, which is here inadequately treated, played a larger part than the author will allow. The reader, too, should remember that finality as regards archaeological conclusions is impossible for many years to come, since only a small proportion of the total evidence will ever be found, and the amount so far accessible is nowhere great, and in some countries very small.

OLD COINS, by **FREDERICK W. BURGESS**. (Fisher Unwin.) 7s. 6d.

The fact that numismatic literature is chiefly composed of expensive books and scattered articles must have daunted many a would-be coin collector. In a book intended for beginners it is essential to concentrate into a very small space all that is necessary, and to avoid dogmatizing on controversial subjects. M. Dieudonné's history of the French Coinage in the Collection Payot might be taken as a model of what can be done on such a scale.

Mr. Burgess does not appear to have realized that the greatest possible care must be taken both in writing a book of this kind and reading the proofs. He might thus have avoided such statements as that "foremost among the mint towns of the Byzantine Emperors in the provinces was London," and that the well-known Long Cross pennies of Henry III bear "a short double cross" on the reverse. Much that appears in this book may be due to the author's ignorance (judging from his bibliography) of the Numismatic Chronicle and British Numismatic Journal. It is a pity that the opportunity occasioned by a reprint has not been used to note the striking of the first English shillings, and to improve the quality of the illustrations.

OLD COPPER AND BRASS, by **FREDERICK W. BURGESS**. (Fisher Unwin.) 7s. 6d.

Though the practice of collecting antiquities according to materials is in many ways regrettable, it must now be recognized that it is a usage that has become firmly rooted amongst us. The narrowing of the collector's field does not necessarily mean that all scope has been lost for showing individuality and good taste by the acquisition of objects of real artistic or historical interest. Mr. Burgess's

book is written for the most miscellaneous collector who is content with anything that can be described as genuine. It does not matter to him if a choice thirteenth-century lion-shaped ewer in the British Museum is ascribed to the seventeenth century as long as occasion is given for a few trivial remarks on the habits of our ancestors.

The following passage is typical of many to be found in this book:

The older bells have seen varied service; they have hung in church towers and in public places; they have sounded the note of alarm, and given the signal for historic assemblies; they have rung the death-knell of illustrious persons, and in rural England summoned many generations of worshippers to Divine Service.

It may be said that probably the last chapter, which contains descriptions of the various methods of cleaning copper and brass, is probably the part of most practical use to the collector.

COLOUR AND INTERIOR DECORATION, by **BASIL IONIDES**, with Colour Plates by **W. B. E. RANKIN**. (Country Life.) 10s. 6d.

This book should prove to be of considerable assistance to those who wish to decorate their houses with professional aid but who are yet nervous of making disastrous mistakes. Mr. Ionides devotes a short chapter to each of the more important colours, and gives a great deal of elementary but necessary advice about their arrangement. With many of his constructive suggestions we disagree, but the importance lies in the encouragement which it will undoubtedly give to individuals to decorate their own houses in a manner truly agreeable to them and in keeping with their possessions. Even if such a course entailed the making of serious mistakes it is a better way than the usual abdication to a mechanical contractor with a nervous eye upon current fashion. The author's exhortation to ignore fashion when it is a mere negative warning against discarding well-loved articles of decoration for no better reason than that they are becoming unfashionable, but it is less so when interpreted positively. This bias has robbed the book of any serious contact with the best and most original contemporary decoration. A comparison between Mr. Ionides' examples and the outstanding interiors shown at the Exposition des Arts Décoratifs last year will show how imitative and nondescript his appear beside the work of the continental decorators who, by the very "fashionable" quality of its colour reflects this age with all the definiteness with which the art of the great decorators of the past reflected theirs.

## MUSIC OF THE MONTH

By **H. E. WORTHAM**

**Some Reflections on Musical Comedy.**—It is the business of these notes to record the events of the month with the charity and tolerance that a man of sound judgment and digestion should possess. Criticism without spleen—what higher ideal can an occasional reviewer of any art hold before himself? But the end of what has been the dulllest concert season since the war makes one long to be splenetic. The last straw was "Kitesh." Coming after the whole wagon-load of Weingartner's Symphony, which was an overwhelming collection of harmonious futilities, it set me wondering once more on the exact nature of the sin against the Holy Ghost. Was

it dullness? I think it must have been. Anyhow, "Kitesh" sung oratorio fashion at Covent Garden was dull, and it is difficult to forgive it in spite of its virtues. It seemed as if we were engaged in a tedious act of worship to the microphone which stood there in front of the footlights—small, squat, sinister. Oh, yes! I know that it has come to stay, that broadcasting holds the future in the hollow of its generous—or is it ungenerous?—hand, and that it is the finest means democracy has ever had of educating itself in the art. Yet I know, too, that "Kitesh" should be an imaginative experience, leaving one with the recollection of strange and unreal beauty, whilst in fact it

was—well, a tedious affair. The excellence of the performance and the fine singing of the Russian principals—who had all come with Mr. Albert Coates specially from Barcelona—only made the matter worse. For it emphasized the difference between what "Kitesh" ought to be and what it was. No sensible man objects to being taught every day that life consists of the second best. That might have been the lesson an operatic performance of "Kitesh" would have conveyed. A man, too, might live and die without hearing it and be no jot the less contented. But to listen to Rimsky-Korsakoff's pictorial music, to realize that he is illustrating a gorgeous tale and to see nothing of the sacred city would be cruel, if it were not boring, which is perhaps worse.

**Some Doubts about Audiences.**—Yet going home, as I looked round me in the tube lift at those, my fellow-sufferers, I tried in vain to find any glint of rebellion in the eyes, any curl of the lips which showed moral indignation at this emasculation of opera in its London home. I could detect nothing but passive acceptance of whatever the Fates and the B.B.C. might offer. What was wrong, I asked myself, with our musical highbrows that they are perfectly content to suffer ennui. Do they never want to laugh and sing and be jolly? They go to the Russian Ballet and scowl at those who find pleasure in Layton and Johnson. They go to "Kitesh" and come away declaring that it is wonderful. Was not the "Magic Flute" produced amidst the surroundings of a *café chantant*? And was not Rimsky Mozartian in his gaiety, in his determination to be serious only in being gay? It was impossible to find any common denominator for the Russian composer and the audience which had just been listening to "Kitesh." Something was wrong somewhere. Were London concert audiences hypocrites in their pleasures? A terrible thought! Or was I alone in finding "Kitesh" intolerable as an opera-oratorio?

**The Virtues of Musical Comedy.**—The questions remained unanswered. But they opened up such an interesting vista of speculation, problems connected with the influence of music on happiness and morals generally, that I decided to devote the rest of my month to elucidating them. I cannot pretend that I have reached the term of my researches. It may be in the end that the result will be negative. Morals, so it is often said, have ceased to exist, and Voltaire decided a hundred and fifty years ago that happiness lay only in watching one's vegetables grow. In the meantime, however, I have begun work on my self-appointed task and have already visited most of the musical comedies at present running in London. Their value for the philosopher who chooses to contemplate man in his relation to the Infinite through the medium of music (often less accurately called a musical critic) is, that they are absolutely free from intellectual snobbery, or from the impertinence of the coterie, and they are also out to earn their living. One likes, or dislikes, any particular example of this form of entertainment on its merits. There are no vested interests in reputations on the musical comedy stage—except as regards the actors and actresses. A symphony may enjoy heaven knows how many years of cold immortality in the concert hall because its composer has won academic distinction. But no fox-trot could run its twelve short months of glorious life in restaurants and dance-halls because it had a Mus. Doc. for its creator. Only if it touch

the heart of the people can it become a best-seller and realize a fortune for those who gave it shape, or more usually lifted it from elsewhere.

**Musical Comedy's Threefold Appeal.**—That is a good deal to be thankful for. And while musical comedy is as free from intellectual arrogance as any of its own heroes, it is also innocent of those distressing cliques which have so often created undignified factions amongst the grave masters of music. You will not often find that the same people admire Elgar and Bartok. Either they cleave to the one and despise the other, or they will despise both and admire Vaughan Williams. Anyone who pretended to like all three would be thought a silly fellow. But there is not the least reason why you should not admire the work of Friedlander and Conrad equally with that of Stothadt and Youmans. Indeed, your musical comedy has much of the anonymous quality that attaches to a medieval cathedral. It has been confected by the wisdom of many heads; I doubt indeed whether those who submit to its charms the most assiduously could tell me off-hand which are the two musical plays for which the two pairs of composers I have mentioned have collaborated. This, however, is a negative virtue. More worthy of admiration is its positive quality of going about its business without the least self-consciousness. I do not wish to pluck out the delicate heart of the rose, to break the butterfly on the wheel, yet at the risk of being brutal I must point out that its chief constituents, music, "book" and dancing, make a threefold appeal. Through music it speaks to the heart, through its "book" to the intellect, and through its dancing to what Keats might have called the fancy. This must be recognized in any discussion of this form of art. It is the very grammar of musical comedy, to misapprehend it is to fail to understand its inner meaning, its true beauty.

And firstly for its music. There is no nonsense about its view of melodic values. Melody is the soul of music, said Mozart, and musical comedy thoroughly agrees with that observation. The only difference between them is that whilst Mozart, following out that precept, gave as many good tunes to any musical play as he could crowd into the score, your contemporary musical comedy requires no more than one, or possibly two. So long as you leave the show humming the favourite fox-trot all is well. In any case this is better than walking away in meditative gloom as one did from "Kitesh." At the same time there is an æsthetic virtue in restraint, and I confess that whether it be "Rose Marie" or "Mercenary Mary" or "Wildflower," their respective melodic gems are shown a little too ostentatiously. Perhaps the greatest offender is "No No Nanette." On the other hand it may be a necessary convention of the form to find a good tune and then stick to it through thick and thin. What happens when a musical comedy composer fails to pick a single winner, as in "Kid Boots," is too sad to bear thinking of. It is well to remember, too, that a musical comedy audience wants to hear a tune many times before it realizes that it has the stuff of greatness about it. There is a marvellous virtue in repetition, as any journalist will tell you. Musically, you say, this is a sign of exhaustion; it was not thus that Monsigny, or Offenbach, or Sullivan, gave new lustre to the pleasant genre of the musical play. There may be something in this. But after the dullest season of serious music within the memory of man, of serious music which is heralded as being in the throes of a renaissance, it is rather a relief to be

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presented with a form which is in the gaiety of its second childhood and is quite unabashed about it too. Now Kunneke, whose "The Cousin from Nowhere" was the best thing of its kind London has seen since the war, is other metal; and he has talent. But I have not found any real connoisseur who cared about this play, so my own standards must be at fault. I am forgetting that the only things which count are a good tune, a conventional "book," and dancing.

**The Conventions of the "Book."**—I doubt indeed whether there has been anything in drama since the Greek drama so surrounded by convention as this matter of the "book." It is unnecessary for me to elaborate the point. The contrast between the relaxation of morals one sees in present-day comedy and the idealization of monogamic courtship which musical comedy gives us is striking. Which holds up the truer mirror to life I cannot here attempt to decide. But I must confess to finding the handsome and honourable young hero of the latter a little insipid and at being somewhat astonished at the extremely forthcoming nature of most of its heroines. It is doubtless right enough and thoroughly Shavian. And handsome men ought to be more fortunate than you and I who are not even cousins to Adonis. There is consolation, too, in the reflection that they are rather stupid and very honourable and shy, for they throw away chance after chance which we should surely not have missed. One day musical comedy will throw up an unscrupulous Don Juan for a hero and then

the mould in which it is cast will for ever be broken. Until that time the comic parent, the unpleasant rival and the designing woman who knows something about the hero's past or present (a trumped-up affair of course) will continue to excite our laughter. True, one does not always laugh. The situation of the *souper à deux* is apt to become threadbare; the comedian who grows intoxicated, and still more the drunken comedienne, may cease to amuse. But you know that that catchy tune is coming along again before long and in any case there will soon be some more dancing.

It is here that the attention which begins to flag is caught again. Speed alone is no recipe against ennui. One can be thoroughly bored in an aeroplane. The most hardened misogynist, however, must capitulate to the charms of the dancers who are the ornament of our musical comedy stage. It has no leading lady of outstanding talent, no *jeune premier* of the calibre of Hayden Coffin a generation ago. Its most accomplished comedian is probably Gene Gerrard in "Katja," who has assimilated the American technique without its buffoonery, which Eddie Morris in "Wildflower" has failed to do. Maisie Gay, in this same piece, has a part hardly worthy of her powers. But here, as always, Wesley Pierce and Hazel Harris lift us out of the commonplace, just as Mildred O'Keefe and the other charmers keep us in our seats during the last twenty minutes of "Mercenary Mary." And what shall one say of the Totem Chorus in "Rose Marie," a piece of choreography by Miss Kathryn Scott more original than anything Mr. Diaghileff has given us in the past five years?

## ART NEWS AND NOTES

### *The Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours.*

The Society of Painters in Water Colours is in peril of succumbing to the illness so many Royal and ancient institutions are heirs to: a kind of sleeping sickness, a laureate somnolence. It is probably more difficult for ordinary mortals to become a member of this very dignified and exclusive Society than to be received into other and even more ancient orders. Once inside, however, the candidate may look forward to a long and undisturbed rest on the Society's laurels: there is no jury to cause him heartache, no danger from revolutionary wideawakes. That being the case, it is hardly necessary to mention—from year to year—more than the names of its members in order to conjure up before the reader's mental vision a fairly exact view of the kind of pictures he would encounter upon a personal visit. This present exhibition accordingly contains the usual "D. Y. Cameron," "Moffat Lindner," "Albert Goodwin," "Eyre Walker," "Henry Harshall," "W. J. Wainwright," "Miss Fortescue Brickdale," "James Paterson," "Cecil Hunt," "Thorne-Waite," and so forth, all as good as they ever have been. It is unkind of Nature to make us, somehow, less enthusiastic about tasks nobly accomplished, tricks cleverly performed, or even protests courageously registered when such accomplishments, performances, and protests become habitual and are repeated in the same way year after year. Even such supreme skill as is here displayed in portraiture, always particularly difficult for this medium, by Mr. Charles Sims and Mr. Ambrose MacEvoy, loses its thrill.

It may perhaps be doubted whether, after all, success is half so interesting in art—or in life for that matter—as comparative failure, provided only that failure is not due to incompetence. No one can relish the failure of incompetence, nor is there a single incompetent exhibitor in this Society; but evidence of a keen struggle to express rather more than is within comfortable reach is here excessively rare. One finds such evidence in a series of attempts in water-colours to record the glory of the shining sun, made by Mr. George Clausen, the ever-youthful. He uses his medium manifestly as a means towards an end and not, as with so many others, as an end in itself.

There is no virtue in any medium as such—but only in the use that is made of it. None of Mr. Clausen's six studies are perfectly successful, certainly none of them are finished pictures, like so many others here. Nevertheless, each one of these attempts is admirable, the "Evening" supremely so, because they give proof of a concentrated effort to express a passionately-felt emotion. A somewhat similar feeling is communicated by Mr. Francis Dodd's "Gloucester Gate, Regent's Park," where the artist's emotion has been evoked by the urban atmosphere. In Mr. Walter Bayes' "Tagg's Island," too, the medium is a means, not an end, but there is a comparative failure because in his anxiety to capture the *genius loci* the artist has allowed himself to drop too near the level of a poster. A beautiful use of water-colour distinguishes Mr. A. S. Hartrick's "Ancestors," in which life in stone is rendered with sincere conviction and great success. In the same

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artist's "The Deserted Manor" the technique is a little too reminiscent of pen and wash. There is personal vision, too, in Mr. Charles Gere's "Olives at Venice," and especially in his "Mont Blanc and the Arve." Still attractive, in spite of the tirelessly repeated moon and firelight or dusk and lamplight formulæ, are Mr. Cayley Robinson's water-colours. In his "Day of Rest" the lamp-globe might, as a matter of fact, readily be mistaken for the moon; but "The Foster Mother" is full of this artist's delicate poetic spirit, which, just because it is literary, can, like a teller of fairy tales, use the same language for different stories. Compared with Mr. Cayley Robinson, Mr. Rackham's tales and their telling are beginning to grow thin and threadbare. His "Eve" and her serpent are really fit only for Peter Pan and the Serpentine. That precisely characterizes the danger which threatens the members of such ancient and honourable societies: they go on producing with skill but without emotion. As a matter of fact, apart from Mr. Bayes', there is only Mr. S. Curnow Vosper's work here to remind us that we have turned the century more than twenty-six years ago, and Mr. Vosper's is, though very attractive, at the same time a very mild and modest modernity.

### *The Royal Society of British Artists.*

Compared with the R.A., the Royal Society of British Artists—an institution pursuing roughly the same aims—has always suffered from an enormous handicap: it must be self-supporting. A society of artists who need large premises can only achieve this desirable position if its expenses are covered by membership subscription, by gate-money, or its commission on sales—or all three combined. Unfortunately, membership subscription is the worst possible foundation for an æsthetic enterprise where members are themselves exhibitors. There will always be a latent, often also an open, conflict between financial probity which requires the fulfilment of a commercial contract—the subscription implying the moral right, however legally qualified, to exhibit—and the æsthetic conscience which compels the rejection of incompetent work. No society has suffered more from this conflict than the R.B.A. Since Whistler left it it has never been sensational enough to draw big gate-money, nor strong enough to exercise æsthetic jurisdiction upon its members; nor yet commercial enough to run on purely business lines. The results of this uncertainty of purpose are therefore always more or less palpably evident.

This year, for example, Mr. Claude Flight's large and ambitious painting, "Buses in a London Street—Speed," "decorates" and almost dominates the Central Gallery, and the President of the Society, Solomon J. Solomon, R.A., sends two small and unimportant contributions. This is all wrong from several points of view. The R.A. stands for something; the R.A. should stand for something, and its President should typify the thing it stands for: he should not only honour his own institution with his most important work, he should also exercise his right to exclude pictures that have no relation to his own ideals. Catholicity is a fine characteristic in a good critic; it is or should be the last thing expected of an artist. It is clear that people who believe in Solomon's judgment will not understand why it so manifestly took Flight. But the inclusion of Mr. Flight's picture is wrong from another point of view: it is an old one, has already been seen elsewhere, and often discussed. It is out of place and also

out of its element. The same is true of some of the most interesting drawings here: Mr. Stafford Leeke's two drawings of "Les Baux," one of an "African Village," and, the most impressive one, "Willows." Mr. Leeke has a feeling for quintessential design, which is really on a higher plane than Mr. Flight's over-ambitious dynamic experiment. But even so, Mr. Leeke's æsthetic aims are hardly compatible with the President's.

A feeling for design more in keeping with that evidenced by the generality of pictures in this exhibition, and yet of a very high order, informs the two landscapes by P. H. Padwick: "Petersfield" and "A Country Lane." These two pictures confirm the impression made by this artist's recent exhibition at Mr. Paterson's Gallery in Bond Street. Mr. Padwick has perhaps more of the traditional dignity and more personal style in his landscape painting than any of his contemporaries. His composition reminds one of Wilson and of Claude, his distances and masses even of the seventeenth-century Dutchmen, yet his execution is personal and modern.

### *Fifty Oil Paintings, by F. L. Harris, at the Goupil Gallery.*

Mr. F. L. Harris suffers as an artist of necessity from the fact that he is known to be the Rt. Hon. F. Leverton Harris, P.C., and from the fact that Mr. Tonks tells us in a catalogue note that he "began when he was fifty-six." The spectators' and still more the critics' judgment is inevitably coloured by the pre-knowledge of these facts. Trying one's best to dismiss all irrelevance and to let the work speak for itself, one comes to the conclusion that its author has somehow or other contrived to spend a great deal of his time amongst paintings, with his eyes open and his mind occupied with such things as design, colour and tone values—even if he only took up palette and brush within the last three or four years. His pictures one and all have the sign-manual of the professional artist; the artist, moreover, who looks at Nature with the professional painter's, not the amateur's, the tyro's or the layman's eye. There is not one bad picture in the whole show. There are some better than others, of course, and such small ones as "St. Anton, near Malaga," or "Malaga Mountains," both, incidentally, this year's work, appeal to me more than most of the larger ones (excepting the well-designed "Garden Wall, Northbourne," or the pleasantly designed and coloured "White Farm, Malaga"), perhaps because they are more personal in colour and in vision. It is easy for the young to be fearless in the night of their ignorance when they cannot see the breakers ahead. Mr. Leverton Harris seems just a little afraid of letting himself go, possibly because, unlike the early beginner, he already knows too much and fears the dangers.

### *Joseph Farquharson, R.A., at the Fine Art Society.*

Mr. Joseph Farquharson's exhibition at the Fine Art Society's Gallery was not the event it would have been twenty, or even thirty, years ago, when a little group of Scottish artists, which included Peter Graham, McWhirter, Orcharadson, Pellic, as well as himself, held the collectors of modern art enthralled. We have now no corresponding groups of collectors, or of painters for that matter. Nevertheless, Mr. Farquharson still has his admirers. "Pretty—so soft, isn't it?" and "Nobody seems to be able to equal him in snow" were two characteristic remarks overheard. Mr. Farquharson is a survival of the period of specialists: there were Peter Graham for mountain mists, sea-foam, and Highland cattle; McWhirter for pine trees, birch trees,

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and Highland gloom; Tadema for marble; Orchardson for Empire costume and "Walnuts and Wine"; Sargent and J. J. Sharman for society beauty; Burne-Jones for æsthetes; Caton Woodville and Lady Butler for the martial-minded; Farquharson for snow and sheep; and Herkomer as a sort of handy man, equally admired for a "Woman in White," or a "Last Muster." People then knew exactly where they were. The worst of it is that Mr. Farquharson is really a competent painter who, as his landscapes "Glengarry, near Tomdoun" and "Low Tide on Loch Naghail," but, more particularly, his fine interior, the "Boxbed" here exhibited show, had the making of an artist in him. One is driven to conclude that an unfavourable "Spirit of the Time" rather than individual incapacity stifles and chokes the genius of those who happen to be born at unpropitious moments.

### *R. Ihlee's Exhibition at the Chenil Galleries.*

Mr. Ihlee's little exhibition at the Chenil Gallery must not be allowed to pass unnoticed. Trained as an engineer, he has not yet been able to rid himself entirely of a certain mechanical construction in his landscapes. He has, nevertheless, personal vision; a good feeling for plastic form, and rhythmic movement. Probably the best pictures here were "The Avenue," which radiated a sensation of movement, and a view of "Toledo," which made this city look like a toy town in a fairy tale. Other pictures worth noting were "The Festival of Laroque," in which the queer effect of artificial light under a night sky was rendered with great skill; "Almeria," with a tropically-white light, "The Quay, Andierne," and the "Palm in the Garden," almost a *tour de force* of meticulous realism. HERBERT FURST.

### *Forthcoming Sales.*

The sale season, so brilliantly ushered in by the Bischoffsheim sale at Messrs. Christie's, and the Burns sale at Messrs. Sotheby's during the first week of May, will be continued on a level of sustained excellence during the ensuing weeks. An event of outstanding importance will be the sale of the collection of the late Lord Carmichael, which is fixed to take place at Messrs. Sotheby's during the week beginning on June 7. Readers of *APOLLO* have had opportunities of becoming acquainted with several sections of the astonishingly rich and varied collection brought together by Lord Carmichael; his early Italian pictures formed the subject of an article in our February number of last year, and a selection of his early enamels was published in the September number following. Egyptian and Græco-Roman antiquities mark chronologically the starting point of the collection; a number of the Egyptian examples were admired at the Burlington Fine Arts Club in 1922, and some of the Græco-Roman bronzes are of exquisite quality, while an early Greek engraved silver vessel is of the greatest rarity and beauty. The section of textiles is a very extensive one as regards time, and includes specimens of such importance as the two English embroidered panels of about 1300, which were last seen in public at the British Primitives Exhibition, and a very fine piece of Florentine fifteenth-century embroidery, akin to the manner of Pollaiuolo. Ecclesiastical and other metal work form a series of absorbing interest, with some now almost *introuvable* early medieval categories of work represented in it; and the section of enamels and nielloes—with an enamelled gold cup, attributable to Nicholas of Verdun—is of an importance which is quite unusual in the sale-rooms of to-day.



*Carmichael Collection*

### THE VIRGIN AND CHILD

*French ivory statuette, fourteenth century*

The section of ivories, if small, has some exquisite items, notably a French fourteenth-century statuette of the Virgin and Child, and among some good pieces of Della Robbia ware particular attention is attracted by a very



*Carmichael Collection*

PAINTED AND SCULPTURED TABERNACLE

*{Florentine School, c. 1400*

decorative coat of arms of the Troschia family, supported by two putti carrying fruit garlands. A Florentine early fifteenth-century tabernacle, with a stucco bas-relief and some contemporary paintings, is a specially noteworthy object among the examples of Italian plastic art (including bronzes); nor must we omit to mention a lovely illumination by Jean Bourdichon, of a bishop, accompanied by four saints, kneeling before the Madonna. There are a couple of pretty miniatures of Jacobite interest, and a few early Italian pictures of exquisite quality; while a series of six family portraits by Raeburn provides a feature of very wide popular appeal. Portraits, such as "Lady Carmichael, née Janet Maitland Dundas," or "Miss Eleanor Gibson-Carmichael with her dog," are among the most superb examples of Raeburn's art, and universally known from the reproductions of them which have been published in all handbooks.

Among earlier sales at Messrs. Sotheby's, that of the fine engravings and etchings, collected by the late Sir

Henry James Johnson, deserves to be specially noted; it takes place on May 18. There will also be a sale of fine Early English cordial glasses, the property of Mr. Cory-Wright.

At Messrs. Christie's the first important sale after that of the Bischoffsheim collection is fixed for May 12; it is devoted to English and foreign plate. One section of the sale is sold by order of the executors of the Duke of Leinster, including a particularly fine Georgian silver-gilt toilet service and an Italian sixteenth-century silver-gilt salt cellar. There will also be some fine Queen Anne and Georgian silver, the property of a baronet, including some attractive eighteenth-century English silver, particularly a fine kettle and stand, several coffee pots of unusual shape and quality, and a set of three delightful casters. The sale finishes up with the well-known collection of early English and Scottish spoons, the property of the third Marquess of Breadalbane.

The next day, May 13, will see the disposal of some very fine old French and English furniture, tapestry, and porcelain from the collection of the Duke of Leinster, Sir Robert Drummond Moncreiffe, Bt., Capt. W. A. Stirling-Home-Drummond-Moray, and the late Mr. Henry Peck.

On the Friday of the same week, May 14, a collection of very interesting pictures from different sources comes up for sale. Among the outstanding features of this sale is, first of all, a landscape by Hobbema, in perfect condition. The picture is recorded by Dr. Hofstede de Groot (*Catalogue iv*, No. 165), and as a point of interest was sold by Messrs. Christie's on June 9, 1838, for 429 guineas! Three Cuyps and an interesting W. Vaillant come from the collection of the Duke of Leinster; and two Guardi's in fine condition are the property of Sir Robert Drummond Moncreiffe. Two Ben Marshalls will doubtless prove that the vogue of the sporting picture is still unabated. A very interesting Greco, "St. Martin dividing his Cloak," will be sold on behalf of the estate of the late Mr. Sargent, and there is also a portrait of a gentleman holding a skull, by Frans Hals (Bode, No. 88).

*Our Colour-plates*

The colour-plates in the present number—apart from the frontispiece and the picture by Mr. Nicholson commented upon in Mr. Furst's article—are reproduced from the "Woman Seated," by Edgar Degas, recently acquired for the Courtauld Collection in the National Gallery, Millbank; and from François Hubert Drouais' "Blowing Bubbles," a signed and dated work of 1767, in the Bischoffsheim Collection, which is to be sold at Messrs. Christie's on May 7.

*Mr. Claude Johnson*

The death of Mr. Claude Johnson, on April 11, means a very considerable loss to the artistic community in London. In his professional association with one of the greatest products of modern engineering—in itself a noble work of art—there was unmistakable evidence of that keen sense of beauty which found its most striking expression in Mr. Johnson's activities as a collector of modern pictures. In the latter capacity a rare gift of enthusiasm was his, and it was truly refreshing, in these days of unquestioned shibboleths in the world of aesthetics, to find in him a man who never for a moment hesitated to back his own opinion, but went straight for what appealed to him personally in the art of to-day.

# AN UNKNOWN MASTERPIECE BY PAUL VERONESE

By DETLEV BARON VON HADELN

IT is my opinion that for about fifteen years—that is, ever since the two "Allegories" painted for the Emperor Rudolf II passed into the possession of the late Mr. Henry C. Frick—no work by Paul Veronese has appeared in the art market which is comparable in importance with the "Penitent Magdalen," which a few months ago was acquired by Messrs. Durlacher.\*

I am, on principle, no friend of colour reproduction, and hence I perhaps exaggerate somewhat when I say that the accompanying plate conveys but an inaccurate idea of the beauty of colour of this picture. The individual notes are more delicate and subtle, the transitions less violent. The effect of the whole is that of a marvellously complete and balanced harmony.

As regards the chronological position of this exceptional work in the production of Veronese, my feeling is that it should be placed in the second half of the fifties of the sixteenth century. In order to explain what this dating of the picture signifies as regards matters of style, it may be worth while recalling, in the first instance, that the young Paul Veronese came to Venice as a Mannerist. There is nothing to take exception to in this term, which in no wise contains an appreciation of artistic quality, but solely describes that broad current of style which, originating in Central Italy, moved towards the North, and indeed advanced far beyond the Alps. It was unavoidable that every artist of this period, about the middle of the sixteenth century, should define his attitude to the elements of this style, which essentially was founded upon the overpowering impression of the art of Michelangelo; and this applies to Tintoretto as much as to Veronese. The passionate temperament of Tintoretto caused him to struggle violently with the problem: how the native Venetian point of view, with its predilection for colour,

could be harmonized with the more abstractly draughtsmanlike ideals of form of the Mannerist movement. For the more light-hearted Veronese, on the other hand, there seem to have been no difficulties. As if it were child's play, he absorbed the stock of heroic, Michel-angelesque forms and began on these lines in his native city, subsequently in Mantua, and, after his arrival in Venice, in the rooms of the Consiglio dei Dieci (1553-1554). In spite of the great success of these first works of his in the Doge's Palace—a success, however, which may have been one of fashion—the surroundings of life in Venice and the neighbourhood of Titian, caused him to turn his back on the "Maniera romana." The change of style took effect with astounding rapidity and with that playful ease which, generally speaking, was characteristic of the happy genius of Paul.

At this stage, when Veronese had only just freed himself from the conventions of Mannerism, he produced, inspired by Titian, apart from the "Penitent Magdalen," works such as the "Annunciation" in the Uffizi, and the "Vision of St. Helena" in the National Gallery. Common to all these works—and a feature which differentiates them from those of a later period—is the definite preponderance of the figure element. The rendering of scenery which, later on, in Veronese plays so important a part, is here still very much restricted. Undoubtedly we can see on this point a residuum of Mannerism, a tendency to which the figure element was of predominant importance. In the composition of the "Annunciation" of the Uffizi, the sharp isolation of the Virgin and the Angel—all the more so as the arrangement is so rigidly symmetrical—may seem somewhat coldly constructed. On the other hand, the figures of St. Helena asleep and the Penitent Magdalen could scarcely be given more felicitously their full effect than through the large and simple outlines of the masses in front of which they are placed.

\*Possibly this is the same picture as that which in the seventeenth century was purchased by the French Ambassador, de Housset. Compare Carlo Ridolfi, *Le Maraviglie dell'Arte*, ed. Hadeln, vol. i, p. 336.

## MUSIC IN A LIFE

### XI.—DAYS WITH THE ORCHESTRA—(Continued)

By FILSON YOUNG

WE sat at rehearsals in the front row at the end of the gallery in the Free Trade Hall, chins on fists, looking down into the pool of golden sound where the orchestra shimmered with that melodious activity which precedes an important rehearsal. This, as students of the Royal College, was our privileged position. We could see every instrumentalist, and even exchange remarks with the back desks of first violins and violas, and with the horns and woodwind; we were within the conductor's line of vision, and were thus well inside the orchestral community, and could hear all that went on, verbally as well as instrumentally. If a lead was mused, we heard it as soon as the conductor; and if our friends the horns came in for reproach or sarcasm over some shakily executed passage we shared their mild humiliation or indignation. We could hear (what the conductor did not always hear) those shameful simplifications sometimes in those days indulged in by the violin players in the back desks when a figured passage of exceptional rapidity was encountered in a new work; we had an apprehensive sense of the moment when things were about to go wrong, and we shared in the rhythmic serenity that falls on an orchestra when all is going right. In short, we had a wonderful opportunity for studying the orchestra, and to some of us it was in itself a liberal musical education.

After Sir Charles Hallé died there was an *interregnum*, during which various conductors were engaged to take one or two concerts each; and we had the interesting experience of hearing the orchestra—for the most part German, and extremely conservative—handled by men of widely varying capacities as musicians and conductors. Willy Hess had departed before the death of his chief, and in his stead, as first violin, came one Adolph Brodsky, a violinist of European repute, but unknown in this country; and I think that in his capacity as leader he conducted the first concert after Hallé's death. It should be remembered that at this period orchestral conducting was almost

entirely a Continental art. With the exception of Henry Wood, we had no English conductors of absolutely first rank. Thomas Beecham and Landon Ronald had not yet appeared on the horizon; George Henschel (who was, after all, a German) had, like August Manns and other stalwarts who had coaxed the English into taking an interest in serious orchestral music, made his reputation rather as a concert-giver than as a conductor. Stanford was bidding for fame as a composer; Mackenzie represented academic rather than artistic eminence; and the doctors of music who were the most conspicuous musical product of the day found a scope for their activities in composing oratorios and conducting choral festivals—a line of activity which has never yet produced, and probably never will produce, an orchestral conductor.

Naturally, therefore, the committee of music-loving Germans and others who were chiefly responsible for carrying on the concerts looked rather to Europe than to England for a successor to Sir Charles Hallé. A patriotic and influential minority urged that the time had come to encourage English musicians, and so Sullivan, Mackenzie, Stanford, Cowen, and others appeared at the desk and ran the gamut of our (and the orchestra's) searching scrutiny. Few members of the musical public realize how sensitive and human an instrument the orchestra is; how quickly it reacts to the personality of the conductor; how easily it is put off; how cordially enlisted by a word or a gesture. And fewer still realize how completely the conductor is in its hands. It can wreck his performance without one overt act of insubordination; at a moment of crisis (such as occurs in concert performances far oftener than people think) it can abandon him by simply continuing and waiting for him to pull it together individually and collectively—which requires a very strong and cool head—or it can save him by doing the right thing without waiting for the lead that may otherwise come just too late. An orchestra is not like a team, to be driven; it must be led. You

## Music in a Life

may discipline and drill it as much as you like, but in the presence of the public the conductor must put himself at its head and trust it to follow him through the perils of performance. If it fails him, he finds himself alone and abandoned in the enemy's country; if it follows, it can support and animate him to lead it on to triumph and victory. Which course it takes, in the case of a strange conductor, depends largely on his manner at rehearsal.

During those months in which so many musicians of various nationalities—including Richter, Nikisch, Lachner, and Sibelius—handled the Hallé orchestra, we had many opportunities of observing this reaction of one personality upon the others. Stanford, for example, who was no great genius with the bâton, and was even given to stamping with his foot—that arch-offence in the presence of a crack orchestra—won the players by his humour and the genial eloquence of meaning that beamed from his glasses; I have seen him and the orchestra on the verge of losing their tempers with one another, and then restored to friendliness by a touch of wit or blarney. Some conductors—and especially when their own works were being performed—had the sense to throw themselves on the goodwill of the players, and virtually leave them alone to play the score; these were never let down, even though their conducting was but a silent *obbligato* of gesture to the orchestral performance. Others (I have seen Debussy in this case) would, by indecisive beating, allow the band to get into a tangle from which they could not extricate it, and have to suffer the humiliation of ceasing to beat, tapping the desk until the music tailed off into silence, and starting the movement again from the beginning.

Richter was from the beginning our god, although he only appeared once or twice before his final appointment, two seasons after, as permanent head of the orchestra. On these great days excitement would be agreeably stimulated by the appearance at rehearsal of those extra instruments which generally indicated the performance of some of the greater Wagner opera excerpts. Extra horns, double-bassoon, and bass clarinet and contra-bass tuba all promised that degree of musical intoxication which was the particular privilege of my generation when first introduced, after the

sweet simplicities of Haydn, Mozart, and Mendelssohn, to the melodic, harmonic, rhythmic, and dynamic innovations that were the orchestral hall-marks of Wagner and Tschai-kovsky. Those were the days, remember, when Tschaikovsky's "Pathetic" (it should have been called "epic") symphony was new to English ears; when, at the end of a long rehearsal, the "Huldigungsmarsch" unrolled its dreaming introduction and insinuating, exciting rhythm and racket for the first time; when one first heard Richter's quiet dreaming through the "Siegfried Idyll"; and when a generation that had been brought up to regard Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus" as the last word in gorgeous musical noise was allowed to submerge itself in such things as the "1812 Overture," the "Walkürenritt" and the "Kaisermarsch." Once I operated the cymbals and bass drum in the last-named, and I can only liken it to the delectable experience, enjoyed at about the same time, of driving an express locomotive through a tunnel.

One conductor who never came to us was Henry Wood. I fancy that his agreement with Newman made an occasional visit impossible, and that the kind of provincial pride for which Manchester is notorious, coupled with the prejudice (on the whole well founded at that time) of the German colony against English conductors, prevented the issuing to him of any such permanent invitation as he might have been induced to consider. But more and more frequently, among the various foreign and other conductors, came Frederic (now deservedly Sir Frederic) Cowen. We could not understand why. We were not enthusiastic about him, nor were the orchestra nor were the public, nor was the "Manchester Guardian," then almost pontifical in matters of musical criticism. But Cowen, as well as being a conductor of extended practical experience and Continental training—which few English musicians at that time possessed—was a popular composer and a practical business man. This last attribute is of no small importance in the management of an orchestra that goes on tour and gives series of concerts in half-a-dozen towns. Cowen was in close alliance with James Aikman Forsyth, the agent and manager of the Hallé concerts; and when all questions of artistic interpretation were disposed of, there remained the hard question of holding the orchestra together by making

these provincial concerts pay. And I think it only fair to Sir Frederic Cowen to say that on his appointment to a very difficult job, and following an adored idol like Sir Charles Hallé, he did his part well, and held the Hallé concerts together as an institution when they might easily have come to grief. I never admired him as a conductor; he had all the faults of his race; he was unsympathetic with the orchestra, being alternately bullying and abject; he stamped with his foot when they strayed off the beat, and—worst offence of all—he rattled violently on his desk when something went wrong, or before raising his bâton to begin a movement. For some reason this last trick has a more irritating effect on a good orchestra than any other gesture. For one thing it is, or ought to be, unnecessary. If the players are attending they can see when the beat stops, or when it is about to begin; and if they are not attending, it probably annoys them to have the fact advertised. Be that as it may, it was a habit of Cowen's, and the orchestra never loved him. But he did, mostly without thanks or very much praise, the donkey-work of keeping the concerts going; he gave, now and then, really fine performances, notably of Beethoven and Mozart, as well as of modern

music, which he did his best to foster; and when he finally gave place to the supreme and adored Hans Richter, he deserved more gratitude and a more cordial and graceful farewell than he received.

But when Richter came, and the Hallé orchestra was constituted as a corporate body, we plunged joyfully back into the German tradition that had only been partially interrupted by the death of Hallé. Brodsky had before this taken his proper place as leader of the orchestra, and also of the Brodsky Quartet—a group of artists, including the incomparable Carl Fuchs as 'cellist, who gave very serious, and very severe, quartet concerts—and definitely cured me of any taste for the greater posthumous quartets of Beethoven. Presently he was made Principal of the Royal College (where he still is), and retired from the orchestra—only occasionally to emerge as an almost great soloist of the Joachim school. The German tradition thus restored, we were back in our heaven of German music; Richter never learned even to speak English of more than a sentence or two; German was spoken in the orchestra; and so, melodiously, rather stolidly, very soundly and imposingly, things continued until the autumn of 1914.

*(To be continued)*

## ERIC KENNINGTON: THE FIRST PHASE

By JOHN ROTHENSTEIN

IT would be difficult to imagine Mr. Eric Kennington's work being done in any period but the present; almost impossible to conceive it as the product of that school upon which all modern painting worthy of the name has turned its back. To this extent his painting is contemporary. His work is regarded by the majority of the modern school and its critics (with a few notable exceptions) with varying degrees of indifference, suspicion, and active hostility. As this school produces almost all the most significant artists among the younger men, and yet dislikes one who is perhaps the most significant of all of them, it would perhaps be worth while defining briefly what we mean by the modern school, and then examining the relationship between its work

and Mr. Kennington's. The modern school we take to include the adherents of the various movements which have grown out of Impressionism. The most clearly-marked tendency of this school is towards a greater and greater concern for the relations between the forms *within* their pictures, rather than those between the forms within and those without. In other words, this tendency is towards a more purely æsthetic point of view. A natural concomitant of this turning away from objective realism towards an entirely self-sufficient series of patterns is a revolt, not only against subservience to the shape, but also to the objective meaning of subject-matter; in a word, a revolt against what are termed "literary" pictures. Now, these tendencies are all alien to Mr.

*Eric Kennington: The First Phase*



THE KENSINGTONS AT LAVENTIE

Kennington. He is a realist, whose interest is always, first and foremost, in his subject rather than in his picture.

Externals have for him such a degree of fascination that few of his finished pictures escape having a strong element of literary interest. This alone is sufficient to place him sharply at issue with his contemporaries. But there is another, a less intellectual and more temperamental, difference between the majority of them and Mr. Kennington. Far truer mirrors of their age than he, they are for the most part disenchanted and without many illusions, sceptical and pessimistic: he is actually—one trembles thus to brand anyone in these times with so unfashionable an epithet—an idealist. Strength, vitality, bigness of form, these are the qualities which attract him, and these, the detractors to his claim to be a realist might well say, he finds always, whether or not they exist in the original. But as even the greatest of realists can only interpret Nature from one angle, and as almost all form has these qualities in some measure, such an argument cannot deprive Mr. Kennington of his title. To stress overmuch his predilection for large forms were to evade the horrible truth about his idealism, for he loves size, strength, and vitality in themselves. It is significant of his work that, unless he makes a conscious effort of control, he draws near objects well over life-size.

Mr. Eric Henri Kennington was born in 1888 in Chelsea, the son of Thomas Benjamin Kennington, an artist and, further, vice-president of the Royal Institute of Oil Painters. In 1898 he was sent to St. Paul's, where he distinguished himself after the conventional manner of artistic genius at school, by being placed at the bottom of his class. This position he was able to maintain without difficulty, owing to his incessant and, in fact, ungovernable preoccupation with carving and scratching the figures of navvies and costers with a pocket-knife upon the less visible portions of the desks. It is recorded that he was for these practices several times beaten. But his father, perhaps recognizing the symptoms, pursued a wiser course, and so, at the age of sixteen, young Eric was removed to St. Paul's Art School, thence to the School of Art at Lambeth, and, lastly, to the one at Kennington. At the age of nineteen he attempted to earn his living in the City as a black-and-white

artist, but, despite an already efficient pencil, an artistic conscience caused him to fail: in Paris there might have been room for Mr. Kennington in such a capacity—in London the attempt was predestined to failure.

From a very early age he had passionately cherished a desire to become an artist. As a boy he set upon a pedestal and worshipped the illustrators of "The Captain" and "The Boy's Own Paper." Then came, suddenly, changing adolescence, and the young man at a bound found himself at the feet of a host of new divinities, from which Botticelli and Rembrandt soon emerged as permanent influences. Of living artists Mr. Glyn Philpot was, perhaps, the one who interested him most. After the failure as an illustrator, Mr. Kennington next turned, as a means of earning a livelihood, to portrait-painting. In this he achieved a measure of success. Two portraits shown at an exhibition of the Old Portrait Painters' Society brought him a number of commissions. Shortly afterwards, at the instigation of a relative in Petersburg, he paid a six months' visit to Russia, and executed some further commissions of a similar nature. The portraits belonging to this period display both a certain ability and a dramatic sense. The figures are much inferior to the heads, being mostly dull and lifeless. Presently Mr. Kennington, at the age of four-and-twenty, embarked upon the first phase of his work which has a claim other than that of historic interest to our attention.

His first subjects, back in the St. Paul's days, had been costers and navvies. To these he now returned, steeped in enthusiasm for Botticelli and the Italian primitives. Every day he would go from Chelsea, where he lived, to Walham Green to draw and paint the coster-girls and workmen. To the earlier part of this period belongs "The Flower Girl," a painting deeply influenced, both in general feeling and in colour, by Botticelli; to the later, "The Costers," a far more powerful and original picture in which much that is characteristic of Mr. Kennington's mature work is clearly foreshadowed. What seemed to bid fair to becoming a uniquely magnificent panorama of the popular life of London was perforce suddenly broken off. The war-clouds broke, and Mr. Kennington served during 1914 and 1915 in France. During the latter year he was invalided out. Then he

*Eric Kennington : The First Phase*



THE VICTIMS



ALI IBN HUSSEIN



STUDY OF AN ARAB

painted upon a great sheet of glass the now famous "Kensingtons at Laventie," a superb group of soldiers. Of all the artists, official and unofficial, who painted the war none received from it greater stimulus, none was more moved by it than he. At the beginning he was awed and amazed; towards the end his attitude became one of bitter protest against the causes of war and war itself. But at all times he was moved to passionate admiration for the men whom he drew. With these overpowering emotions came inspiration and gusts of energy that were terrific in their force and staying-power. He worked day and night in an attempt to express the vastness and multiplicity of the crowd of fighting-men about him, as it were, by sheer quantity as well as by power and truth. The old influences receded, and in their place came a newer, a more direct, a more personal vision.

Towards the end it seemed that the chaos which he was portraying and which called forth his bitter protest was beginning to invade his work itself. In "The Victims," while the figures are individually magnificent, the composition is haphazard. Incidentally it is significant of the change in Mr. Kennington's attitude towards the war that this picture was originally entitled "The Victors."

His models were, in reality, of the same types as those of the Walham Green days but for the khaki and the absence of women. And no one has portrayed them with greater power, insight, and observation than he. Mr. Kennington's record of the life of the soldiers at the front is as valuable, as convincing, and as true as that of another war-time life—the immortal Mr. Britling's.

With the peace came the inevitable reaction. The terrific impulse died and the artist devoted himself to a series of studies of

### *Eric Kennington : The First Phase*

children, restful and domestic in feeling. Shortly after the end of the war Mr. Kennington happened to see a film dealing partly with the exploits of Colonel T. E. Lawrence in Arabia. It aroused in him an interest which lay dormant for more than two years. But when at the end of that time he heard that Colonel Lawrence had bought two of his drawings, Mr. Kennington telegraphed to him without ceremony announcing his imminent arrival. The meeting took place in the black, oak-panelled, book-lined room of Colonel Lawrence's in All Souls College, Oxford, where he was at that time a Research Fellow. At the end of half an hour's talk Mr. Kennington had promised to accompany his new friend to the East, and to paint his Arabs. Early in 1922 they started, visiting Cairo, Jerusalem, Beyrout, and Damascus. In Syria he proved that the rather barren post-war spell had been nothing more than a natural reaction after a phenomenal expenditure of energy. Some of the studies he brought back are as powerful and as full of insight as anything he has ever done. It would be hard to conceive of a portrait more penetrating than the one of Ali Ibn Hussein, a descendant of the Prophet, here reproduced. A hundred characteristics stand subtly revealed. It is as though he were saying : " I am a son of the Prophet, I am brave but also vain, I am capricious, cruel, feminine, I despise the present, and would love to bring back the past in which I live."

His five months' Eastern journey tended not unnaturally to heighten the tonality of his colour; at least such a heightening is apparent in a series of northern Italian landscapes which he did shortly after his return. And these were his last paintings for, in 1922, he gave up painting altogether. Nor was such a development either illogical or unforeseen. The whole direction of his painting was towards the three-dimensional. From the flatness of his early work he had reached a pitch where he endowed the objects he portrayed with more solidity of appearance than they in fact possessed. Furthermore, his mastery over his own particular form of expression had become so complete, that a material to work upon tougher than paint became a necessity, if he were to continue to progress.

The commission to execute the 24th Division's war memorial group definitely precipitated him into sculpture, thereby closing a complete phase in the development of one of the most remarkable of English artists. If his sense of colour and composition is surpassed by many of his contemporaries it would be hard to parallel among them the brilliant mastery of a singularly powerful draughtsmanship, the swift and individual response to outside stimuli, the entire freedom from preconceived ideas, and the sure insight into the human heart—of all of which qualities Mr. Kennington's work is so sure a witness.

## THE PLAIN MAN AND HIS MUSIC—VIII

By ERNEST NEWMAN

### *THE CASE OF WAGNER—II*

THE mistake generally made by the professors of musical appreciation is the confusion of the general principles of design with the particular application of them by this composer or that. Two fugues or two symphonic first movements, as I have already pointed out, may be precisely similar in the matter of general design, yet one of them may be a great work of art and the other the merest academicism. A knowledge of basic principles of design in music is, of course, of some assistance in enabling the

listener to correlate and systematize his impressions; but it is only after this fundamental work has been done that the real business of æsthetic appreciation begins. For a great composer is not merely a link in a chain of historical evolution, a contributor to the development of this or that principle of design. He is, before all things else, himself. Not only does he think for himself, but he creates his own special technique. Musical appreciation, in the full sense of the term, only commences when we are conscious not simply of the general

principles upon which a given work is constructed but upon the personal way in which the composer has applied these principles.

Where the trained and reflective musician has the pull over the plain man is not in any natal superiority of emotional equipment, but in the assistance that his emotions receive from his analytic faculty. I have already combated the fallacious theory that to know how an effect is produced in art is to diminish one's pleasure in it. On the contrary, it increases the pleasure, both by anticipation and in retrospect. If I know that the supreme stroke in a given work—the moment that is the secret of the work's appeal, the touch that is the individual seal of the artist who made the work—will come in a certain bar, I sense it in advance. When it does come, I am in better tune for it, more of the right temperature for it, than I should have been had it come upon me unawares and passed almost before I had had time to realize its full significance. Never shall I forget my experience during a certain performance of the "Valkyrie." I was sitting with one of the greatest of living composers. I was just gathering myself, as it were, for a mighty moment that I knew was coming, when my companion unconsciously took my arm in a grip that was positively painful, and as the moment came, and the climax soared and crashed and melted away again, I could feel the convulsion that was shaking him. These final delights of musical listening are possible to us only when we know something of the secrets of a composer's workmanship; the "appreciation course," with its standardized formulæ, can give us no help towards them.

Let me illustrate the argument from one or two points in the style and the workmanship of Wagner.

Every actor knows the importance of an effective exit; and actors have worked out a sort of traditional technique of getting off the stage. One familiar device of this technique is first of all the raising of anticipation, then the frustration of it, and, finally, a satisfaction of it that is all the more thorough because of the momentary frustration. The actor makes, let us say, for the door; just before reaching it he pauses for a moment and, perhaps, looks back; then he resumes his walk and passes out. The device can be a mere piece of commonplace stage mechanism, or it can be made immensely significant. As all the arts at

bottom are one, we are not surprised to find that composers get off the stage, so to speak, very much as actors do. The close of a piece has to be as effective as a stage exit, and composers use virtually the same devices for prolonging or intensifying their exits as the actor does. Sometimes they adopt that very device that I have just described—an apparently steady course, a sudden unexpected half-turn that converts what we had assumed to be the close into only a false close, and then a real close that is all the more effective for the trick that has been played on us. The secret of it, in part, is that the sudden jolt to our attention calls up a new fund of mental energy in us; we finish stronger than we had thought we were going to. A fine example of this exit interrupted and resumed will be found in that aria of Bach's upon which Max Reger has written a series of variations and a fugue.

While the instinct to make the exits as impressive as possible is born in every composer who has any feeling at all for form, Wagner has it in a superlative degree, and his exits are curiously individual. He begins tapering off his strain just when you think the logical end of it has come, and the tapering becomes finer and finer for a length of time that you would think *a priori* impossible, and would, indeed, be impossible for anyone else but Wagner; it is the unassailable logic of his thought that vivifies the form. The conclusion of the "Kaisermarsch" shows the application of the form at its simplest:



It will be seen that each pause, each planting of the foot and looking round, is only the prelude to another advance; we are conscious the whole time that the music is intending ultimately to settle down for good upon a

## The Plain Man and his Music

solid B flat; but our expectation of the settling is skilfully frustrated again and again.

In the more elaborate works of Wagner we see him making the most superb and infinitely cunning use of this paradoxical principle of suggesting increasing strength by increasing tapering. The final pages of the "Siegfried Idyll" show him drawing out the music into ever finer and finer threads; here I have space only for the quotation of the last few bars of all:

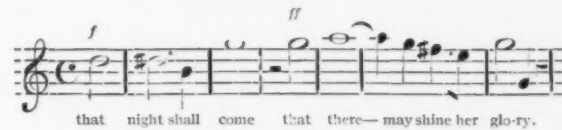


(The final melody note is held for eight bars, during which the under parts still carry on the sense of a slow moving towards the goal.) Here again, it will be observed, the basic impression is one of coming rest; just as in the "Kaisermarsch" example we are conscious all the time that the music is swinging upon the B flat, and that when the oscillation is over it will settle upon this, here we are conscious all the later time that we are resting upon the chord of E major, a rest that is made only the more delicious by such gentle movement as is given, for example, by the slight push of that reiterated F double sharp.

Further illustrations of this principle of Wagnerian effect will be seen in the conclusion of the "Tannhäuser" Bacchanale (that draws itself out as slowly as the "Siegfried Idyll"),

in the Titular processional march in the third act of "Parsifal" (where the effect is magnificently cumulative), and in the closing page or two of "Tristan."

Another noteworthy feature of Wagner's workmanship is his distribution of high lights. No matter how large may be the canvas on which he is working, and no matter how many months or years he may have been at work upon it, he has an infallible sense of proportion and of the moment at which to deal his maximum blow. One of the most overwhelming effects in the second act of "Tristan" is that at the moment when Isolde seizes the torch; all the agitated movement in which the music has been so rich since the beginning of the act is now seen to have been merely the preparation for the great leap it now takes:



The means adopted are merely the phrasing in longer notes of a motive that elsewhere plays more feverishly through the score, but the effect is magical; it is one of the supreme climaxes of all music. It was the same sense of where to concentrate his whole force that dictated to him the great final cry of Sieglinde just before Brynhilde sends her into the forest to escape from Wotan, and the unlocking of the gates of Eva's heart as she falls into the arms of Hans Sachs.

In the final resort, no doubt, all these are just what we call, for want of a better term, inspirations. When we know our Wagner thoroughly, however, we see them also as features of his workmanship, his personal way of going about things; and it is in the workmanship of them that we find a large part of our delight. And our delight in the thrill is increased by anticipation of it. It is individual technical points of this kind, not mere generalizations about the externals of "form," that the plain man should be taught to see and to look for, or better still, to discover for himself.



Height, 5½"

SPRING, SUMMER, AND AUTUMN  
Modelled by F. Elias Meyer. Meissen, 1760

## EARLY MEISSEN FIGURES

By EGAN MEW

**T**HERE is said to be some after-war feeling against the eighteenth-century productions of Meissen; of course this attitude of mind is illogical enough, for in the great days of the works, inaugurated by Augustus the Strong of Saxony and later fostered by Frederick the Great, England was, for the time being, an ally of Prussia, and Frederick himself the hero whose portrait figured most prominently on our own pottery, chinaware, enamels, and the medallions of Tassie, Wedgwood, and other artists of the period.

Putting aside our present prejudice, one

cannot praise too highly the elegant Meissen figures which led the taste of the world in that early period of European ceramics. In England especially did they prove the models on which the best of the early work of Chelsea and Bow was founded. The similarity was of course merely superficial, not integral, for the Meissen people had discovered the secret of the Chinese hard paste and still held their knowledge inviolate.

About 1710, Johann Friedrich Böttger, devoted to alchemy, and a by no means inexpert experimental chemist, was removed almost as a prisoner from Dresden to the

## Early Meissen Figures



Height, 7½"

FIGURE OF STREET VENDER

From Bouchardon's famous series "*Cris de Paris*." Meissen, 1750

Albrechtsburg, a fortress at Meissen, and soon produced the first examples of what has become known for so long in England as Dresden china. These porcelains, although not exact reproductions in material of the famous Chinese wares, were made of a kaolin found at Aue near Schneeberg, and imitated the ceramics of the East for the first time in Europe with admirable skill. After the early death of Böttger in 1719, for he lived rapidly as was the fashion at the Dresden Court at that time, the factory still flourished, firstly aided by the accomplished painter of ceramics, Johann Herold, who had been obliged to vanish from the factory at Vienna, in the characteristic eighteenth-century manner, and who eventually became director of the works. Herold intro-

duced the art of painting on the porcelain in various colours and excelled in the actual firing and the general technical work of the factory. When what may be called the painted and Watteauesque period under the guidance of Herold began to wane in general popularity, there arose the plastic style so honourably connected with the name of Johann Joachim Kändler. This artist was first known in the porcelain factory in 1731, and although in the beginning his newer ideas in regard to modelling versus painting did not affect the Meissen work, a few years of successful labour made the fresh comer master of the situation, and it is to him that we owe the large number of single figures and groups of Meissen porcelain which I take to be the fine flower of this factory's output and the most advantageous objects for collecting at the present time.



Height, 7½"

FIGURE OF PORTER

From Bouchardon's famous series "*Cris de Paris*." Meissen, 1750

*Apollo: A Journal of the Arts*

Under Kändler all classes of figures and models of animals became fashionable; the famous Monkey Orchestra, a burlesque of the Court Band, was produced, and a long list of pieces, delightful in form and rich and vivid in colour, poured from the now widely popular works.

In 1741 the rococo of Louis XV was influencing European art, and Meissen, always with an eye on the developments of its Latin rival, made full use of the designs and *motifs* which sprang from the fanciful brains of the famous engraver, James Philip Le Bas, and his vigorous and talented band of accomplished pupils. Between the years 1746-1748 large numbers of pictures and engravings were sent from Paris to the Meissen studios, and such graceful designers as Le Mire, De Longueil Née, Cochin, Eisen, Ficquet, and Moreau le jeune became, willy nilly, the inspirers of the most delightful single figures and groups—



Heicht, 4 1/2"

BARBARA UTTMANN

Supposed to be the inventor of pillow lace Meissen, circa 1745



Heicht, 4 1/2"

FIGURE OF YOUTHFUL BACCHUS

Meissen, circa 1745

animated, hedonistic, graceful, and light—which the now far-famed *porcelaine de Saxe* put forth for the delight of all the Courts in Europe, and for the pleasure and interest, I believe, of some of the connoisseurs of the Far East to whom the rivalry of the West in regard to their long monopoly of hard paste china was a matter of some surprise. The main branch of work produced during the direction of Kändler comes under the heading of what the German writers on the subject call the "Krinolinen Gruppen," and which we usually endow with the old Victorian name of crinoline pieces. Neither in German nor English is the term very happy, for the groups in question usually show a flamboyant lady elaborately dressed in a gay costume and wearing the panniers on the hips which were in vogue in the early-eighteenth century and are very different from the round hoops of later periods. But the name remains and the groups typify for many

# Early Meissen Figures



Height, 8 1/4"  
BRILLIANTLY PAINTED FIGURES OF FRUIT AND FLOWER SELLERS  
Meissen



Height, 11 1/4"  
CHERRY TREE WITH THREE FIGURES  
Modelled by Kändler. Meissen, 1765



Height, 7 1/2" without base  
THE VIRGIN OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION  
Meissen, 1750



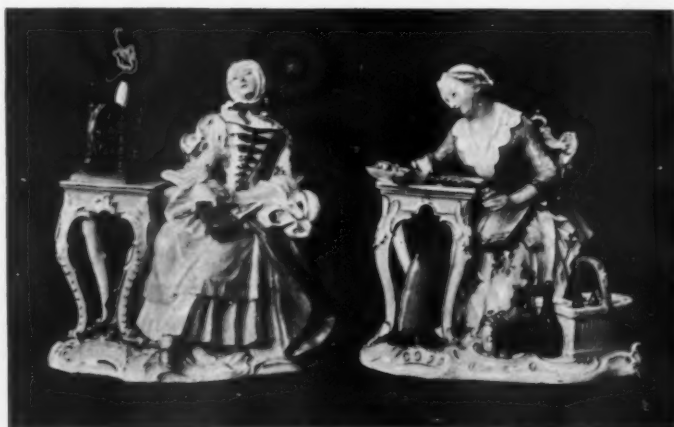
CHARACTERISTIC GROUP WITH CHILDREN  
Mid-eighteenth century. Meissen

collectors the most prized pieces of Meissen ware. They generally consist of such an arrangement of figures as are seen in the piece in the collection of the late Mrs. Salting, which shows Kändler's adaptation of a more or less French design giving a lady, a lover, a page, and a pug; or the still more lively scene in which a rather wicked harlequin and an energetic Cupid aid the pursuit of a tender shepherdess by an ardent swain. Such elaborate pieces designed, or at least inspired, by Kändler, *circa* 1735-40, are highly characteristic and greatly sought, but they have not, I think, the charm and grace of many of the generally considered less important pieces and of the single figures.

The gods and goddesses in this branch of Meissen work are not, perhaps, so beautiful as those personages which are set forth by the

Greeks as representing the Greek ideal, but they are often full of movement and pagan gaiety. But if the glories that were Greece were not recaptured in Saxony the modellers there were very successful in their figures of everyday life. Eherlein's naturalistic-classic people and Carl Schonheit's engaging children alone would make the Meissen figure pieces of the best period one of the most delightful subjects for the connoisseur that the ceramic world can offer. Kändler's admirable models from the well-known set of "Cris de Paris" of Edme Bouchardon, which were engraved by the Comte de Caylus in 1737, have been copied in porcelains of various kinds in dozens of factories but never surpassed, while such a group as the "Children Gathering Cherries," *circa* 1764, or the "Bacchic Boy," or, in a different mood and manner, the "Madonna," designed for the gilt stand that supports the figure, are all pieces of so accomplished a style and sophisticated a manufacture that none of the hundreds of factories that have followed the Meissen works since the early-eighteenth century has been able to outdistance their parent and sole beggetter in Europe.

Most of the illustrations have been photographed for the purpose of this article from examples in the South Kensington Museum; some are taken from a book of mine on the subject published by Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack more than twelve years ago.



"DIE KAUFMANNSFRAU" AND FIGURE WITH SPINNING WHEEL  
By Kändler, *circa* 1740-1750. Meissen





## A PESELLINO RESURRECTED

By TANCRED BORENIUS

ONE of the most admired pictures in the Holford Collection at Dorchester House has always been the small altarpiece by that delightful Florentine master, Francesco Pesellino, who in his short life—he only lived to be thirty-five—produced a number of works which are among the most lovable examples of his school and period. Until quite recently, enjoyment of this picture was, however, considerably marred by the drastic repainting to which its background had been subjected. A layer of green had been spread over the original gold, and the whole colour scheme of the picture had in consequence been thrown completely out of harmony; while the delicacy of the outlines of the figures had been greatly impaired.

The question of a removal of these repaints had been frequently mooted, but the risk of applying solvents to the picture was sufficient to cause much hesitation. At length, however, a difficult and delicate operation was decided upon—namely, to remove the whole of the new green background in tiny shreds of paint by means of the sharp point of a knife. This courageous and patience-trying enterprise was carried out with complete success; the original gold background gradually emerged in excellent preservation, and as a result a new life and significance have been acquired by the picture, which has regained all the subtle chords and contrasts of colour which were intended by the artist. Through the kindness of Sir George Holford, we are to-day enabled to offer to our readers a colour reproduction of the picture as it now appears.

Though the art of Pesellino reveals a very definite individuality, there is constant evidence of the influence wielded upon him by masters like Fra Filippo Lippi and Fra Angelico; and it is little to be wondered at that in the early days of connoisseurship the name of Fra Angelico came to be affixed to this picture. It was first restored to its real author by Crowe and Cavalcaselle, though their opinion is not recorded in either of the English editions of the "History of Painting in Italy," but may be read in the German edition of the work, published in 1870.\* The picture has been

\* Crowe and Cavalcaselle, *Geschichte der Italienischen Malerei*, vol. iii, p. 103. See also the Italian edition of this work, vol. vi (1894), p. 18.

subsequently discussed at length by Dr. Werner Weisbach, in his scholarly monograph on Francesco Pesellino\*; it is there justly grouped together with works such as the "Virgin and Child with Two Saints," which used to be in the Hainauer Collection in Berlin, and the "Virgin and Child with SS. Peter and Anthony," in the Musée Condé at Chantilly (No. 11).

In Sir George Holford's picture, the two female saints on each side of the Madonna are not identifiable by any very individual attributes. Lower down, on the exquisitely painted verdant lawn, stand two couples of male saints; nearest the spectator, on the left St. Anthony the Abbot, and on the right St. George, and farther back on the left St. Jerome, a figure, the ecstatic, emaciated head of which revives memories of Andrea del Castagno's emotional ascetics, and a holy bishop, possibly St. Louis of Toulouse. For the latter figure, Dr. Weisbach has identified a study by Pesellino in the Department of Drawings in the Louvre.

All who have written on the present picture have rightly laid stress on its close affinity to the art of Fra Filippo Lippi—an artist, by whom, as already remarked, Pesellino was greatly influenced and with whom he was in close professional contact. Thus we know that the "Predella" of Fra Filippo's altarpiece, formerly in the church of Santa Croce at Florence, and now in the Accademia, was painted by Pesellino, and on the other hand it was Fra Filippo who after Pesellino's death in 1457 completed his large picture of the "Trinity and Saints," of which the major portion is now in the National Gallery. The types of face, the shape of the hands, and the scheme of colour in the picture at Dorchester House show the artist affected by the example of Fra Filippo; but the note of his own gentle and engaging personality is never absent. Hitherto, while the exquisiteness of the details has been unobscured, the effect of the whole has fallen markedly short of what the artist himself had in view. Now all that is changed, and what has been achieved is nothing short of an artistic resurrection.

\* W. Weisbach, *Francesco Pesellino und die Romantik der Renaissance*, p. 68 sqq.

# THE CARVED SCULPTURE OF JOSEPH BERNARD

By KINETON PARKES

THERE is a Parisian cult in sculpture known as *en taille directe*, and its leader is Joseph Bernard. Its ideal principle is for the artist to attack his material with chisel and hammer, unfortified by such aids as drawings or sketches, or of models in wax, clay, or plaster: the sculptor and his intuition face to face with his block of stone and nothing more in mind than the end to which he can shape it, and in doing so to realize the suggestion it has made to him. This is the primitive practice; the way in which early man begat art and vindicated his god, and his imagination, truly a miraculous conception. There are but few living artists, however, who can claim so pristine an exposition. As near as can be, Joseph Bernard is of them. He believes in the primitive practice, although he is himself inoculated with all the sophistications of this late period of art industry.

He had advantages of birth, however, for in 1866 he saw the light at Vienne, in the Valley of the Rhône, and later the mountains of this romantic part of France made him wonder and marvel. Not only Nature appealed to him there, but the remains of Roman art and the wonderful structures of the Middle Ages were further food for his poetical mind. His father was a stone-cutter, so that the influences of his

early years were of a practical kind as well as imaginative. He had himself roughly carved two lions in stone before he began to learn drawing at the age of twelve at Lyons, and seven years later at Paris. His carving and his draughtsmanship progressed together, but only

to a limited extent, for when he became a student he almost ceased to be a craftsman. This had the advantage of making a most accomplished graphic artist, but of turning, for a time, a glyptic craftsman into a plastic sculptor.

It is in this process that the principle of direct carving is weakened. Many of its exponents rely on the aid of modelling clay or wax before they begin to carve, providing themselves with plastic sketches for conversion into glyptic pieces. This is due to the schools, in which it is

assumed that the first step in sculpture must be modelling: the *modeleurs*, as opposed to the carvers, insist that all sculpture is plastic only, and that carving is of quite secondary importance. As showing their touching faith, they allow the *formatore*, or marble pointer, to make their statues for them from the plaster cast of their moulded clay, so that when it is seen the actual piece is often a third remove from the sculptor's original work. The direct carvers say this must be wrong, and from two points of view. Plastic form is different from carved form, not



THE SINGER OF GRENOBLE  
Milan marble

## *The Carved Sculpture of Joseph Bernard*



HEAD AND HANDS OF A YOUNG GIRL  
*Siena marble*

only in technique, but in spirit, and it is therefore inartistic to model what will afterwards be cut with a chisel. The essence of the contention being that a modelled work is built up from plastic fragments, a synthetic process; a glyptic work is cut down from the initial mass, an analytic process.

Joseph Bernard believes these things, but, being a sophisticated artist in a sophisticated world of ageing years, he is not entirely consistent. He models and he cuts, but nowadays he carves more than he moulds, and would always treat his subjects glyptically if time allowed. Curiously enough, considering his position at the head of the *taille directe* movement, he is most popularly known by his famous bronze in the Luxembourg, "The Girl with the Pitcher"; his "Dancing Woman and Child," his "Dancers" (two girls hand in hand), and his "Young Girl with Drapery," these also being in bronze. There are a number of similar works in plaster, and all these plastic productions agree in their style as they do largely in their subject. This style

is, of course, entirely different from that of the carved work, but it could hardly be less than eminently accomplished coming from such a stylist.

It is, however, in the cut-work that Bernard is seen so triumphantly. He has surmounted all the difficulties of time and place, and material and subject, and the result of this glyptic activity is to eclipse the plastic of his other works. His draughtsmanship is his greatest asset, and is the basis of the extreme felicity and facility of his carving technique. It is seen subtly in his portrait busts. Modelling and after-casting in bronze is generally reckoned to be the accepted form of sculptural portraiture, but in Bernard's case the form is carving. He has made modelled busts, but many more carved ones, not always ostensible portraits, but always essential ones, even of types, or of ideal subjects. These busts are seldom named: the titles of some of them are: "Tête à l'Aigrette," in black stone; "La



PRAYER  
*Granite*



HEAD OF A WOMAN

Prière," "Sérénité," "Tête de Faune," in granite; "Le Remords," a fragment of the artist's Michel Servet monument, in stone; "Plénitude," "Rieuse," in rose marble; "Pureté," a "Head of a Young Girl, and Two Hands," in Siena veined coloured marble, and in white marble the astonishing and inspiring "La Chanteuse de Grenoble," in the Grenoble Museum, a work full of vivid force and vitality. A life-size sketch in marble of the "Head of a Satyr" is interesting.

The character imparted to his carved work by Joseph Bernard is as fresh as the method by which it is expressed. His studies are largely of women: most frequently wild, free beings, with the fresh dew of the woods and fields upon them, vine leaves in their hair, free of movement, sturdy of body and limb, unclothed, and unaware of any sense of shame; true daughters of great Mother Earth, dancing at their avocations, or in static pose as the noble "Bacchante," at a moment when the fruits of the earth have been realized and

bestowed upon humanity; this phase, seen dynamically in the "Festival of the Vine," with its beautiful glowing creatures, virginal, the counterpart and complement of virile man. These figures are ruder than the exquisite "Bacchante," merry, unsophisticated, provocative, satisfying. They are the types that Bernard has called up out of dead stone to prove that art is as alive to-day as it was in those distant days when the Spirit of the Gods, of Creation, began to work in men's minds, and to set to work in their bodies.

This Bacchanale, this "Fête des Pampres," is, like the "Bacchante," carved directly in stone. It is a magnificent piece of work in high relief in which all the technical difficulties of relief have been successfully surmounted. The recession of some of the figures into the matrix of the stone admirably aids the projection of the two main figures. Another interesting relief is a dancing group of women mostly draped, modelled on the marble, and showing a different method with only a low projection. This forms an extensive frieze executed



THE YOUNG BACCHANTE

## *The Carved Sculpture of Joseph Bernard*



THE VINE FESTIVAL

for Monsieur Nocard, of Paris. Another charming bas-relief is the "Mother and Child" marble carving for Dr. Louis Gallavardin.

Whatever Bernard's direct carving may owe to his early initiation into the craft, it owes little to his modelling activities, as is sufficiently proclaimed by its entirely different style and spirit. It is, however, startling to find no confusion of its plastic excellence with that of the carved work. This latter is radically distinct, and except in the case of the Nocard frieze, which is specified as modelled marble, no single item of Bernard's whole glyptic work is modified in its essential character by the plastic touch. It is all as consistent as the work of the Assyrians or

Egyptians, and has, indeed, the veritable cutting properties of all the great Egyptian masterpieces in hard stone. Bernard has never copied these, nor, I should say, has he been directly influenced, but has evolved spontaneously the same spirit which actuated the mind and guided the hands of the early carvers, both of Greece and Egypt, before the advent of other and indirect processes. He has solved all the old difficulties which the ancients experienced and did not overcome in the fabrication of their reliefs, and has added a modern and naturalistic touch to works in the round, while preserving the exquisite simplification of structure of the old work demanded by the material in a technique entirely justified by it.

# PANNINESQUE PAINTINGS BEFORE PANNINI

By HERMANN VOSS

**G**IOVANNI PAOLO PANNINI is for the modern lover of art the symbol of the whole of a much-diffused and, owing to its decorative worth, very popular style of art: the pictures of ruins. Indeed, among the very numerous representatives of that branch of art in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Pannini appears as an artist of the first rank in the midst of good craftsmen. Without him a branch of art which is charming in itself would have been deprived of real perfection in a truly artistic form. Nevertheless, the history of pictures of ruins, even without reference to Pannini, presents sufficient interest, and it must not be forgotten that the name of the Piacenza master only marks its zenith, and in no way influenced its foundation or development. For at least half a century before Pannini's appearance it is possible to trace in Italy this style of art in architectural pictures and pictures of ruins. One can plainly observe how the rendering of architectural motives, for purposes of perspective and illusion, struggles towards an independent existence of its own, from the purely mechanical use made of it in what was known as the *Quadratura* and scene painting; how gradually the dry and empty linear drawing of scenic pictures is transformed into lifelike reproduction of characteristic localities. It was no longer sufficient that the prospect painter (as the originators of this style were called, whether they painted merely simple architecture or chiefly ruins) should only have complete mastery of the art of the perspective painter; it was now demanded of him that his pictures

should have a striking pictorial effect, that is to say, that he should give animation to the perspective scheme by a distribution of light which was not schematic, but accidental and atmospheric, by characteristic figure *staffage* and accessories of landscape. While originally only the bizarre and the richness of the architectural motives were required, later on the rules of

the prospect-painter demanded more and more that the picture should have a credible and natural effect, and indeed they often contented themselves with the motives which the edifices of Italy offered them, and laid the greatest stress on their reproduction in the most pictorial style. In this way the fantastic form of the "prospect painter" developed into the realistic task of the "Veduta" (View, Vue, Ansicht).

Pannini, and especially his Venetian contemporary, Canaletto, have painted, as well as ruins and prospect pictures, views ("vedute") that are true pictorial and charming reproductions of a concrete topographical locality. Both, however, do not renounce their original education as *Quadratura* and scene painters, and even such an eminent painter as Guardi, whose idea of the "veduta" appears to us to be that of a "picturesque" view, and not a "perspective" or "composition" picture, always shows in his Venetian views a certain connection with those original, constructive, and decorative conceptions.

Painters like Pannini, Canaletto, Guardi, or Piranesi are also interested in definite architectural subjects from another point of view than modern painters of the "veduta" like Meryon, Whistler, or Muirhead Bone. When



BY VIVIANO CODAZZI

## *Panninesque Paintings before Pannini*



BY GENNARO GRECO

these old vedutists, as experts in architecture, reproduced in their pictures the effects of a building, or of a group of buildings, they were stirred by a creative reproduction that went beyond simple optical-pictorial receptivity. They often recreated such a concrete architectural reality, giving it imperceptibly, or half-unconsciously, a subjective meaning. As they could count on lovers of this art—especially among their own countrymen—who really desired a brilliant transformation, they produced the *veduta ideata* (the fantastic veduta), which for modern ideas is a somewhat hybrid variety. This style of the “veduta” gave a delusive mixture of the real and the imaginary. Pannini’s pictures of Roman ruins offer many examples of this category, but the same thing is often found in Canaletto, Bellotto, and Guardi.

If we glance at the beginnings of the architectural and ruin pictures, we observe a number of original tendencies which have, however, much in common, and about which we unfortunately possess but little historical material. L. Ozzola has brought together in a long article (*L’Arte* XVI) what is known about the artists in question, and their works. He was unable at the time to give any positive data about many who were considered the chief representatives of the style. The prospect-painters of the Neapolitan school remained almost

unmentioned, though the literary picture given by De Dominici of their work shows that theirs was an important tendency that must in any case be considered of the same importance as the Roman one. By a happy chance we are enabled now to give a pretty accurate idea of the founder of the prospect school of painting in Naples, Gennaro Greco (1663–1717). Strictly speaking, Greco is not the first who painted architectural prospects in Naples, but his only predecessor who is worthy of mention, Viviano Codazzi (sometimes erroneously called Codagora), an immigrant Bergamasque, who lived in Naples from 1639 to 1647, was more of a *Quadratura* painter in the narrower sense of the word that we have defined. The reproduction we give of one of his hitherto unknown works furnishes a

good idea of the matter-of-fact way in which he at times strove to give pictorial form to architectural motives. The attempt to give life to the lineally constructed building by light effects is as inadequate and superficial as the introduction of an historical event, and the scattering of all sorts of unnecessary and disconnected human figures over the picture.

Gennaro Greco is quite different. He also began with the study of *Quadratura* painting, and he had thoroughly mastered the celebrated



BY GENNARO GRECO

treatise by Padre Pozzi on perspective painting. But being much more gifted as a painter, he laid greater store by the atmospheric and chiaroscuro effects in his pictures, which, though constructed on the principles of perspective, are not of an obtrusively didactic or schoolmaster-like style, but are subordinated to the pictorial demands of the whole. He has a characteristic fondness for overlapping masses of architecture, for abrupt contrasts of light and shade, vistas, landscape motives, and so on. The general effect is pleasing, often capricious, but in any case it leaves the impression of an animated tone of actuality and directness. This effect is accentuated by the ruinous appearance of the buildings, on which some of the stones are discoloured, while other portions of the structure have crumbled away, or have fallen down. The gay movements of the figures also help to give to Greco's pictures a character of real life.

As an authentic starting-point for the understanding of Gennaro we can use two small perspective pictures that formerly belonged to the Dessau Court, but were sold by auction in Berlin in 1923. One of them has a stone in the foreground with the signature "G Grieco" (the Neapolitan dialect form for Greco). Both the pictures are quite original in style and characteristic, and it is easy with their help to recognize other works by Greco. What our reproductions do not give, or only slightly suggest, must specially be emphasized: this is the delicate, luminous tonality obtained by avoiding all strong,



BY GENNARO GRECO



BY GENNARO GRECO

unburnt colours, and by the use of very soft tints in greys, greyish-blues, and greyish-yellows, which tend to a general harmony. The colouring is not as strong and effective as that of Pannini and his Roman predecessor Ghisolfi, but delicate, transparent, and rich in delicate and often scarcely perceptible shades.

That Greco was able to make use of stronger tones was shown in two other architectural perspectives which we found about five years ago for sale in London, and which at the time were ascribed to Ghisolfi. Now that we are better acquainted with the artistic personality of Greco, we must refuse to agree to the attribution of these pictures to Ghisolfi (besides, they are very unlike his art), and we claim them as important examples of the Neapolitan master. The pictures in question are of considerably larger dimensions (they are about one metre wide), their composition is more complex, but the chiaroscuro strictly articulated. The motives themselves and their artistic treatment are also entirely like the two Dessau pictures, especially in the balustrades, projecting columns, lavishly ornamented fountains and water-basins, which are found everywhere, and the stripe-like way in which the light falls. A new motive for us is, however, the ruined wall in the foreground of one of the London pictures, which by its gloomy and grim character is in sharp contrast with the festive and joyful tone of the rest of the picture. But De Dominici particularly notices that Greco was very fond of painting such gloomy, ruined buildings, and he was very successful with them.

### *Panninesque Paintings before Pannini*



BY PIETRO CAPPELLI

He speaks about "architetture dirute," "luoghi sotterranei," "carceri capricciose," in which Gennaro was specially prominent. Perhaps it may be possible to discover a greater number of similar pictures by him. It will be interesting to see to what extent a connection exists between his works and the later and much more famous "carceri" of Piranesi, and whether these much-discussed etchings were influenced by the example of Greco.

To the above-mentioned pictures by Greco we can add, as closely connected in their style, two round pictures of about 70 centimetres in diameter; they were in the former Messinger Collection in Rome, and are mentioned as works by Pannini in this catalogue, made by P. d'Achiardi. The one represents a view seen through a high-arched passage, with columns and arches, that opens out into a light courtyard surrounded by arcades. Before a tabernacle-like altar several men are kneeling who seem summoned to prayer by a woman. The companion picture represents a courtyard surrounded by balustrades and fountains, with an exedra-like wall with seats separated by columns and pilasters. The whole is animated by single figures and groups of figures in a very agreeable and varied manner.

Not all the pictures that have been mentioned here show a uniform treatment of the "macchiette" or figures. Most of the predecessors of Pannini, who was himself an excellent painter of figures, were not very skilful in enlivening their pictures with figures. This

must also have been the case with Greco, as his figures are also sometimes rather feeble and at other times clearly not produced by the same hand. The figures in the two round pictures are evidently better and more accurately executed than in his other pictures, and they are so different in style that one must conclude they were added by an expert figure-painter. At that time this was a very ordinary way of sharing the work. Ghisolfi was pleased to accept, for the figure parts of his works, the helping hand of Salvator Rosa, Marco Ricci, the assistance of his uncle, Sebastiano, and so on. We do not dare to decide who the unknown assistant of Greco could have been; it is possible to suppose that he might

have been Giuseppe Tommasuoli, one of the scholars of Solimena, who at times painted the figures of the landscapes and prospects of other painters, but who till now is not known to us by his own work.

A little younger than Greco was Pietro Cappelletti, a descendant of a Rome scene-painter, who died when still young, in 1727, in Naples. De Dominici praised the "magnificenza" and "maniera forte" of his architectural pictures, but he blames him for the exaggerated employment of dark tones. We know of two signed pictures by Cappelletti; one is a large thermæ-like architectural painting (with a bathing scene copied from Maratti) in the Schleissheim



BY A. DE DOMINICI

Gallery, and the other a grand architectural piece in the palace at Gotha. To them can be added a very similar picture that was sold by a picture dealer of Berlin in 1925. All these pictures are of considerable size and much broader and more sketchy in the execution than the paintings by Greco, and without the fineness of the tints of that master. A certain bluntness of the colour-effects increases the unfavourable impression of these pictures which were painted, as De Dominici specially emphasizes, with unapproachable rapidity *alla prima*, and also in the treatment of perspective do not quite show the conscientiousness and sureness of Greco's work. It must, on the other hand, be acknowledged to Cappelli's honour that the architectural devices are more striking and have a stronger decorative effect than we find with his older rival. He lays the whole stress on the general pictorial effect; the details, however, are carelessly handled. Specially unskilful are the drawing and arrangement of the figures, and in this connection we can easily detect plagiarisms from famous prototypes, such as Annibale Carracci and Maratti.

Besides Cappelli, De Dominici says that Lionardo Coccorante, Francesco Saracino, and Carlo Moscatiello were spoken of in Naples as good architectural painters, though there is

for the moment but little that can be determined about their work. From what we have been able to say here it is proved that the style of architectural and ruin painting was at the height of its development in Naples about the year 1700, and that it flourished there in a more universal and original fashion than it did at the same time in Rome. This condition only altered when Pannini changed from *Quadratura* painting, which he had practised until about 1730, and went over to Cabinet pictures. Then Naples took quite a back seat. The development of architectural painting was effected entirely in Rome, and chiefly by foreigners, especially by the Frenchmen, A. de Machy, T. N. Juliard, and, above all, by Hubert Robert. The charming combination of architectural and landscape motives with animated figure-drawing in the painting by Antonio De Dominici, dated 1785, that we reproduce as our last illustration, comes like a swan song of the expiring Neapolitan school. De Dominici, who bears the name of a very numerous family of artists, was born in Palermo in 1730, and died before 1800 in Naples. He belonged, together with Bonito, to the last of the original masters of his school, but he found few admirers. The picture that appeared in Berlin in 1925, and is signed on the back, gives quite an attractive idea of his entirely forgotten art.

## A GOSSIP ABOUT PRINTS

By MALCOLM C. SALAMAN

### HENRY PERCY HORNE'S COLLECTION

WHILE fashion has been responsible for much collecting in recent years, the great traditions of this fascinating hobby have been carried on by rare representatives of the true breed of print-collector, whose incentive has been always a genuine love and appreciation of the engraver's art. Of this true breed, we have had no finer example in our time than the late Henry Percy Horne, whose rich and remarkable collection, which comes to the hammer at Sotheby's on the 22nd of this month, should prove a liberal education for those so-called collectors, especially of the old mezzotints, who have been ruled by the dictates of fashion and the persuasions of the dealers. Like

other decorative pursuits, print-collecting has its changes of fashion, and a sudden inflation of prices in the auction room is enough to start a vogue in acquiring the particular class of print so favoured. In the nineties of the last century the decorative qualities of the eighteenth-century portrait mezzotints of beautiful ladies, chiefly after Reynolds and Romney, and rarely Gainsborough, were being recognized, and when in the Blyth sale at Christie's in March, 1901, all records for a mezzotint were beaten by the 1,000 guineas made by a first state of Valentine Green's "Duchess of Rutland," after Reynolds, and this again was beaten a month later by the 1,160 guineas paid for J. R. Smith's "Mrs. Carnac," these distinctively English prints became established

## *A Gossip about Prints*

as a fashionable object of costly purchase. The dining-rooms, the halls, the staircases of the houses of new wealth have ever since been calling for these gracious mezzotints as the drawing-rooms and boudoirs have called for the dainty English and French colour-prints of that elegant and expensive period. But when fashion discovered the eighteenth-century mezzotints, Henry Percy Horne was already a veteran collector of them, and generally recognized as an authoritative connoisseur. He had commenced print-collecting while yet an undergraduate at Cambridge in the

sixties, and all through a long, busy, professional life, almost up to the time of his death last February at the age of 84, the study and collecting of prints was the chief of his varied interests. Always he seems to have had a flair for the fine and inherently interesting print, but, beginning with Dutch and Flemish etchings and engravings of

the seventeenth century, he soon realized the vastness of the field of print-collecting, and determined wisely to specialize. The mezzotint method particularly fascinated him, and he gradually became a great specialist in the works of its exponents. He built up a collection that was exceptionally complete and representative from the points of view of both the student and the amateur, exemplifying, as it did, the history and progressive phases of the art and method of mezzotint, from its origin with Ludwig von Siegen in 1642 to its expressive development at the hands of our living master, Sir Frank Short. Meanwhile, his connoisseurship and judgment were always at the service of his

brother-collectors, as they were equally welcomed by the print-sellers, the expert writers, and the pundits of the Print-Rooms. "Mr. Horne is the only man I would trust to buy a mezzotint for me on his own judgment," was said to me years ago by the late Frank T. Sabin, a studiously instructed print-seller of the good old school, and the friendly influence of Mr. Horne's fine judgment was not without its good effect on such remarkable collections as those of Mr. H. S. Theobald, Mr. Fritz Reiss, and the late Lord Cheylesmore. When Mr. Horne began collecting the old English mezzotints, very little

attention had been paid to them in the British Museum Print-Room, and it was his active curiosity and research that started much of the studious interest in this delightful branch of British engraving, which found its monumental expression in Chalonier Smith's invaluable work, "British Mezzotint Portraits."



THE PROMENADE AT CARLISLE HOUSE

*By J. R. Smith*

Few would have dared to question Mr. Horne's judgment of a print. Almost uncanny was his visual sensitiveness to the subtle differences in impressions from mezzotint plates, with their delicate gradations of tone, and the degree of "bloom" preserved by the richness of the burr before the pressure of printing had begun to wear the soft copper. An early impression with the bloom on would always be the desideratum in choosing for his own collection or another's. Extraordinary, too, was his memory for details which would mark variations between not only engraver's proofs and published states but individual impressions, even though he might not have



AMELIA ELIZABETH, LANDGRAVINE OF HESSE  
By Ludwig von Siegen

seen these for years. He could always remember in whose private collection, or in which public print-room, you would be likely to see the finest example of any one of the famous mezzotints of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Not seldom one would find this in Mr. Horne's own collection, for he would never be satisfied until he had obtained the best impression possible of acquisition within his means, selling, perhaps, for this purpose the one he already possessed. Then there would be prints which he always desired, for which he would be ever on the *qui vive*. How delighted he was, I remember, when some years ago I told him of one of these I had chanced upon, uncared-for in a country house, and helped him to acquire it. This was an undescribed state of a rare mezzotint by James Walker after a Rembrandt in the Hermitage. "I have only seen this print once before," he said as he took it up tenderly, "Chaloner Smith had it, and I have been looking for it ever since." Mezzotints after Rembrandt were

a favourite quarry with Mr. Horne, for he realized long ago that the painting of Rembrandt lent itself most sympathetically to translation by the rocker and scraper of the mezzotint method. Mr. Horne's collection has been so frequently and so copiously represented in exhibitions and in illustrated books that many of its rarities will be familiar when they are seen at Sotheby's. Some of these will doubtless find their way into national collections here and abroad, and I shall be surprised if, among other prizes, the British Museum does not secure the unique impression of Prince Rupert's mezzotint of the Adulteress in Titian's picture in the Hoff Museum, Vienna, this print being vaguely known hitherto as "Bust of a Woman." All the early pioneering mezzotints are interestingly and significantly exemplified as well as the masters of the method in its most brilliant period in the eighteenth century, nobly translating the contemporary painters. How the dear old man enjoyed his prints! It was almost like performing a sacred rite to stand



HANNAH INSTRUCTING SAMUEL  
James Walker after Rembrandt

# *A Gossip about Prints*



"the bell call (Jerusalem) ancient, spare and numberd wall to land; where notes the hyems (Israel) and where, Jesus is beautiful in the air"

Published by Messrs. P. & D. Colnaghi & Co.

Size of original, Height 8 1/2", Width 11 1/2"

SARRAS

Etching by F. L. Griggs, A.R.A. 1st state

By courtesy of Messrs. Walter Judd, Ltd., "Royal Academy Illustrated"

with him at his cabinet and wait as he slowly drew out the particular prints you wanted to see, or he wished to show you. These might be choice proofs of Turner's "Liber Studiorum," or of David Lucas's "English Landscape," after Constable; or it might be, perhaps, William Sherwin's "Charles II," the first English mezzotint with a date on it; or a lovely proof, formerly in the Strawberry Hill collection, of John Jones's delightful "Mrs. Davenport," after Romney. It might be one of the "Cries of London," exceptionally pure and fresh in its colour-printing, or a rare French coloured aquatint after Lavreince. But, whatever proof he showed you, there would surely be in it some feature of beauty or interest that might possibly have escaped you but for Mr. Horne's wonderful eye. Yet with all his studious love of the old engravers, his connoisseurship was broad enough to embrace the fine print of the living artist, and it was not a little remarkable that this veteran collector of old prints should have been the first to startle the rostrum at Sotheby's with a bid at ten times the published price for an etching by James McBey. This

"Amsterdam from Ransdorp," hung in Mr. Horne's study, was a constant delight to him.

F. L. GRIGGS DISCOVERS "SARRAS"

"The bells call clearly from ancient spire and moulder'd wall to lands where moves the lustrous Graal, and where Sarras is beautiful in the still air." This sounds like Malory, but I have mislaid my "Morte d'Arthur"; I only know there is but one of all the etchers who have created beauty on the copper, and that one, F. L. Griggs, A.R.A., who would

have found such inspiration in these words as to set his imagination building this great design, while the magic of his etched line lures us so surely to a vision of Sarras "beautiful in the still air." Mr. Griggs has long gone on his Gothic way rejoicing in dreams of such buildings as bring the England of the Middle Ages back to actuality without archaism and giving these pictorial life in noble and beautiful etchings with a personal distinction

of style. But, though in such a romantic masterpiece as "The Ford," for instance, his creative art takes us with such intimate vividness into the sleeping mediæval town, where one woman already astir gives hint that the houses are about to wake up, Mr. Griggs's imagination has taken a wider, longer sweep backwards to the mysterious place where faith allows the Holy Graal to rest. The artist's vision must have been impelled by all the poetry of his spirit to find its way to this solitude of wonder and beauty. One wonders, as one's eye is led by Mr. Griggs's art up that sunny sloping pathway, past what must be a sacred well, through remains of ancient stone piles toward the white, battlemented walls and



MRS. DAVENPORT  
*John Jones after Romney*

the great gateway, whether this before us is Tennyson's "mighty hill, and on the top a city wall'd." But no crowd stirs by the gateway—only a flock of sheep on the grassy slope. More like is it "the spiritual city and all her spires and gateways in a glory like one pearl"; but, whatever the poet may suggest, the artist gives us, with the great Gothic fane crowning his serene prospect, a vision of beauty where the centuries are at peace, and the most sacred of symbols has been seen in glory, and might safely rest for ever undisturbed.



CARL MARIA VON WEBER

## ROMANTIC WEBER

### SOME CENTENARY REFLECTIONS

By H. E. WORTHAM

**T**HERE is a vogue for Gounod—*mon cher maître*, as Ravel once described him to me—now in Paris, and Mendelssohn is there, too, a rising market. Taste is strangely dependent on fashion, and our ears are as ready as our other senses to submit to suggestion. To the Parisians we are provincial in our appreciation of the things of art, which may be the reason why we are as yet unaffected by this return to the politer aspects of the romantic movement. I have not heard, however, that Paris has

rediscovered Weber, and until that happens I shall reserve judgment on the question whether that city is the ganglion of the musical taste of Europe. Certainly in England we treat Weber with a mixture of irreverence and neglect, which confirms the connoisseur in his mistrust of popular verdicts. It is all very well to say that our musical standards have risen, to point out how we honour Bach, Mozart, and Handel in the performance of their works. Nothing of these masters is beneath our notice. John Sebastian strides

across our concert platforms like a Colossus; Mozart's early symphonies, Handel's occasional pieces, command our respectful attention. We listen to them not without the feeling that in honouring them we honour ourselves. If there is the egotism of those who create, there is also the egotism of those who admire. It is comforting to feel that we appreciate Bach as our fathers and mothers could not appreciate him.

The musical bourgeoisie of the seventies would have complacently admitted that the "B Minor Mass" was for the trained mind. For those who simply liked music it was a mystery to evoke the faculty of wonder, but not a subject of enjoyment any more than was the contemplation of the truths of religion, or other dark and difficult things. Now, in the growth of musical knowledge its intricacies have become plain, and it speaks, not merely to the minds of the few, but to the hearts of the many. Its counterpoint has grown as familiar to us as the maze of points at Clapham Junction to an engine-driver on the Southern Railway, and it offers no more impediment to our emotions than does that busy railway station to the progress of the "Southern Belle."

Assuredly Bach is a great, as well as a pious, soul, and it is well that many should draw spiritual comfort from his message. Yet spiritual comfort—and this is my point—depends for its provenance a good deal on fashion. It has many springs, speaks in many voices. "Il y a des mouvements en nous inconstans et inconnus," movements which result in women's green hats, in the production of many Tchecov plays, in an inconceivable ardour for Sargent's pictures. These things one year minister to our longings for beauty; another year the virtue may have gone from them. A personal idiosyncrasy causes me to find that green hats are generally unbecoming, and for Sargent I have little but aversion; in these things I am not a good member of the herd. I yield to no one, however, in my loyalty to Bach. This does not prevent my saying that one day there will be a frontal attack upon him. It will begin as a vague unrest against his domination. The Mus. Docs., at present pledged to the last semi-quaver, will cautiously unload their Bach holdings and the more enterprising of the public will follow their example. The highbrows will declare that Bach is pietistic, serious, dull. And his primacy for the moment will be gone.

But I set out with no desire to be prophetic. My only wish, on this occasion of Weber's centenary (he died in London on June 4, 1826), was to wander unfashionably for a few moments amongst the sights and sounds of romanticism to enjoy those emotions of sublimity softened by tenderness such as the heroines of Mrs. Radcliffe's novels delighted in. To wander unfashionably, for the romantic movement has spent its force. We aim at a sterner synthesis, a harder, more logical theory of art. Every age to its taste, and the wise man quarrels with none on such a matter. *De gustibus* . . . That does not prevent you and I from strolling in those glades of sentiment so congenial to our great-grandfathers, from paying homage to the memory of Weber who during a few short years flitted so gorgeously under the arcades of music. For Weber is the perfect singer of romanticism, far more complete and characteristic than Schubert who still has his public.

What is romanticism? you ask, and if only I could be academic I should explain how it was the revolt against the tyranny of man and the finesse of the salon, a revolt which took us out into God's air and matched our passions against the elemental forces that play upon the sea and the mountains. But this is beyond my powers. All I can do is to refer you to the playbill reproduced on the opposite page. If you will look at that you will see far more clearly than any words of mine could convey what the spirit of romanticism connoted. Here the majesty of Nature, the magnificence of man and the mystery of elfland (so beautifully expressed, by the way, in the opening horn call of the overture with its answer by the muted strings), jostle one another with delightful inconsequence. See how Franks, Fairies, Arabians—we call them Arabs in this age of prosody—and Tunisians play their parts under such protagonists as Oberon, Charlemagne, and Haroun al Rashid, and notice, too, how Nature, not to be outdone, excites our wonder by a perforated cavern on the beach or by showing us that mighty monster, the ocean, in anger or in repose. The wealth of the Caliph, the military glory of Charlemagne, the soft luxury of the harem—but why emphasize the obvious? Romanticism, in short, is a naïve attitude of mind which has been caught perfectly in music only by Weber.

It is possible, of course, to find it mirrored

## Romantic Weber

**NEVER ACTED.**

**Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden,**  
*This present WEDNESDAY, April 12, 1826.*  
*Will be performed (for the first time) a Grand Romantic and Fairy Opera, in three acts, (French and*  
*Wieland's celebrated Poem) entitled*

**OBERON:**  
OR,  
**THE ELF-KING'S OATH.**

With entirely new Music, Scenery, Machinery, Dresses and Decorations.  
**THE OVERTURE** and the whole of the **MUSIC** composed by  
**CARL MARIA VON WEBER,**  
 Who will preside this Evening in the Orchestra.  
 The **CHORUS** (under the direction of Mr. WATSON), has been greatly augmented.  
 The **DANCES** will be performed by Mr. SPENCER.  
 The **Guests** pointed out by Messrs. **GRIFFIN, PUGH, T. & W. GRIFFIN, LIPPINCOTT**, and *co.*  
 The **Machinery** by Mr. K. J. **WATSON**, and the **Decorations** by Messrs. **BRADSHAW**  
 and **WATSON**.  
 The **Dresses** by Mr. **PALMER**, Miss **EDGEM**, and *co.*

**Fairies.**  
*Queen, King of the Fairies, Mr. C. BLAND,* *Park, Miss H. CANNON,*  
*Titmouse, Queen of the Fairies, Miss SMITH,*  
**Franks.**

**Franks.**  
 Charlemagne, *King of the Franks*, Mr. AUSTIN,  
 for Hoon, of Bourdeaux, *Duke of Guisnois*,..... Mr. BRADHAM,  
 Sherman, *his Squire*,..... Mr. FAWCETT,

**Arabians.**  
 Haroon-Al-Rashid, *Caliph of Bagdad*, Mr. CHAPMAN.  
 Baba-Khan, a *Soviet Prince*, Mr. BAKER.  
 Hamut, *Master of a Fleet*, Mr. J. ISAAC.  
 Hamut, Mr. EVANS.  
 Aunon, M. ATKINS.

Rise, Daughter of the Caliph,.....Was PATON,  
 Fatima, Madame VERTIER,  
 Nassim, Father's Grandmother, Mrs. DAVENPORT.  
 Tunisians.

*Shower, Esq., of Texas, near Mr. COOPER,  
Abilene, a Copy, Mr. HORREBOW, State, Mr. TINSLEY,  
Rushon, wife of Shower, Mrs. LACY,  
Madison, a female Slave, Mrs. WILSON.  
Others, Soldiers, Minors, &c. of the different Courts.—LAWSON, Sprague, &c.*

Order of the Secretary:

**OBERON'S BOWER.**

With the VISION.  
 Instant View of Bagdad, and the adjacent Country on the Banks of the Tigris.  
 By Senoot.  
 INTERIOR of HANOMAN'S COTTAGE.

ENTRANCE OF HAROLD'S CHAMBER,  
VESTIBULE and TERRACE in the HARMONY of the CALIPH, overlooking the Tigris.  
**GRAND BANQUETTING CHAMBER of HAROLD'S.**  
GARDENS of the PALACE.

**PORT OF ASCALON.**  
**RAVINE amongst the ROCKS of a DESOLATE ISLAND.**  
*The Haunt of the Spirit of the Storm.*

## Perforated Cavern on the Beach

*Twilight—Starlight—and Moonlight.* T. Cr.

**GOLDEN SALOON in the KIOSK of ROSHANA.**  
The Palace and Gardens, in Moscow.

**ALL of ARMS in the Palace of Charlemagne.**

To which will be added (23d time) a NEW PIECE, in one act, called

# THE SCAPE-GOAT

Old Fosters, Mr. BLANCHARD,  
Ignatius Polygot, Mr. W. FARRIN,  
Molly Maggs, Miss JONES,  
Charles, Mr. COOPER,  
Robin, Mr. MEADOWS,  
Hector, Mr. HARRIS.

Harriet, Miss A. JONES

occasionally in the music of the eighteenth century, not in Handel, who is too strong to be influenced by such weaknesses, but in Mozart and Bach. "The Magic Flute" is the child of romanticism. How else can one account for the disorder of its libretto? Bach, too, has been claimed for the same school. His fugues hide their disorderliness under a veneer of academicism—the sly things. But neither of these can argue with dates. They were both born out of due time. For as

everyone knows, Rousseau ("that poor fool," as d'Alembert called him) was the first romantic and he only died in 1778. Weber was more fortunate. At the close of the century he was twenty-four, and a young man of culture and breeding, sensitive to those influences which other musicians, bred in their craft, would have submitted to less readily. There had always been music in Weber's family, but, unlike most of his contemporaries, he was of gentle birth. He was, too, a man of the world as well as a poet, with a turn for letters which nearly robbed music of one of her most gifted sons. His versatility and social gifts, indeed, coupled with his weak health, make the sum of his achievement all the more remarkable. For Weber gathered up with consummate mastery and ease all the tendencies of the movement with which he is identified, its robust yet tender conception of Nature, its love of exotic things, its *naïveté*, even its childish delight in making the flesh creep, a pleasure we now seek in the crook play and the detective story.

There must be others like myself who have cherished a life-long affection for this child of genius whose pride of race was marked even in the disease which killed him, for like a true poet he died of phthisis. Little enough opportunity, however, do we get of showing our respect. There is no composer of first-rate calibre whom we neglect more consistently than Weber. The overtures to "Freischütz" and "Euryanthe," one or two of his arias, the Concertstück, Liszt's or Godowsky's or Busoni's arrangement of the Moto Perpetuo, and the Invitation to the Waltz—that is about the extent of our knowledge of a fascinating musical personality.

“Euryanthe,” for instance, is generally held to be a fine opera ruined by an impossible libretto. Yet it is not easy to substantiate this charge. Euryanthe may seem to be rather a foolish young woman if one judges her by ordinary standards. But heaven forbid that the heroes and heroines of romance should be judged by ordinary standards! Taken in the proper spirit, “Euryanthe” makes no impossible demands on our credulity. On the contrary, it seems quite natural that the virtuous and modest female should not attempt to disprove the aspersions cast upon her honour, and that the knightly hero, caught by the wiles of the villain Lysiart, should at once think the

## *Apollo: A Journal of the Arts*

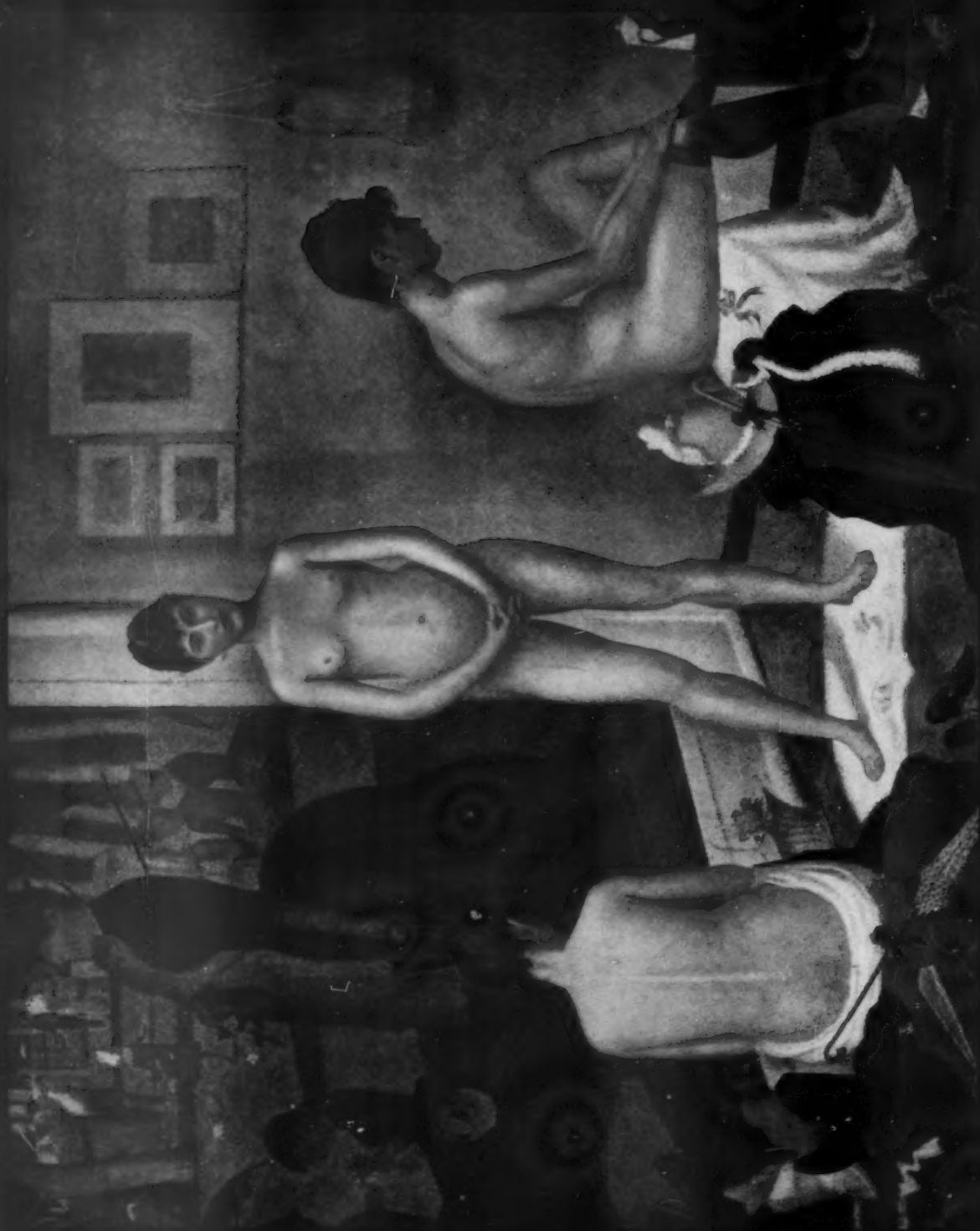
worst of the lady whom he adores. And it is equally natural that, when the matter is cleared up, the hero, Adolar, should return to his previous state of blissful adoration, and that the lady whom he has treated so ill should be as ready as before to become his bride. "Euryanthe" has action, sentiment, sublimity in the proper romantic sense and that vein of the supernatural which Wagner afterwards worked with such effrontery. The resemblance of the general scheme of the plots of "Euryanthe" and of "Lohengrin" has often been pointed out, and anyone who reads through the score cannot fail to notice how the music palpitates with that dramatic and sensuous frenzy which we usually look upon as characteristically Wagnerian. And in the "tomb" subject we have something more than the germ of the Leitmotiv system on which the later master constructed his music dramas.

Forerunners are very often treated with something less than justice. Purcell, who anticipated Handel, suffered the better part of two centuries' neglect for his pains. Taverner has yet to be given his place as the real father of the Tudor school of composers. The blazing genius of Wagner has blinded us to the merits of Weber, though he himself has recorded how Weber was his youthful idol. And one may visit all the opera houses of Europe and never find "Euryanthe" in the repertory. Yet fresher, more imaginative, more dramatic music is not easily to be found in grand opera. Beauties lie thick over the score. In this, his masterpiece, Weber moves without effort from the majestic to the tender, from the tender to the eerie. Every music lover knows the overture, a form to which Weber gave a new meaning by building it up from the themes which were to occur afterwards in the opera. But how many know the brilliant scene that follows where knights and courtly ladies sing in praise of love? Or Adolar's romanza, "Unter Bluh'nden Mandel Baumen," sparkling like a jewel in the setting of its ethereal orchestration? Or Euryanthe's cavatina, where strings and woodwind engage in the deffest counterpoint whilst the heroine sings a song which is the very essence of romantic passion? As you turn over the pages you will admit that here is a power of characterization inferior only to that of Mozart, and a sense of the theatre possibly

unique in music. The fact remains that "Euryanthe" has never managed to hold the stage, not even in the noontide of the romantic movement. Fruitless attempts have been made to re-edit the libretto. Even so in the eighteenth century did they prune the barbarisms from Shakespeare. To-day we do not try to make "Cymbeline" square with what we consider reasonable, although Imogen and Euryanthe are the same young woman under different names. There is nothing to be done but to set down the oblivion into which "Euryanthe" has fallen to the mystery of fashion. I have already quoted Montaigne. When you have closed the score of this opera you may feel inclined to repeat another remark of his about the ubiquity of folly.

There is so much to say about Weber, there are so many aspects of his powerful and penetrating genius, that it is impossible to escape being perfunctory. In all things he was a pioneer. He enlarged the conception of opera and showed the way for Wagner. In his bold use of folk-song he opened a domain to music which even to-day continues to be cultivated. He gave a new technique to the piano, and Schumann, Chopin, and Liszt are all his disciples in greater or less degree. He was one of the first of modern conductors, of those who directed the orchestra by wielding a baton instead of by sitting at the piano, ready to fill in the part of any peccant player. The accompanying illustration shows that the *chef d'orchestre* had not yet become the Olympian Zeus that he is to-day. Weber stands before us, elevated on no rostrum, cultivating no attitudes. The ladies behind do not so much as look at him. This dazzling genius is modesty itself when he is "presiding in the orchestra," as the programme has it. Evidently he is one of those mediocrities who keeps his head in the score; a man without pose. Any cathedral organist in this century would have more *savoir faire*. Fashion again, and there is a monstrous charlatanry about modern conducting. But I do not wish to take leave of Weber on a harsh note, on an unresolved discord. It is well to remember that if we unduly neglect him to-day we appreciated him during his life, and that "Oberon" is the only work written in the past century and a half for the English stage by a foreign composer of first-rate distinction.





## LES POSEUSES

By OSBERT SITWELL

THE exhibition of Seurat's work, now on view at the Lefevre Galleries, contains many paintings of extraordinary interest. Landscapes and seascapes, almost as evanescent as the tides that melt in them, are here depicted. There are also two or three drawings which certainly lack the intense personality of this master's paintings. Yet beautiful as are the smaller pictures here exhibited, once one has seen "Les Poseuses" it is impossible to look at any of the lesser works in the room.

This picture ranks in importance with "La Baignade," now fortunately in the Tate Gallery, and almost approaches in beauty "La Grande Jatte," which is surely one of the masterpieces of the modern world of painting. In an age of small easel pictures, it is with the greatest pleasure that one comes up against a work of this giant description. Here is this great artist at his most masterful and typical; here his natural dominion over beauty asserts itself, high above the restless scientific experimentalism that so often threatened to undermine it. It is interesting to compare this picture with "The Circus," perhaps, through reproduction, the best known of Seurat's paintings. This has just been acquired for the Louvre, and, to those only acquainted with photographs of it, the picture must come as a disappointment. It answers to the test of all pictures that are failures, and gains by the necessary reduction and absence of colour dictated by the photographic process. In spite of the magnificent and fantastic conception that "The Circus" embodies, the method of its painting is displeasing and ineffective. Here pointillisme is found at its worst, weak and watery, enough to make one doubt if it could ever be justified.

"La Baignade," on the other hand, is hardly a pointillist picture. In it we have the beauty of Seurat's mind, but through the medium of a less personal technique; nor has it the mastery and power of the great picture now on exhibition. In "Les Poseuses" we find him, not only absolute master of a particular type of picture which he himself had

evolved, but also the greatest modern colourist. It is curious that a painter of so subtle and so haunting a colour-sense should have chosen pointillisme, which puts so many obstacles in its way, as his chosen expression. No doubt the discipline aided his eventual mastery, just in the same way as the discipline of cubism, which the younger painters have imposed upon themselves, has aided their expression of form.

"Les Poseuses" depicts several nude figures in the studio, while in the background is that wonderful work "Dimanche à la Grande Jatte"—which picture, slightly distorted, seems to serve as a window looking into this painter's mind from the ordinary studio. The contrast of these fantastic period figures in the distance, these stiff yet living automatons in their bustles and top-hats, with the naturalistic nude figures in the foreground, is superb. The bare walls of the studio offer an admirable opportunity for the display of those infinite gradations that can be achieved by pointillisme, while the nude figures, and the trophies of hats, clothes and boots in the foreground, are a miracle of painting. Here in this picture, pointillisme reaches its highest point, and, curiously enough, this point is reached merely because the method is so successful that one would hardly recognize its employment. In all Seurat's paintings, from the earliest to the last, is to be found an indefinable poetry, a poetry of common things as we have often seen them, yet never realized them for ourselves. Indeed so different is Seurat from the other great painters of his period, that perhaps the approach to him is to be found through poetry rather than through painting. The beauty he extracts from his world is one that, while it lies just under the surface of the world we see, is at the same time rare and exotic. From the ordinary studio he, too, must have escaped into the background of this picture, an avenue of green light and flowing water, by which walk these eloquent simian shapes in the extraordinary costumes which they evolved for themselves as decoration.

## FRAGONARD'S QUATRE BACCHANALES

By HENRY M. HAKE

THE Melbourne Museum is to be congratulated on having secured a set of early impressions of Fragonard's famous etchings, "Les Quatre Bacchanales." It is doubtful whether a more happy example of French eighteenth-century engraving could have been chosen. Much of it when all is said and done is incredibly dull, albeit incredibly skilled and graceful. Occasionally a man's free spirit is able to break through the barriers of academic formality and exacting technique, and that is what has happened here. Fragonard is the complete child of his time, and his career provides an excellent example of what might be called the pain and tribulation of becoming a good French artist in the reign of Louis quinze. He came to Rome at the age of 24 as a scholar of the French Academy, having served an apprenticeship under Chardin, Boucher, and Vanloo. In Rome he was set to model his style on the then all-admired academics and eclectics of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the whole course of his progress can be followed in the correspondence between the painter, Natoire, head of the French Academy in Rome, and the Marquis de Marigny, the King's director-general of arts and manufactures. Natoire writes that he finds the young man very gifted but full of irresolution, which can be excused by his age, it is true, but he is either too hasty or too mannered and stiff; they are at great pains, these professors, to turn out a properly balanced product, and find young Fragonard a responsibility. Something is evidently needed to give his talents the right impetus to develop. The impetus came from a young artist and a still young antiquary.

The artist was Hubert Robert, a pupil of Pannini, the painter of ruins; he had won his way into the French Academy in Rome, and some of his enthusiastic industry seems to have communicated itself to Fragonard, when the two of them began scouring the country in search of the picturesque. Then came the Abbé de St. Non, scholar and musician, an etcher of considerable skill, who was full of

enthusiasm for Italy and her artistic achievements. What more natural than an alliance between the three with the official blessing of the French Academy.

St. Non, like every true amateur of his time, was anxious to publish in tasteful series of prints a collection of the objects and scenes particularly dear to him; given the assistance of two young artists to make drawings for him here was a grand opportunity of collecting material. So they set to work on villa gardens, ruins, antique sculptures, vases, famous paintings—in fact everything which appealed to the abbé's cultivated and catholic tastes. Early in 1760 St. Non travelled to Naples, taking Hubert Robert with him; early in the summer he returned to Rome and from there moved up to Tivoli, taking Fragonard with him as well. Natoire now writes to Paris that Fragonard is deriving much benefit, enjoying himself greatly, and working hard. Later in the same year the abbé travelled north to Bologna and Venice, accompanied by Fragonard, and early in 1761 took him to Naples and explored with him the collections of Roman antiquities and the recently excavated Herculaneum just as he had with Hubert Robert the year before.

As a result of roughly two years' work, the abbé collected drawings enough for twenty-five years of publications. Between 1761 and 1775 he published eight or nine sets of prints, comprising over 400 etchings and aquatints by himself after the drawings which Fragonard and Hubert Robert had made for him. Even in his last most ambitious work, "Voyage pittoresque ou description du Royaume de Naples et de Sicile," published in Paris between 1781 and 1786, he was able to use a few of their drawings.

That in brief is the story which all who want can find set out in greater detail elsewhere; it bears some re-telling for its own sake, but, apart from any intrinsic interest, it is essential to know it in order to understand and appreciate "Les Quatre Bacchanales."

They have nothing to do with any piece of antique sculpture which the abbé wanted

## *Fragonard's Quatre Bacchanales*



A BACCHANAL  
By Fragonard

for his collections; they are just Fragonard himself from start to finish, a spontaneous summing-up of what he had seen and felt during that exciting and happy time of new-found freedom from the restraints of academic tutelage.

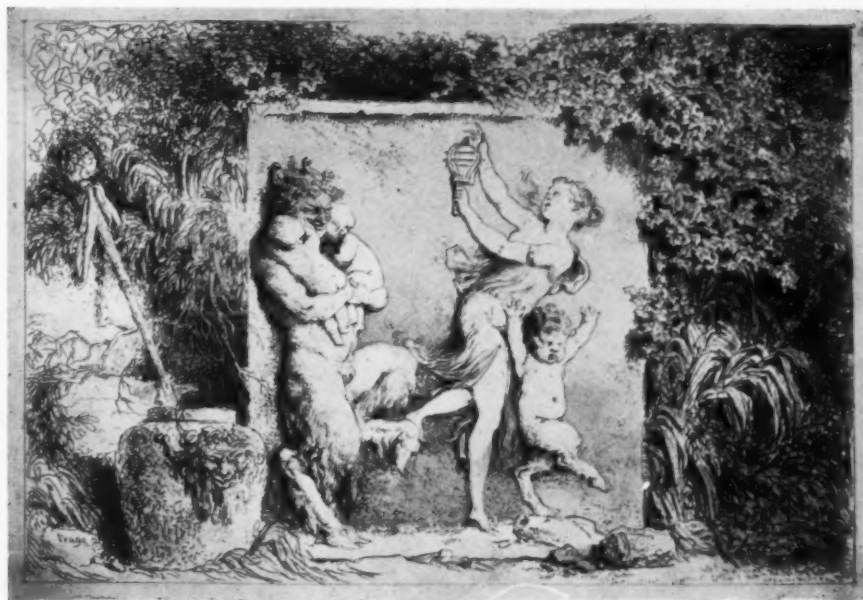
Tradition has it that Fragonard told the abbé that he had seen these bas-reliefs in Naples, and that his friend was so far deceived as to include them in one or two copies of the first series of prints he published.

St. Non, it is true, made copies of two of them in aquatint and etching in a series of ten small plates all after Fragonard which are dated 1767, but it is asking too much to believe that he ever thought of them other-

wise than we do. That he was taken in by them is a pretty enough story, but the true story is a better one, and shows us that the abbé was not only a cultivated antiquary but a live and sympathetic man who delighted in the chance given him to encourage a younger fellow-artist, far more gifted than he was, to find himself.

If evidence is wanted that St. Non aided and abetted his young friends to invent their own antiques, his own series of ten small aquatints already mentioned are

evidence enough, for not much in them will bear expert investigation. More conclusive still is evidence afforded by St. Non's series



A BACCHANAL  
By Fragonard

of etchings after Hubert Robert, dated 1763. They are all apparently ancient Egyptian and Roman statues, bas-reliefs, vases and the like, with explanatory inscriptions on the plates, such as *Vases étrusques, bibliothèque du Vatican; Bas-relief, cour du palais Mattei, Bronze, 5 pouces de haut*. But quite a number are simply labelled *de Robert, or inventé de Robert à Rome 1762*, and charming inventions they are, which nobody from St. Non onwards was necessarily expected to regard as anything else. It will be a matter of opinion whether the impudent mixing of genuine antiques and

fakes on the same page should be applauded or decried; perhaps on grounds of truth to Nature the applause may have it.

Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, in their "*Art du dix-huitième siècle*," have written a dithyramb in praise of these etchings; to quote it at all means quoting it in full; to attempt anything of the same nature would be superfluous if not impertinent. Suffice it therefore to say that here is one of Fragonard's earliest attempts at etching, perhaps his best, published in 1763, when he was back in Paris after a trip abroad such as we still can envy, with his feet set on the high road to fame.



A BACCHANAL  
By Fragonard



A BACCHANAL  
By Fragonard

## LETTER FROM PARIS

By ANDRÉ SALMON

THE chief triumph of the "Salon de l'Araignée" is its restfulness, after so many other pretentious salons.

The "Salon de l'Araignée" has a great merit. It has permitted us to take interest again in a comic salon, while the general mediocrity and often—one must have the courage to write it—the lowness of the "Salon des Humoristes" has disgusted us of the sort of joviality which is only worthy of a hairdresser's shop. It is true at the "Araignée" fantasy is like a queen in the midst of the *basse caricature* that Baudelaire denounces. It is also true that the "Salon de l'Araignée" owes all to its founder, Gus Bofa, an artist possessing a singular talent, a draughtsman whose very special graphicness is much less allied to the humorists than to the poets, his real friends. We have from the pen of Gus Bofa one of the most extraordinary critical documents on the letters of this time: "Les Synthèses littéraires," a series of allegorical portraits that are also genre pictures and in a way the productions of a great-grandson of Hogarth. Indeed, there is something British in the talent of Gus Bofa, the astonishing illustrator of Swift's "Directions to Servants." What is so eminently French in him is his unique power of seizing the particular feature of an individual that is characteristic of the life of society. His profound sense of the fantastic would make him an admirable illustrator of Cazotte, the sceptic visionary who prognosticates everywhere the "Terror."

Gus Bofa makes use of an intelligent tyranny in the composition of his salon. Pascin exhibits there his scenes drawn with fine strokes, souvenirs of voyages to Havana and New Orleans. Laying aside his humanitarian disquietude, his Barbusism and his Rollandism, F. Masereel extracts the icy tragedy from a "Course à six jours." Chagall the visionary has sketched in "Chez le Coiffeur" the starting point of a film in which Charlie Chaplin will enact a tragedy with angels. Vertes reveals himself there not far removed from van Dongen, the chronicler of the supremely fashionable. He is the inventor of a suitable line, and the only one that could render the grace and the rhythm of people who are enslaved by mechanical life. These are the "draws" of the salon together with a very intelligent portrait by Charlotte Gardelle, of Hermine David, the delicate landscape painter, so sensitive that it amounts to pain, and who to-morrow will be one of the great figures of what I had the happiness of defining as "living art."

Another revelation is Maurice Savin. This young artist, a painter of the nude, landscapes and interiors, found difficulties in appearing when the essential part of the great pictorial revolution was accomplished. His temperament did not allow him to think of acting differently; it was a question of life or death. He had to be himself, not to be dependent on anybody, not to recognize anybody. But what a difficulty there was to realize this when the austere conceptions of an André Derain, for example, seemed to him so worthy of his devotion. How much was there wanting to prevent him from being drawn into absolute submission. He was wise enough to understand the lesson that the young painters taught him, of avoiding

all that was brilliant for a day, but so perishable; to shun fashion in order to deserve the attention of posterity. Maurice Savin possessed all the immediate gifts that would have made him lovable. He knew very well what this faculty merited; nevertheless, his tendency was towards austere art. Having debated in retirement the most painful problems, Maurice Savin, after ten years of effort, has now brought together an exhibition that will count among the finest manifestations of the season.

Here he shows himself master of a plastic style, which we shall see develop, but it is already quite his own. His mark is on all his works. In the future even the half-judges will be able to point out from afar a Savin. It is a question of works that have value for the dignity of their matter. The readiness of the sentiment has been saved and guaranteed only by an ordinance of form that tends to stiffness. Maurice Savin has surmounted the stage where a strong will gave to his compositions something of the abstract. He may be related to the constructive realists, who appeared after the great crisis of cubism and who doubtless expressed in the best way that which is eternal in the rout of modern appearances.

Another artist some years their senior, and who has long been esteemed, has definitely been classed with them and is placed in the first rank, after the great modern initiators: Derain, Matisse, or Picasso. I speak of M. Léopold Levy.

In age, Léopold Levy is the contemporary of the "Fauves." But he was in no haste to appear a contemporary of the "Fauves." Much wisdom is found in him by the amateurs who are subjected to such severe temptations. Painting has also known the "American taste" of industry, extra-dry, and it was practised by artists of very good faith with great profit.

Léopold Levy offers me a brilliant illustration of one who must be qualified as a revolutionary, and who certainly was one if I dared to maintain that art, long collective, at first only tended towards the reconstruction of the great classical truths that had been stifled under the lumber of academic recipes.

By movement, accepted even to frenzy, he had to reconquer the live thing, that is to say—animation; all that static academicism had corrupted, adulterated, veiled, and which was false, because it had not animation.

When those who have acquired an excessive taste for a certain necessary activity in its primitive radicalism reproach André Derain—a prodigious, austere inventor, austere as much as voluptuousness on its summits—of not assuring the permanence of an amiable state of revolution, they do it as a set-off for Léopold Levy.

It is of little use to compare him with Derain. Of what use are comparisons, and what are they ever worth?

But there is no doubt that André Derain would have been delighted, as they had both started under the same flag, that Léopold Levy should confirm him without becoming his follower.

The landscapes of the South, in oils and chalks like his "Port de Marseille" that have a grace entirely French, are among the artist's finest works. From themes that

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many have rendered scholastic Léopold Levy has extracted classical richness; richness of forms that control each other in supple play; richness of sustained colour in which Renoir's lakes are shown on larger scales. Women's portraits with arabesques as prompt as intelligence, and a portrait of the artist, are in the first rank of the works that bring at the same time so many lessons. Above all, the lesson of patience, equal in power to the riches of extreme audacity.

Shall we see a Léopold Levy and a Maurice Savin in the Luxembourg Museum some day soon? This museum, which is reserved in principle for living artists and is not entirely the anti-chamber of the Louvre—this museum, so well known by tourists, situated in the confines of one of the most beautiful of French gardens, has just been undergoing great alterations.

They were very necessary too. For a long time the Luxembourg Museum had ceased to be what it ought to be: a general choice of the expression of contemporary art. This mediocrity, this decay, had often caused attacks on M. Leonce Bénédict, the custodian, who died without justifying himself entirely. If we had not known in a quite certain manner that M. Bénédict hated the art of latter days from the bottom of his heart, it would be possible to admit a certain amount of truth in the explanations he was pleased to give. This most correct functionary, who did not like good painting, pleaded want of space. In this way he justified himself (at least so he thought) for keeping the Caillebotte Collection in a narrow, distant room; this real treasure of the museum, the fine collection of Renoirs, Monets, Sisleys, Pissaros, and of all the Impressionists. What difficulties the hostile administration made before it accepted the legacy!

In another place, in the midst of a display of an astonishing suite of official platitudes, a Carolus Duran in his first manner had the appearance of a masterpiece.

M. Masson, who succeeded M. Bénédict, assisted by young counsellors, among whom was M. Robert Rey of the Ecole du Louvre, could not venture on alterations at the time that the Louvre welcomed the "Douanier Rousseau," that glory of the Independents, and Seurat's "Cirque," which were returned to France by a generous American. But what was to be done if the building were too small?

The custodian has dared to tear from the line pictures that were considered sacred by the academic painters. He has dared, and it is scarcely believable, to tear from the line the famous "Dream" of Edouard Detaille, which had only a patriotic value; but what numbers of travellers from Chicago or from farther came only to see this picture. He has also had the audacity of sending Bouguereau to the garret.

I advise English friends of French art to visit the purified Luxembourg Museum when next they pass through Paris. We are now going to work for the introduction into its halls of good living painting: Matisse, Derain, Rouault, Wlaminck, Friesz, Marquet, Marie Laurencin, etc. But in order to do so it will be necessary to take down more than one of the *ex-voto* of academic piety.

Some years before the Great War, M. Paul Bourget—at the time that that master of psychology showed by his works and by his wish to be counted among the great conservatives—wrote that there existed in the world three great fortresses, three Bastilles of civilization: "The Jockey Club," the "Institut de France," and the Prussian

"Grand General Staff." He did not add that they were strong enough to resist every assault.

One can suppose that the illustrious academician was somewhat niggardly under the circumstances. He might have found at least two strong redoubts in London and in Berlin. While setting aside the fact that this eminent Catholic neglected Rome and the Vatican, it is possible to admit that he might also have swelled his list in Paris with the "Louvre" and the "Comédie Française."

Now, the Comédie Française, that museum-theatre, that salon-theatre, where works of good taste want to be listened to by an audience which does not require lessons on how to behave, has also known redoubtable assaults, though at considerably distant intervals.

The chronicles of the so-called Maison de Molière have to register specially the battles that were fought at the end of the nineteenth century, when they were preparing Victorien Sardou's drama, "Thermidor." At that time France had still a censorship, which showed its power by forbidding the performance of "Thermidor." A Government that was obliged to accept the Revolution *en bloc*, according to the famous saying of M. Georges Clémenceau, was afraid of the anti-Robespierrean outcry of the subscribers, who were moderate supporters of the régime.

At the same time the censor obliged the work of another author, who was much less subversive than Victorien Sardou, to be withdrawn. But this time the reasons were the outcome of foreign policy. The Sublime Porte—Abdul Hamid reigned at the time—became agitated at the sight of Mahomet on the stage, supported on the wings of the simili-bronze of the tiresome Alexandrines of Viscount de Bornier, a poet who was as feeble as Voltaire but without his wit.

Nearer to our time there was a week of trouble in the interior, as well as outside, with hoots, hisses, manifestations in the street, charges of the police, and arrests. "Après moi" by M. Henri Bernstein was announced, and the "Action Française" (M. Léon Daudet figured at the head of the manifestation) forbade his access to the Comédie Française under the pretext that "this Jew," when he was twenty, had shown his want of taste for military service by a precipitate journey to Brussels. There were also stormy cabals organized by the same band against "Le Foyer," by Octave Mirbeau. The élite of right-thinking society saw in this play exploited orphans, "mariées à M. de Verger," as one used to say in the eighteenth century.

Quite recently protestations before the first night caused the interruption of the rehearsals of a light comedy by M. Gandéra. It would have afforded the opportunity of seeing the *dames sociétaires* in bathing costumes.

Last month the fight was around "La Carcasse," a play by Messieurs André Obey and Denys Amiel. The chief character in this comedy is a "General who has been Limogé," that is to say, sent to Limoges in disgrace by the "Père Joffre" at the beginning of the campaign. The whole life of the General was nothing but a succession of stupidities, platitudes, and cowardice, dictated by egoism. The first performance did not occasion any protestations. The criticism of this new work was in general favourable for the two young authors, who had gained esteem by their first play, "La souriante Madame Bendet."

Still, "La Carcasse" was denounced as scandalous, of an anti-French spirit, and an insult to the army by





## Letter from Paris

M. Clément Vautel in one of the short articles he writes daily for the "Journal." M. Clément Vautel prides himself on being the representative of the school of good sense. In this he is the successor of Francisque Sarcey, the former critic of the "Temps," who saluted the appearance of Ibsen's plays on the French stage with cruel good-nature. However, if the late Francisque Sarcey evidently committed the sin of vulgarity willingly, it is impossible to deny the culture nor the sincere love of letters of which the fellow-student of Edmond About at the École Normal was so proud.

The culture of M. Clément Vautel is somewhat more improvised. An implacable fighter of all that appears to him to be turned up by the "Vanguard," he has sometimes got beyond the bounds of his sphere, which is actuality, in order to express the ennui that the perusal of Stendahl produces! The pornography of Baudelaire! The senselessness of that purest of all the romantics, Gérard de Nerval, who since 1840 holds the whole of symbolism in his power! The intemperances of that drunkard, Verlaine! And who knows what more!

The young reviews published special numbers against M. Clément Vautel, and M. Fernand Vaudérem hewed him to pieces with his elegant pen in the "Figaro."

A nationalized Belgian, M. Clément Vautel is, of course, the most ticklish patriot.

He succeeded in mobilizing the Ligue of Patriots, formed by Deroulède for the reclaiming of Alsace and Lorraine, which is now presided over by the General de Castelnau in succession to Maurice Barrès.

The members of the Ligue came in a body and made such a row that it was necessary to lower the curtain without finishing "La Carcasse." It was in vain that the doyen of the Comédie Française, M. Maurice de Féraudy, in the (civil) costume of General Vernon, appeared before the curtain and explained that he, the son and grandson of military men, would never have consented to serve the intentions of authors who were animated with anti-military sentiments.

The scandal had its echo in the Chamber of Deputies. M. Lamoureux, the young Minister of Public Instruction and the Fine Arts, promised the Left from the tribune that he would not intervene. But many things happen beneath ministerial ceilings, and the following Sunday, after a visit to the Minister, Messieurs Obey and Amiel simply took back their "Carcasse."

In place of it Victor Hugo's "Hernani" was announced in great haste, a piece for which such battles had raged in another theatre a century earlier.

And thus it can be asked if to-morrow the former pupils of the École des Mines will not come to cover with their hisses some play in which we will see an engineer beating his wife; or if we will not find M. Clément Vautel discovering indecency in mixing up military men in adventures with immodest little girls in one of those farces which make the fortune of the Cluny Theatre.

The piquant side of this event is that, a fortnight after this first performance, Bernard Shaw's "Devil's Disciple" was given on the stage of another State theatre, the Odéon, in which there is the famous scene of the Council of War. It is true that the military men are English and belong to other days, but it is not known if parties of English Ex-Service men came in London to disturb the performance.

If it is true that music tends to soften manners, we have not failed in concerts that can pacify hearts and spirits.

We certainly must rejoice at this ardour. Paris, which for so long occupied the last place in the world of symphonic music, is avenging and rehabilitating herself magnificently. It is all the more worthy of remark as the situation has never been more practicably unfavourable. The impresarios are weighed down by taxes, and the Public Treasury will not consent to a sane discrimination between a symphony concert and the little music halls of Montmartre; the public that is music-mad, and often not rich, must sometimes be deprived of their pleasure. Still, the concert programmes vie with the theatre playbills. The depreciation of the franc has not even prevented invitations to come to Paris to be sent to some of the best leaders of the orchestra in foreign countries. Let us praise those who are willing to make so many sacrifices in such a good cause.

I will tell you something to-day about a very singular musician. For a long time he was looked upon as suspicious by those people who afterwards fêted him, because he had come from those places in Montmartre or Montparnasse where so often gossip and the confused explanation of theories between two bocks take the place of works; from those places where the failures dominate and where the qualification of genius is easily accorded. M. Dynam Fumet had lost much time there, but it was caused by the effects of his ingenuousness. Entirely ignorant of the world, of its intrigues, of its miseries, M. Dynam Fumet had too much conscientiousness, too much respect for his profession, a love of art too pure, to be able even to suppose that one can parody art and talent. One is tempted to compare him with the painter, Marcel Lenoir, who has talent and pretensions to genius, and who is all the same a bold restorer of religious frescoes, and is fond of trying to look like a Bohemian of the Church. M. Dynam Fumet is his friend.

His very name went against M. Dynam Fumet. He appeared to be improbable. I know some lovers of music who thought it was a mystification of Erik Satie's who, with his simple name of a Normandy peasant, was taken for an operette Scandinavian.

One fine day, and it really was a fine day, M. Dynam Fumet's name appeared on the programme of a concert of sacred music that was given in the Sorbonne Church.

This was for Paris, one can even say for France, an exceptional event, though such concerts are often given in the Geneva and in the Anglican Churches. From that day M. Dynam Fumet was accepted, applauded, and respected. However, a certain degree of mystery attaches to him.

Colonne has just produced his "Transubstantiation." M. Dynam Fumet is accompanied by the anguish of genius. After all, it cannot be anything other than anguish. M. Dynam Fumet, anxious for mystic serenity, obliges us to state that he does not attain the musical fullness that ought to correspond with it, simply because one feels that he is always striving after it. I do not wish to assert that he does not recognize his possibilities, that he is like the frog in the fable who wants to make himself as large as the ox, that he is forcing his talent as the same fabulist has it. On the contrary one feels, if I may so express myself, that genius is really his business. Still, he does not attain it. His work is a succession of scattered beauties, of celestial grandeur that is terribly chained to earth by studied refinement somewhat abstract in its means and expression, and by too-evident care. In the studio such works are said to smell of the oil. It is true that the oil employed by M. Dynam Fumet is really that of the Holy Mass.

## *Apollo: A Journal of the Arts*

Recently a "Liberation" was executed in which the vulgarity, so specially emphasized by the commentaries with which the musician was made to suffer, shows perhaps the secret of attaining his own—liberation.

Let us admit that, though it is true M. Dynam Fumet has not attained his high object owing to a too-popular spirit in a very sincere burst of mysticism, it is possible that there is here the source of an art that can be quite touching. Who can say if this composer is not destined to express a popular fervour that has only been very rarely expressed in poetry, but never before in music, and which has a reality that is quite powerful?

One thinks of something which in the domain of sacred music will be the counterpart of what military music is

when compared with the classic symphony. I resolutely disown all the long advice given by the best authorities to M. Dynam Fumet. I dare not write that he must cultivate his triviality. I can only hope that he will not think too seriously that he is a distinguished musician. Let him think of the wise advice of his junior, the poet Jean Cocteau, whose recent conversion must have delighted him. Cocteau said, or it was something like this: "Your defects are your personality!" In thinking it over, M. Dynam Fumet is, after all, the revelation of this season, and though he is no longer young he can become something much better than the Gustave Charpentier of sacred music. Charles Peguy, the poet who wrote the "Mystère de la Charité de Jeanne d'Arc," was also not without some rich, fervent, and peasant triviality.

## LETTER FROM BERLIN

By OSCAR BIE

THE shop of the picture-dealers, Wallerstein and Goldschmidt, lies in a quiet little side street off the Schöneberger Ufer, hidden away between great trees. It is an undertaking carried on more from taste than as a business, and one always finds there something special and out of the common, that seems like a private entertainment in the little rooms. The strange painter, Klee, suits them. We have never seen so many pretty and sportive things by him brought together as at this time. One must immerse oneself in them. He does not paint realities or fantasies, but he chats in his own way about the impressions this world has made on him and which like a child he absorbs and turns into quiet, homely music with a few little strokes and spots of colour. Whether it is a church, or fish, or vases, or houses, if it be a cemetery or a pleasure-garden, everything is turned into a fairy tale told to big and small children, and it is all scratched and scribbled together in such a way that one only notices at last the pains and the great study that were wanted to simplify the colours and the strokes until everything had become so primitive again. It certainly is no strong art, but a sort of personal sound remains behind, that has bewitched these green-grey remodellings of our world.

Not far from here, at Flechtheim's, an artist has appeared who not only dreams of the world but who ridicules it. Klee's sphere is everywhere and nowhere; the sphere of George Grosz is this confounded Berlin. Sometimes it is also beautiful Paris, but there is not much difference between them. The girls in the Berlin streets are this spring even much prettier, more elegant, and more jolly, as every good judge will say. George Grosz, however, lays less store by these pretty girls than by the Bohemian life of the bars and cafés, the townsfolk with their exaggerated ideals, the parvenus with their misplaced behaviour. He is never tired of quizzing this class of people to disclose the abysses of the human comedy, and to show up the lies and the stupidity of the habits of the capital. He always finds new and appropriate models for his sharp pencil to sketch, and he has scarcely to caricature in order to immortalize the type. This time he exhibits gouaches. He is by nature no painter. The musical play of colours

interests him less than the points of the formal appearance and the cultivation of character by the drawing. He hardly uses colour decoratively. He puts it on as a wash. The colour gets thicker towards the edges of the plain. It is a sort of watery playing with aquarelles. It would be too much to call the colour symbolic. It is only there to give a certain hint of life, but it must remain sufficiently vague in order not to obliterate the graphic effect. Grosz develops. It is no longer possible to think of pictures of our capital without him; he is the salt to this tasteless dish. He reconciles us to the terrible suburban types of a great capital as he evolves them with wit and humour. He is an aggressive lyric poet.

Mopp, on the other hand, is an artist. A type of artist who in our day still plays a great part although impressionism is dead. There are no natures who reflect this world out of fanaticism or enthusiasm; there are also no delicate creatures who probe to its depths the inner impression of things, but there are sensitive people who reproduce a certain reflection of interesting objects and are satisfied if they are able to give it a modern artistic form. Max Oppenheim, who goes by the name of Mopp, belongs to these sensitive natures, who produce on their canvas now a charming girl's head, and then a pretty landscape, allowing a slight fashion-plate style to trickle in, but who always get out of the job with elegance and taste. His show at Cassirer's treats essentially a special and uncommon subject. It consists of pictures of orchestras and string quartets; they are partly portraits and with names. A large picture in tempera and oil represents a whole orchestra with its leader. It is not copied figure by figure, but the attempt is made to give a general rhythm to the appearance of this many-headed musical body. There is a sort of collective motion that passes over the whole, without being to the detriment of the types of the individual musicians who are well studied and do not suffer in age or craft. The double-basses are taken together as a sort of mass, the brass instruments are on the other side like a yellow lump. In any case it is the first interesting attempt that has been made to reproduce the phenomenon of the orchestra not only realistically but pictorially and rhythmically. In a word, it is modern management. The

## Letter from Berlin

Hess quartet, the private Dresden trio, a quintet of wind instruments, the Rosée quartet, and the Klingler quartet complete this remarkable collection of pictures. Oppenheimer's leafy, windy style of painting does not prevent the closest observation of the position of the head or the forms of the string instruments, and above all of the sensitive hands. The Klingler quartet is without heads, only the hands are portrayed. Hands can also be portraits.

Japan comes across and collects our cultures. We are so many-sided, musical, mocking, worldly—what will the Jap choose? Tsugouharu Foujita is a young Japanese painter who has studied in Tokyo. He has worked in Paris, where he found a large public that honoured him, and bought his works. Now he is having his first German exhibition at Fritz Gurlitt's. He wanders about Berlin and is (Oh, George Grosz!) enchanted with this town. He walks about the museums and takes the most lively interest, not in Rubens or Rembrandt, but in Lucas Cranach and the old German masters, who, in their precise and sharp technique, were nearer allied to his education and taste. He himself will not hear anything either of impressionism or expressionism, and only draws with the finest and most delicate lines nude female figures on polished white linen or paints them with washes on Japanese paper. On a larger canvas called "Before the Ball" he rises to a scene rich in figures, in which he unites his ideas of the ideals of European beauty in a general effect. He paints his figures, that have almost academic outlines, quite in the Japanese style, and covers them with light washes of colour. It is almost like the art of the porcelain painter. This is the effect that the new classicism of the last Paris painters has had on the East-Asiatic. But when one sees a few of his little animals, or when one sees his little facetious portraits of himself in all possible poses and occupations, a foreign soul seems to laugh at one over all this academic polish, which in playing chamber-music does not lose itself in all the European turmoil.

Our State Opera will be closed from May to the end of the year. The stage is, at last, to be rebuilt. During that time there will only be performances at Kroll's. There has been a great fuss about it, as by the rebuilding of the stage the Hedwig Church will be a little more hidden than it is already. One can understand the displeasure, not only of the Catholic citizens, who see their beautiful church threatened, but also of the artistic Berliners, who do not want to be deprived of the historical side view of the church. But nothing availed. Sentiment must give place to necessity. The stage of the opera house is not only technically entirely old-fashioned, it is also dangerous in case of fire. The police will no longer shut their eyes to this, and as the building of a new opera house is impossible for a very long day, the public very justly demands a modernization of the stage, which will at last raise our chief theatre to the standard of modern technical requirements. Knobelsdorff's beautiful and famous auditorium will remain unchanged; only the building for the stage will be increased on each side by six metres.

It is probably in connection with this that the new stagings of "Ariadne" and "Parsifal" have been postponed to these better conditions. It is very necessary to renew our "Parsifal," which is laughably trashy in the second act. They are now giving a course of Wagner's operas, an undertaking that has long not been risked. Indeed, the time is passed for it. A course of a man's works is given in order

to honour a personage by the representation of the whole of what he had created, and to attract attention to what the artist's mission had been. For Wagner this is unnecessary, at least in Germany. His works are always on the repertoire. The younger generation, who from a natural reaction turn away from him, will not be converted by any course of his works. The general public will not honour him any more by it. It will crowd to the operas of his early period, and to "Tristan" and the "Meistersinger," and it will look a little askance at the "Ring." For this purpose they even re-studied "Rienzi," which is beginning to disappear from the stage. Nothing was gained by it. In fact, since its first performance in Dresden till these years after the Great War, the ideas of art have changed so much that these series of popular scenes, insurrections, battles, and processions are not very interesting for us. Even the democratic figure of the tribune of the people sinks into the operatic. A closer connection of the chief characters and a concentration of the conflicts of their souls failed Wagner dramatically. Meyerbeer did it much better in the "Huguenots." There remain striking musical effects and flashes of genius that give promise of the coming man, but that is not enough now. I think it would be a good thing to put "Rienzi" aside, all the more as we do not possess a great interpreter for the part, and only have a good conductor in Leo Blech, who has come back to us.

Leo Blech has again placed himself very successfully next to Kleiber, as the General Musical Director by title next to the General Musical Director by appointment. They share the Wagner course between them, and besides, the direction had the bright idea of inviting Karl Muck to conduct again the four evenings devoted to the "Ring." He had been scandalously treated here after his return from America, though he had suffered for Germany. Other serious leaders are often to be asked to come to conduct certain operas, but the basis remains the combination Kleiber—Blech. As we still have no manager (it will be difficult to find one, and things go on very well as they are), this basis is very decisive for the development of the first German opera. This combination was very right. By the terms of his contract Kleiber was not obliged to permit any prominent conductor to be placed over him; he therefore took Blech as his assistant, for he knew that even this restricted position would be more important to him than false pride. On the other hand, he could depend upon Blech as it was impossible to suppose that he would again make the great mistake of risking such a position. Kleiber will use more and more the position he has in Berlin in order to build up a great international activity. Blech is a man for the family and the home; he will not leave his post, but will quietly employ his industry and reliability in the heart of this establishment.

Bruno Walter is at work in the Municipal Opera, with the whole of his extensive powers both as conductor and organizer. It will only be possible to judge definitely of what he has achieved when the numberless difficulties of the time of transition have been overcome. It seems that he has the best understanding with the manager, Tietjen, on both the questions of scenery and the allotment of the parts, and that the uniform system will be followed which has been proved by his experience in Munich. He cultivates the small and fine operas of action although this taste is in opposition to the size of the house. He surrounds himself with his Munich guard, he gets Herr Geis to come

over not only as singer but as stage-manager, and also engages Preetorius, the Mozart painter, from Munich. In this style he produced "Die Entführung," and also "Don Pasquale"; he has now added to these "Cosi fan tutte" and lastly "The Barber of Seville," which he did not conduct because it was just before his journey to London.

The Berlin concert season, that has not been rich in novelties, nor in the appearance of new artists, is almost at an end. What had we not expected from the new International Society for New Music, which had been founded by a German local group, and had for its object to unite our town again with the circle of modern universal music? It gave only a couple of very weak chamber-music concerts and lately one orchestral concert, which was done on joint account with the Sunday evening New Symphony Orchestra under the leadership of Oscar Fried. Fried, who is protected by von Mahler and Muck, is one of the most capable

and bold musicians of our day. He has been much talked about abroad, but he has always missed the connection in Berlin. These evenings, though they offered very interesting programmes, left nothing to be wanted but an audience. By its combination with the International the last evening was somewhat more stimulating. There was nothing really new: the "Pasacaglia" of Wobern, the dance suite of Bartók, a couple of extracts from Prokovieff's Orange Opera, and the violin concerta by Kronek. This extremely important and fresh work, that Alma Moodie rendered with all her incredible modern technique and never-failing musical intelligence, was again a great success. There is a certain centre of musical progress that lies in the development of violin literature by Kronek and Hindemith that Alma Moodie masters with the greatest ease and offers to the world. Flesch's school never anticipated for what this young girl was destined.

## MUSIC OF THE MONTH

By H. E. WORTHAM

**Leoš Janáček.**—One of the musical events of a troubled month was the visit early in May of Leoš Janáček. At a reception at Claridge's, given by Mrs. Rosa Newmarch, the septuagenarian Czecho-Slovak composer was enabled to meet many of the leading figures in contemporary English music. And a few days later a number of distinguished artists, including Fanny Davies, Adila Fachiri, and the members of the Woodhouse String Quartet and of the London Wind Quintet, joined in giving a concert of the master's works at the Wigmore Hall. It was a worthy tribute to a very remarkable musical personality, and if the size of the audience was small, owing to the general strike, its enthusiasm, one may hope, enabled a modest and unassuming man of genius to return to his native country with the assurance that his music is no longer unappreciated in England.

Janáček is no spoilt child of fame. Amongst his own countrymen he had to wait for full recognition till he was over sixty. "Jenufa," the opera which definitely conquered Czech jealousies of this Moravian composer, was only produced at Prague in 1916, thirteen years after it had been written. This marked for Czech music a definite break with the Smetana tradition and with the influence of German romanticism from which the leaders of the Czech school, Suk and Novak, had been unable entirely to free themselves. But despite its novelty, "Jenufa" was at once recognized by the public of Prague, which always remains loyal to the national hero, Smetana, as a work of originality and power. That judgment has been confirmed by the success of "Jenufa" in Berlin, Vienna, and other cities of Central Europe. It was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last season. London, alas! knows it not, and is unlikely to know it. Nor will the operatic stars in their courses hardly secure its production here in any future that one can foresee.

Without an acquaintance with this and the other operas Janáček has written his full stature eludes us. Those who heard the late Mischa Léon sing his song-cycle of the Gipsy, a couple of years ago realized that to the plastic imagination and the spontaneity, which stamped him as being in the true Czech line, he added a passionate

intensity of feeling and a subtlety in weaving together the rhythms of song and speech peculiarly his own. Following a general tendency Janáček has quarried largely from folk-song and folk-lore. But he has reacted to these influences in a highly individualized way. The impression such various composers as Bartók, Vaughan Williams, de Falla leave upon one is that they derive their power from intellectual processes. They have assimilated the folk music of their respective countries, yet the element of sophistication always remains. Janáček, on the other hand, is a true son of the soil who wears the Moravian equivalent for corduroys with complete naturalness. He is, of course, none the less an intellectual, and there is about him an austere Hardyesque quality possessed by none of the others I have mentioned. But one feels that he is too near the soil to allow his pessimism to disturb the instinctive sanity of his judgment. He is a singer, not a moralist, and the composer to whom he seems spiritually most akin is Mussorgsky.

We only get the heart of his style in his operas and songs. His chamber-music, however, which was performed at the Wigmore Hall, showed us that his essays in these fields are marked by the same vivid and intense imagination, by the same native sincerity. The wind sextet, for example—it dates from 1924—is a charming example of his lighter moods. It sparkles with the limpid, artless melodies which have characterized the best Czech music since the days of the Stamitz family, but freed from the foreign elements in which it has so long been encrusted. Its harmonic idiom is pleasantly devoid of modern cant, it does not disdain tonality, and it is scored with a refreshing lightness of touch, for so many moderns become boorish when they write for a combination of this kind. Perhaps my description makes it sound old-fashioned. If so, the fault is mine, for it has originality stamped on every bar. Of the other works the piano and violin sonata was the strongest. And though it would be idle to deny that Janáček, like others of his school, has not in absolute music that sense of design which can always save him from becoming rhetorical, there can be no doubt that he is among the few contemporary composers who show us that music has still vital forces at its command.

## ART NEWS AND NOTES

*The Royal Academy—the New English Art Club and a suggestion.*

The first impression gained from a perambulation of this year's Royal Academy Exhibition was that the President had made up his mind to "larn us" not exactly to be "toads," as the saying goes, but "toadies" perhaps to developments of art which are to him anathema. Almost he would bludgeon us—with pink chiffon.

A second perambulation, punctuated by numerous stops for closer inspection, and frequent halts for second considerations, revealed the fact that the exhibition contains a considerable quantity of skilful performances, including the President's own; a few interesting failures, such as Glyn Philpot's portrait of the Prime Minister; Charles Sims's "Studio of a Painter of Fêtes Galantes"; Walter Sickert's "Death and the Maiden," and Harold Harvey's "Rima," and a few, a very few, worthy achievements. Amongst the latter may be counted—in the order of the catalogue: Walter Russell's "Amberbeads"; P. H. Padwick's "The White Mill"; Algernon Newton's "The Regent's Canal"; Maurice Greiffenhagen's "Sir Hector Clare Cameron"; Sir William Orpen's "Lord Merrivale"; Maurice Greiffenhagen's "Dawn"; the same artist's "W. W. Ward, Esq., M.A."; James Duden's "Summer in Cumberland"; Algernon Newton's "Camden Town"; Maurice Greiffenhagen's "Sir George Frampton"; John Keating's "St. John in Patmos"; the same artist's "The Mountain Man"; George Clausen's "The Blacksmith"; the same artist's "Sunrise in a Mist"; Cayley Robinson's "The Long Journey"; Penelope F. Clarkson's "Anemones"; Donald Maxwell's "The Black Ship"; Sir William Orpen's "Portrait of a Surgeon" (a little doubtful); Ernest Procter's "Mischievous Boy"; Dod Procter's "Back Bedroom"; Margaret E. Wilson's "Le demi-solde."

Neither the watercolour—nor the black-and-white rooms, nor the sculpture includes anything that surpasses the standard of able craftsmanship, though several of the works deserve special notice. Amongst the watercolours, for example, Charles Ince's "Yacht Moorings"; Adriaan Van't Hoff's "Fishes"; amongst the etchings and dry-points, Robert Austin's "Stonebreaker" and Malcolm Osborne's "Sir Edward Clarke"; amongst the sculpture, William MacMillan's "Flight into Egypt"—a marble relief—and the same artist's "Garden Decoration in Portland Stone," also Charles Wheeler's "Carved Tree Trunk." In the architectural room, Sir Edwin Lutyens' "Memorial to the Missing, Faubourg d'Amiens Cemetery, Arras," impresses more perhaps by the introduction of the bells in the central arch than by the design of the architecture itself.

However, the able work throughout this hundred and fifty-eighth exhibition, even when it is so fundamentally and so socially wrong as Sir John J. Burnet's pompous "Central Entrance to Messrs. Selfridge's Premises," is far too numerous to be noticed here.

But it is in general a case of *Tant de bruit pour une omelette*, and one *aux confitures* to boot.

Time there was when the New English Art Club's shows exceeded those at Burlington House in interest and at least equalled them in competence. The general impression of this year's exhibition at Spring Gardens

is amazing, even allowing for the fact that the premises are abominable. The prominence given to immature work, and the modest retirement of the serious artists is, to say the least, puzzling. Women predominate, and there are, unfortunately, few who have the vision and none who has the skill of Sylvia Gosse. What the "New English" now stands for—if indeed, a society which welcomes Gwen Evans along with William Rothenstein and Wilson Steer can be said to stand for anything—is difficult to say. One may perhaps conjecture that the literary subject in the manner of Frith, but incomparably inferior in execution, is finding favour in the eyes of its jury. The exhibition has in this respect a number of amusing ideas, if only their progenitors had known how to carry them out. One can, in fact, count the really competent artists amongst the oil painters, such as William Rothenstein, Sylvia Gosse, Algernon Newton, Philip Connard and a few others, without the assistance of more than one's ten fingers. The standard of the watercolours is rather better and certainly higher than that of the Royal Academy, including as it does a really brilliant portrait by Ambrose MacEvoy and interesting work by Paul Nash, Ethelbert White and some excellent drawings, again by W. Rothenstein, the late Francis Unwin, Henry Tonks, Rodney Burn and a few more. On the other hand, some of the best known names distinguish unequal and sometimes disappointing drawings, e.g. Wilson Steer's, Muirhead Bone's and D. S. MacColl's.

And now we come to the point. The Royal Academy has a standard, the New English has, apparently, none. The Royal Academy suffers because it has a standard, the New English because it has none. Let the two come together.

The New English would be enormously improved if its younger members learned by comparison that original ideas and self-expression are in themselves not necessarily admirable, nor, unless fortified by sound craftsmanship, by any means art, otherwise many a "five-year-old" and not only their advocate Matisse would be worthy of a place at the New English.

On the other hand, the Royal Academicians, or at all events the older ones, might learn by comparison that craftsmanship without ideas, and without self-expression, is a trade and not an art. It does not follow that because an artist has done a thing well once he is likely to do it better, or even as well, a second time; but if he insists on repeating himself until death him doth part from his public, he becomes a bore. Is the President content to have the Royal Academy looked upon as a School for Boredom?

The matter, however, is of serious importance in view of the President's action this year, and its repercussion on the art world. He has reserved the largest room, number III, for a single row of mostly indifferent pictures by Academicians and Associates—with the exception of seven "outsiders." This is not only a deliberate challenge but also a serious injustice to the rest. The Royal Academy either is or is not a private institution. If there were no other grounds for disputing its private nature, the annual Academy banquet, an official ceremony attended by Royalty and Ministers of State, makes it clear that it is regarded by the authorities as a national institution.

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The President, if he wishes, might challenge this view by frankly excluding all but Academicians' and Associates' work from Burlington House. That would be a good test.

If, however, the Royal Academy is a national institution, then it rests upon the Academicians to see that the nation's art is fairly and intelligently represented. No one who has followed the trend of art in Great Britain would pretend that this year's exhibition represents it fairly and without favour. Moreover, the Academy premises are already too small for the art of the British Empire—the further curtailment of space therefore amounts to a gross injustice.

The trouble with the Academic body is one of long standing, but it is a problem that could be solved, or at least mitigated, by a little goodwill and a small effort.

Let the Royal Academy hold two shows a year instead of one. If they are anxious for their prestige, let them reserve the May show for themselves and their followers, and let them hold a second show in October as a National Exhibition, with a jury composed of representatives of all the British Exhibiting Societies.

Let it no longer be said, as was said more than fifty years ago: "The worst Academician is sure of a good place. The best outsider is not sure of a place at all."

*Colour Woodcuts by A. Rigden Reed at Messrs. Greateorex Galleries.*

Mr. Rigden Reed's colour prints are triumphs of patience and technical skill. Like the Japanese colour prints, each is the result of several blocks and many printings, but unlike the Japanese, Mr. Reed first produces a complete watercolour in the European manner and subsequently reproduces it by a woodcut method, which renders the liquid washes and the very touches of the brush. The almost inevitable consequence of this method is that the best watercolours also yield the most admirable woodcuts; as, for example, "The Ancients," a study in whites of two yokels in smocks; the London types, "Old Betty" and "The Sweep," "Cats at Play," and the still-life or flowerpieces, "Roses," "The Little Mandarin," and "Lustre," which, though hardly convincing as a rendering of this quality, makes a most agreeable colour composition.

And this, as a matter of fact, suggests the weakness of Mr. Reed's productions. He is manifestly a realist, prompted by the desire to be naturalistic, and his ideal is that his woodcuts should resemble their originals in watercolour as much as possible. This they do, judging by the examples exhibited for comparison, e.g. "Little Fishes," with astonishing faithfulness—but the reproduction is never quite so good as the original. We have then, this result, that it probably takes the artist as long, if not longer to produce a print than it does to paint the picture, and the printing is not only more irksome but also less satisfying.

Where the artist has let naturalism go by the board, as in the townscape "Carcassonne," with its black sky, there the result is much more pleasing—considered as woodcutting—and, I am sure, much less forced and troublesome.

HERBERT FURST.

### *Forthcoming Sales.*

Reference was made in these columns a month ago to the very interesting sale, to be held at Messrs.

Sotheby's on June 8-10, of the collections formed by the late Lord Carmichael, together with a number of family portraits by Sir Henry Raeburn. The well-illustrated catalogue of this sale has now been published, and can be obtained from the auctioneers (24 plates, price 10s. 6d.). We are glad to have this opportunity of reproducing in colour (see plate facing p. 350) one of the most superb Raeburns in the collection, the portrait of Lady Gibson-Carmichael, *née* Janet Maitland Dundas, first wife of Sir Thomas Gibson-Carmichael, seventh baronet.

Of other sales that will take place at Messrs. Sotheby's in June, much attention will doubtless be attracted by the dispersal on June 9 of the very fine French colour prints and line engravings, collected by the late Mr. F. L. James, and now the property of Mrs. Arthur James. Among the colour prints we may single out for mention the superb impression of "La Main" and "La Rose," "Les Bouquets," and "Le Compliment," by P. L. Debucourt; "Foire de Village" and "Noce de Village," by C. M. Descourtis; "L'Amour" and "La Folie," after Fragonard, in extremely rare proof state; "L'Indiscretion," "Marie Antoinette d'Autriche," "La Réunion des Plaisirs," and "La Compagne de Pomone," by F. Janinet; "Les Trois Sœurs au Parc de St. Clou," and companion, after N. Lavreince; and "Grandes Pastorales" and "The Seasons," after J. B. Huet. The eighteenth-century line engravings, after Bandouin, Freudeberg, Moreau, and Lavreince, are all in early states with, in some cases, the very scarce etchings.

Later in the month, on June 29, one of the most interesting sales of Old Master drawings held for some time in London will take place also at Messrs. Sotheby's. A large proportion of the items come from the well-known collection of the Comtesse de Behague of Paris, and includes such rare and remarkable things as a superb series of drawings by Ingres; two landscapes by Rembrandt; various examples of French eighteenth-century masters (notably Watteau and Fragonard), etc. From Lady Lucas's collection comes another fine series of drawings, among which two figure subjects by Rembrandt are particularly notable. Genuine Leonardo da Vinci drawings are by now of the utmost rarity in sales; on the present occasion there are two coming up for sale belonging to the Hon. A. Holland-Hibbert: one, reproduced by the Vasari Society, first series, pt. ix (1913-14), No. 3, of "The Ermine as an Emblem of Purity"; and the other a very remarkable sheet of studies for the "Adoration of the Magi," in the Uffizi. Finally, a series of magnificent Rembrandt drawings, from the collection of Lord Brownlow, will be certain to cause keen and widespread interest.

Among Messrs. Christie's forthcoming sales we note that of the fine collection of Old English furniture of the late Mr. W. H. Durham, to be held on June 9; and that of pictures by the Old Masters, the property of the Earl of Lathom and others, which is booked for June 11.

*Mr. Arnesby Brown.*

We have received from Messrs. Frost and Reed an impression of the colour-engraving, published by them after Mr. Arnesby Brown's "The Smug and Silver Trent." It certainly is a very excellent reproduction of a picture of much quiet dignity of effect and golden luminosity of tone, eminently suitable for decorative purposes.

